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THE NEW GOLD COAST

CENTRAL PARK WEST has always been nice. But with a surge of baby-boomer money and showbiz glitz, it's suddenly the city's sexiest address.

By Christopher Mason

. . . AND THE WORST OF TIMES

IS RUDY RIGHT? A HARD LOOK INSIDE THE HOMELESS-SHELTER SYSTEM

By Peter Hellman

The lambtouch leather tank dress, $650 over the ribbed wool turtleneck, $158. Powerful inspiration from **Emanuel/Emanuel Ungaro** in Modern Attitudes on 3, Herald Square and selected stores.

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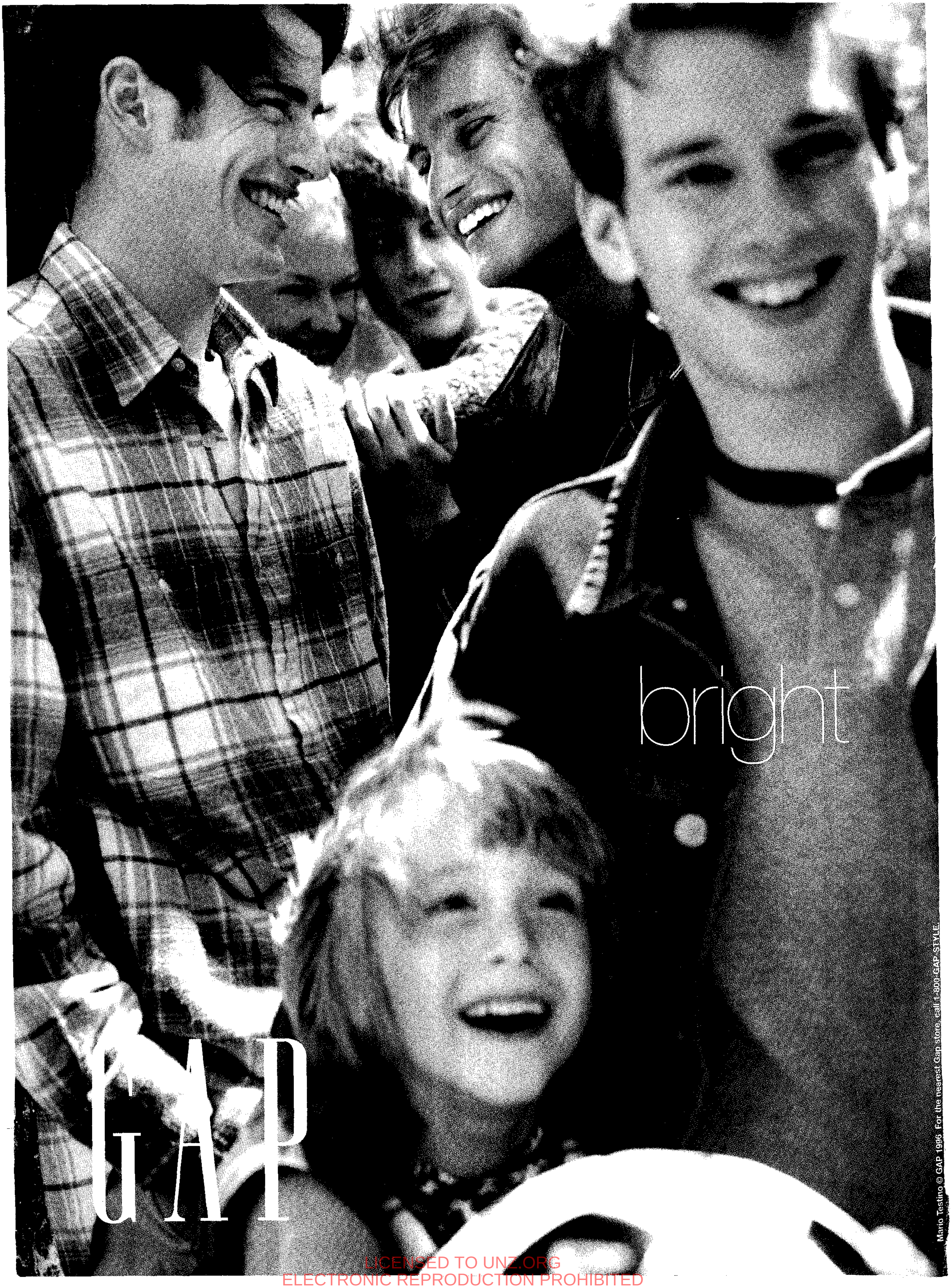

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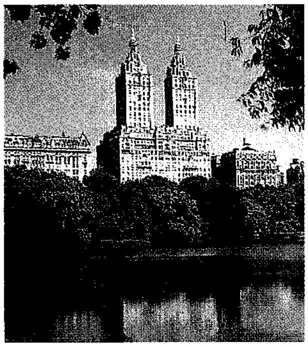
Contents Sept. 2, 1996

> *"I see refugees from Park and Fifth moving in, and I tease them:*
> *I'm glad the stigma of the arts has not affected them."*
> DAVID BROWN, PAGE 20

20 Go West, Young Boomer

By Christopher Mason



Central Park West, once populated by artists and the otherwise déclassé, has become Manhattan's newest gold coast. As prestige and prices zoom off the charts, the grand old buildings with flamboyant names aren't a bohemian refuge for 10021 types anymore; they're a hyperglam destination, especially for rich baby-boomers. Plus: A guide to who's living where.

28 Up From Anomie

By Linda Hall

Back in the sixties, Joan Didion (whose book *The Last Thing He Wanted* is just out) was the quintessential journalist-as-outsider, and she turned her alienation into great literature. Now she's practically a legend in New York literary circles, and a friend of the powerful in Hollywood. These days, to find out who she is, you can't just read her new article. You have to go and speak to her.

34 Who's Really Homeless?

By Peter Hellman

Last week's power struggle between Mayor Giuliani and Justice Helen E. Freedman over the issue of recruiting homeless mothers for workfare as soon as they arrive in shelters is just the latest skirmish in the protracted, sloppy battle over how to deal with the city's homeless. A long, hard look at some of the families who inhabit the city's interim residences—known as Tier II's—reveals that neither bottom-line Giuliani nor bleeding-heart Freedman is doing much of anything to improve an already impossible situation. Will the two camps ever be able to work together?

Gotham

11 An NYPD roundup, old-fashioned-style; God bless convention speeches; ashes to ashes on the Lower East Side

Departments

18 The National Interest
Jacob Weisberg

A modest proposal for saving the American political convention: Why it should be even *more* propagandistic

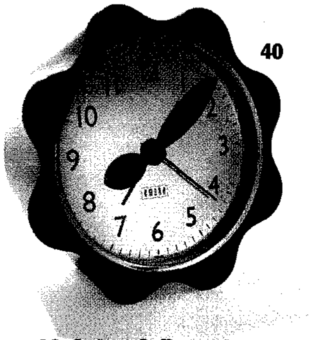
Marketplace

40 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Smart touches for lackluster dorm rooms and new apartments

42 Inconspicuous Consumption
Paul Lukas

A vanilla-scented cologne for *very* confident men


40

43 Sales & Bargains
Dany Levy

Produce (organic), throws (cashmere), and coffins (mahogany)

The Arts

44 Movies
David Denby

Kansas City, a dud enlivened by too-infrequent pleasures

46 Books
Walter Kirn

Alternately exasperating and illuminating, *The Living and the Dead* offers Robert McNamara as wounded Achilles

47 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

The premiere of Tobias Picker's opera *Emmeline* fulfills a thirteen-year-old promise of greatness

44

49 Pop Music
Chris Norris

Records by De La Soul and A Tribe Called Quest prove there's room for grown-ups in rap music

Cue

51 Tracy Bonham at Mercury Lounge; Film Forum's "LSD Week"; Veselka reopens; International Puppet Theater; *Tony 'n' Tina:* The Anniversary

Misc.

Letters..5
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell*..................9
***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden*................89
***Guardian* Crossword**...................91
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson*................91
Bad Publicity *by Larry Doyle and Kyle Baker*..........................92
Classified..................................78
Strictly Personals...................... 86

Online

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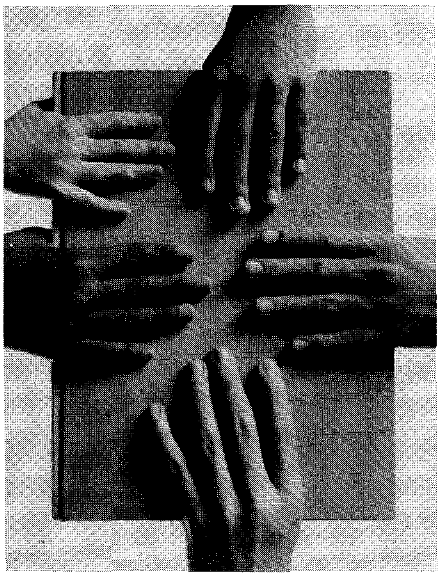

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Rubber-Necking

YOUR EXECRABLE AND MISLEADING cover story "Tales of the Hamptons" [August 5] is exceeded in its tastelessness only by an item in the August 12 "Gotham" section. "Jumping on the Jitney" claims that the "new thing" in the Hamptons this summer has been to find plane wreckage from TWA Flight 800 and that finding a body part is the "biggest deal," providing the lucky individual "the best story for the next cocktail party."

I don't know who your sources on the Hamptons have been, but I would suggest you develop more reliable ones. As someone who has been going to the Hamptons in the summer since 1964 and has been a year-round homeowner since 1986, I'm happy to report that neither I nor any of my neighbors in the Hamptons has anything to do with the dysfunctional, publicity-seeking sybarites featured in the cover story or the ghoulish creeps described in the "Gotham" item. Nor, I would venture to say, do 99.9 percent of Hamptons residents.

Stephen R. Conn
MANHATTAN

Masculine Wiles

IN "MISTER PITCH" [BY REBECCA MEAD, August 5], Andrew Wylie chose to be childishly spiteful about his benefactor, my late husband. John Cushman took Mr. Wylie in when he was unemployed and broke, gave him a base of operations complete with logistic support, and loaned him money we could ill afford. He also tried to introduce his protégé to the novel concept of ethics in business, an effort that demonstrably, and spectacularly, failed.

Jane C. Cushman
MANHATTAN

WHAT IS REBECCA MEAD'S BEEF? THE meat of her profile revolves around Andrew Wylie's physical appearance. Or,

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according to her, his lack thereof. Wylie may not be the most well-liked literary agent, or even the best-looking (I personally find him damn cute), but he may very well be the most successful. I find it hard to believe that Wylie is the only one wooing, stealin', and stopping just short of selling his soul for an author's work.

Maureen Burns
MANHATTAN

Clinton's Coattails

AS A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR CONgress, I am honored to be compared to President Clinton ["Gotham: Brian's Song of Himself," August 12]—even if you had to say that I was "Clintonesque" in my "love of chili burgers and French fries," and even if you had to point out that I have gained ten pounds during the campaign. (It's true, by the way. I admit it.) Unlike my competitor, incumbent Jerrold Nadler, I am also Clintonesque in my support of the crime bill and an effective antiterrorism bill. Nadler voted against the crime bill and was one of the people who gutted the anti-terrorism bill. It is not so bad to be Clintonesque when you consider the alternative.

Brian Steel
MANHATTAN

Mobbed Up

"WHAT MARIO PUZO KNOWS" [JULY 29] implies that the Italian-American community should not be offended by *The Godfather*. Jeffrey Goldberg writes, "It has eluded many of his critics, particularly those in the Italian-American community, that Puzo is actually mocking the pretensions of American politicians and businessmen, whom he believes to be morally inferior to his novels' Sicilian killers." *New York* does not seem to realize that even though many Italian-Americans, including myself, enjoyed the book and the movies, we are tired of the negative spin-offs that have occurred. Neither the New York *Times* nor *New York* would tolerate a wisecrack equivalent to Mel Brooks's about another ethnic group.

What message do I have for Mario Puzo? Perhaps it would be presumptuous to tell him to take a risk on a positive story about Italian-Americans, such as an Italian-American version of *The Joy Luck Club*. I am in a position to question why positive Italian characters (who are educated, articulate, law-

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abiding, and even street-smart) cannot be juxtaposed with the Italian villains.

Roberto Giovanni Ragone
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Vigilante Criticism

I WAS SURPRISED TO READ THE USUALLY astute David Denby criticizing *A Time to Kill* for praising vigilantism ["Movies: McRedford," August 12]. Denby resorts to a primitive form of moral skepticism when he states that since the KKK also believes that it supports a sacred cause, "unless you adhere to the rule of law, you've got no grounds except sentiment on which to say [that they are evil]."

History has taught us time and time again that the rule of law in any given society will not coincide with what is morally correct where the governing power has a distorted view of morality. Since we are justified in calling the Nazi laws mandating the persecution of Jews, and our own country's former laws protecting the separation and subjugation of minorities, immoral even though these policies reflected the law at a given time, we would also be justified in refusing to abide by such laws. The notion of civil disobedience is not groundless, but is rather based on a notion of a morality that stands apart from the law, and to which good law must conform.

Scott Black
MANHATTAN

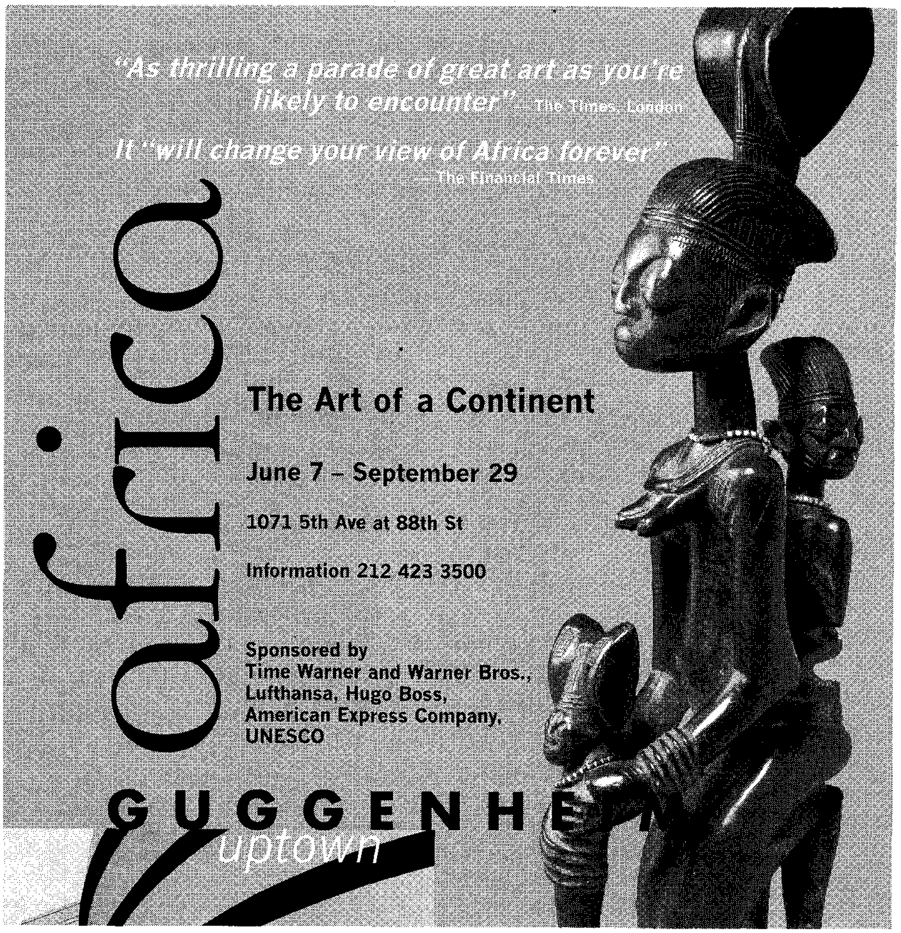
Dream On

"DO WE REALLY WANT A NEW YORK CLUTtered with boondoggles and papered with corporate logos?" you ask in "The Olympic Pipe Dream" ["The City Politic," by Michael Tomasky, August 12]. Please explain how this differs from the New York of today. I base my question on the stories I read every week in this very magazine.

Judith Green
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Correction In John Leonard's "Bandit King" ("Television," August 19), the screenwriter of *Gotti* was incorrectly credited. The screenplay was written by Steve Shagan.

The Charivari scarf on page 111 of last week's "Fall Fashion" issue is available at 16–18 West 57th Street. Also, the credits on page 59 for "Wear the Pants" were switched. The credits marked "far right" correspond to the model at near right, and vice versa. ▬



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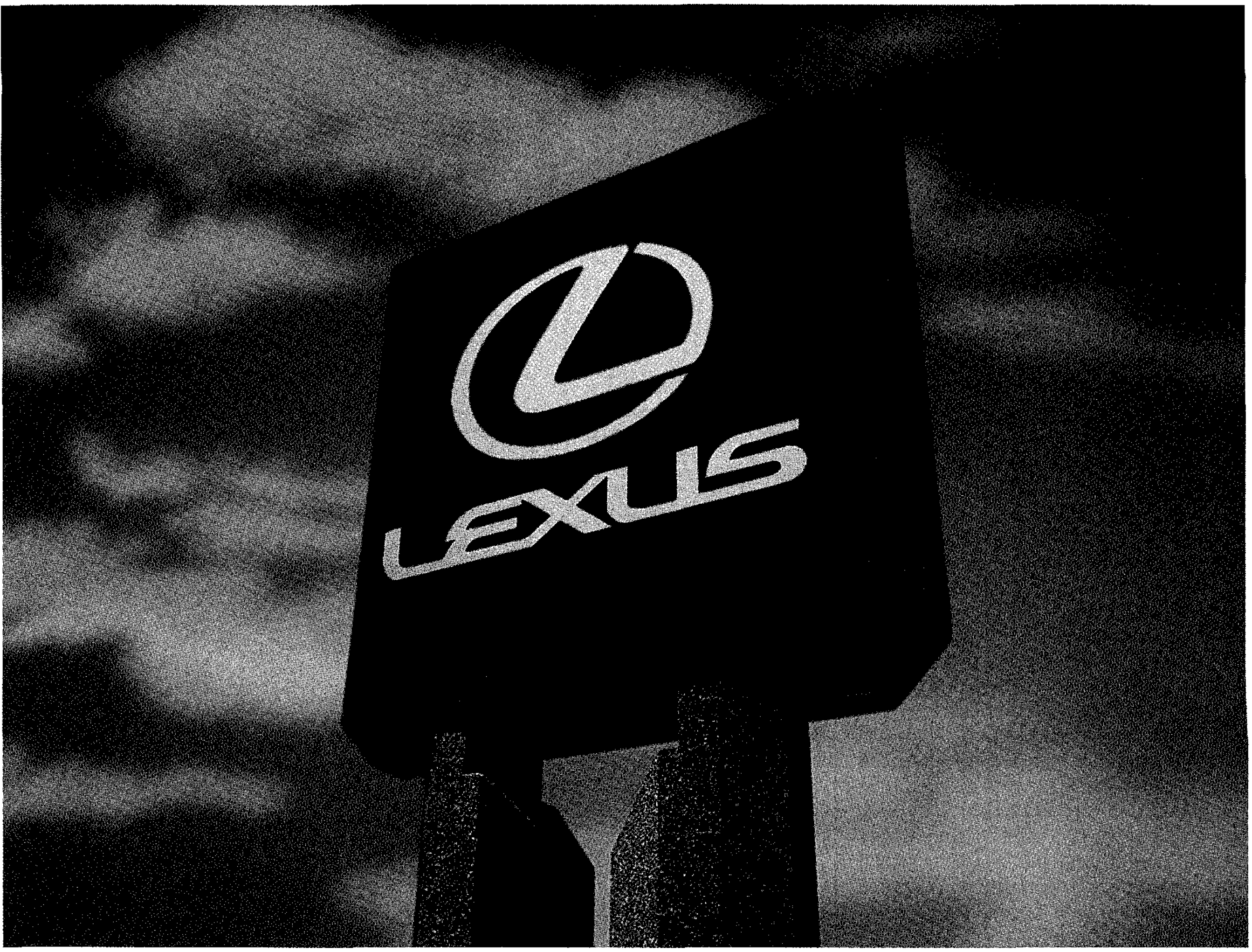

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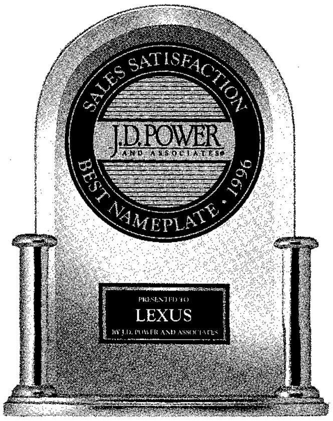
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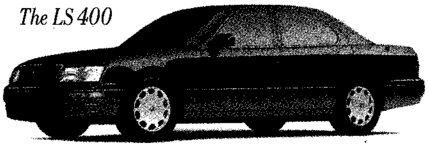

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

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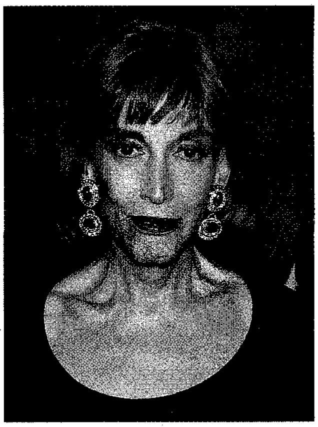
MCNAMARA'S LATEST LAND WAR?

Clinton: A new home?

Bill Clinton apparently was so enamored of **Robert McNamara's** Martha's Vineyard estate when he vacationed there two summers ago that he is now negotiating to buy a piece of it. The former Defense secretary's enclave is in the rural West Tisbury area, also second home to such well-heeled liberals as **Beverly Sills, Katharine Graham,** and **Carly Simon.** According to a well-placed local source, the president is thinking about purchasing the property immediately after the election, at a very reasonable price. If all goes according to plan, McNamara will then sell land adjoining the "summer White House" at a premium. The White House declined comment, and McNamara denies any sale. "Of course I'm not going to do that," he insists. "Besides, my children own the property."

A PAINFUL FACE-LIFT FOR *COSMO*

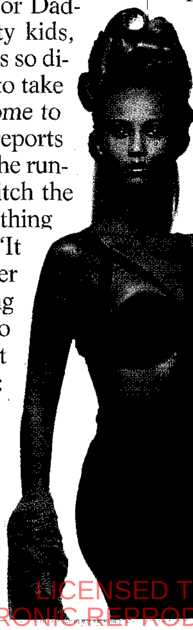
Helen Gurley Brown is discovering that not all makeovers are painless. *Cosmopolitan's* new editor, **Bonnie Fuller,** has dutifully praised the exiting Brown as a "genius," but sources at the magazine say tensions between the two women are bubbling over. Though Brown and her staff will be working through December, Fuller is already installed in *Cosmopolitan's* 57th Street offices—where some old-timers have (quaintly) taken to calling her "Bonnie the Fuller Brush-Off Girl." "She's got a total disregard for the ways and people who made *Cosmo* what it is," complains one disgruntled staff member. Fuller, the former editor of *Marie Claire,* is raiding her old magazine to fill top posts at *Cosmopolitan,* leading Brown loyalists to disdainfully call Fuller's work-in-progress "*Marie Cosmo.*" While Brown will walk away with a hefty settlement, many of her veteran editors won't be so lucky. Sources say that Fuller offered **Guy Flatley,** Brown's longtime No. 2 and resident movie reviewer, an early-retirement package that he considers "so unflatteringly low" that he's consulting a lawyer. Flatley declined to comment, but Brown is said to be incensed about his treatment. "Oh, my God—they can't get rid of *Guy!*" she reportedly cried. "He will stay here as long as I'm here." Both Brown and Fuller were on vacation and could not be reached.



Helen Gurley Brown: Protecting her Guy?

IMAN'S UN-EMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCE

Iman—the Somalian supermodel emeritus and cosmetics entrepreneur—was set to dust Hot 97's hip-hop fund-raiser at the Palladium with a bit of glamour last week by strutting the catwalk. But according to organizers of the benefit for Daddy's House, an organization that helps inner-city kids, Iman, wife of Warhol impersonator **David Bowie,** was so diva-esque in her demands that she was finally told to take a hike. "She called at the last minute asking to come to the event with her 18-year-old daughter, **Zulekha,**" reports an event insider. "Then she wanted to walk down the runway alone, and finally she asked if they could switch the music Hot 97 D.J. **Dr. Dre** was spinning to 'something cool and funky.' " Her requests were flatly denied. "It would have been nice if she had donated some of her makeup line [to the benefit] instead of just wanting the spotlight on herself," says Hot 97's **Lisa G.,** who happily walked the runway to Dr. Dre's tunes. But the supermodel's spokesperson denies the story: "Iman is routinely asked by the greatest designers to model. She certainly isn't going to model for something like that. She's a cosmetics empress!"



Iman: You better work!

SEAGAL SINGS; RUTTENSTEIN *RENTS*

Is **Steven Seagal** trading in his prop Uzi for a guitar? Sources say the part-time action hero—whose film career is not what it used to be—is planning to bring out a rock-music record. Music-world mucketymucks were buzzing last week when the 45-year-old Seagal, who was in a rock band at age 17 (and has made nine films for Warner Bros.), showed up at Time Warner's executive dining room to meet with Atlantic Group co-chair and co-CEO **Val Azzoli** about a record deal. But unlike the many rock stars, CEOs, and political leaders who have visited that room unassaulted, the security-conscious Seagal insisted on bringing *two* bodyguards to the meeting, which was set up by Warner Entertainment co-head **Terry Semel.** Sniped one record-biz insider, "Like, who's going to come out and attack him, [notoriously surly Elektra Records CEO] **Sylvia Rhone**?" **PAYING HIS *RENT:*** Bloomingdale's senior vice-president **Kal Ruttenstein** can use a little *Rent* control. The rotund fashion powerhouse has seen the show nineteen times in six months, and he still hasn't had enough. He's already ordered tickets for the play's Boston opening this November. "You don't know me, so I sound like an insane person," admits Ruttenstein, who also dines out regularly with the show's cast. "I've never been a groupie . . . I'm trying to justify in my head why I go [so often]. I don't know—I get this urge around dinnertime."

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

Photographs: top right, Greg Pace/Retna; top left, Brian Quigley/Outline; bottom, Donald Graham/Outline.

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GOTHAM

The theater of the nation—*Saul Bellow*

THE FRONT PAGE

End of the Line

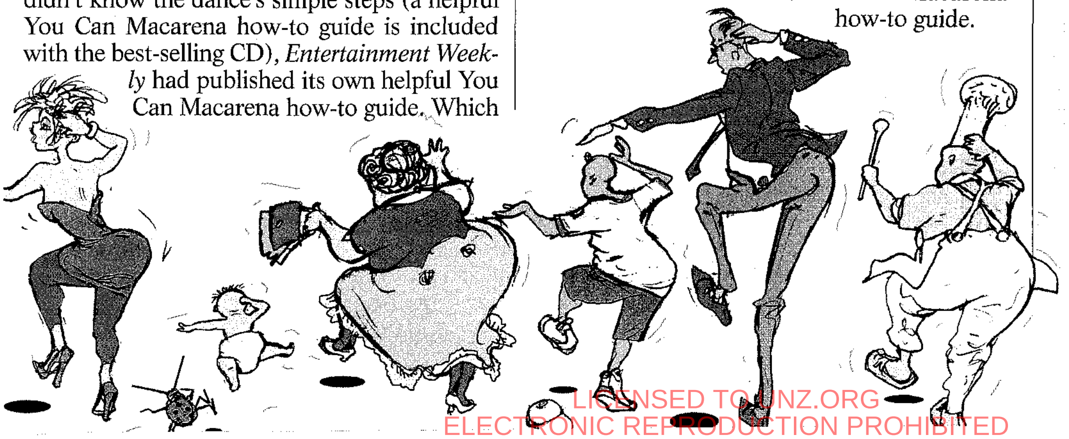
A perfectly nice dance dies a hideously public death.

Here's the thing of it: a crossing of the arms, then one hand behind the head, then the other; one hand on the butt, then the other. A wiggle about the hips, a jump, a turn. Simple arm movements, no significant leg movements (save for the same 90-degree twist that's been rotating line dances since before the Hoover administration); all in all, not much to look at. Yet for a while there, even in a summer jam-packed with high-production-value appeals to national unity, the Macarena was starting to look like the only force strong enough to bring this blessed country together without the use of F-16s.

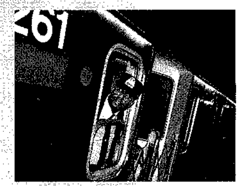
The dance is so easy—what it lacks in put-your-left-foot-out explicitness, it more than makes up for in catchiness—that very nearly everybody could do it. And everybody did. At the same time the song was enjoying heavy rotation on MTV, it was reportedly being played eight to ten times a night on Carnival Cruise Lines—a crossover that Snoop Doggy Dogg or Nine Inch Nails is unlikely to be making anytime soon. And though the appearance of fashionable dances in unfashionable venues can be a painful sight (think: the Hustle), when the Macarena became a staple in Elks lodges, it all seemed somehow okay—sweetly democratic rather than ghastly and embarrassing.

Or so it was back when the Macarena was a secret shared by merely every person on the planet. But then last week, the media got wind of it, and that's when the whole thing went to pot. Just in case there was anyone left who didn't know the dance's simple steps (a helpful You Can Macarena how-to guide is included with the best-selling CD), *Entertainment Weekly* had published its own helpful You Can Macarena how-to guide. Which gave the folks at *Newsweek* an idea for an interesting new angle on it all: a helpful You Can Macarena how-to guide. Two days later, Chita Rivera harnessed the energy of this great groundswell and, like Liberty Leading the People, led 50,724 Yankees fans in the unquestionably important task of setting a new World Macarena Record. Those who wondered whether a spectacle like that would render the Macarena the next Forbidden Dance got their answer two days later, when the *Post* spotted Mayor Giuliani at J&R Music World buying, as it should happen, the helpful You Can Macarena how-to guide, video format.

A press representative clumsily insisted it was, uh, for a friend (couldn't some intern spare the mayor from having to run such errands himself?) while offering no defense for the Steven Seagal three-pack Rudy picked up on the same trip. But really, there was nothing left to say. The dance had traced the full arc of cultural exhaustion, from next big thing to full-fledged trend to wide-scale movement and finally, inexorably, to city government, where it collapsed, spent and smelly. It had been a great ride, but now at last it was over. Which gave the folks at the New York *Times* an idea for an interesting new angle on it all, and they published a helpful You Can Macarena how-to guide.



NEVER MIND THE CLOSING DOORS "If somebody broke into one of our unoccupied cabs, the P.A. system is live. If they're going to speak into the speaker, they'd be able to make a P.A. announcement. It's occurred before . . . but we don't get complaints unless they make lewd remarks."—New York City Transit spokesperson Termaine Garden on the possible origins of the fellatio-related announcement that recently startled passengers on a *Manhattan-bound B train*

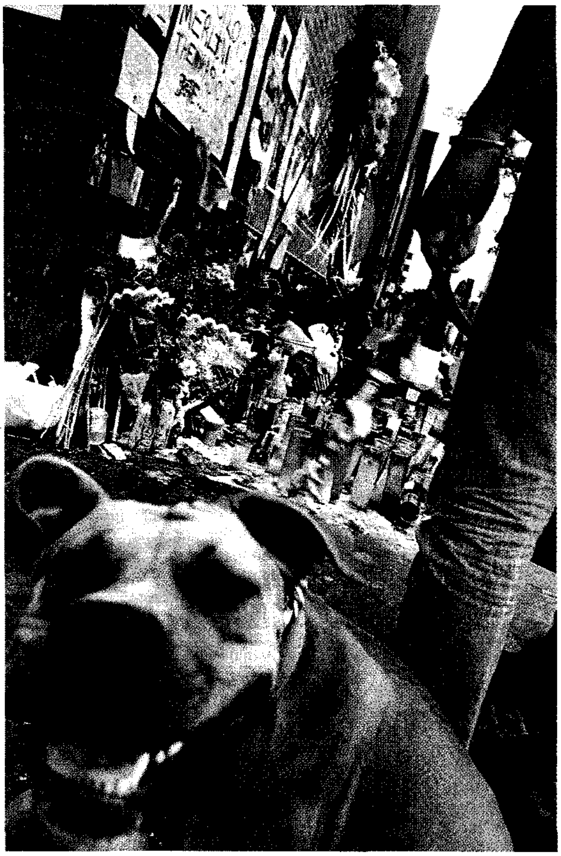


THIN BLUE IN-LINE You might have thought every park ranger in town would be fighting for a spot on the new, elite in-line skate patrol, but competition wasn't quite that stiff: "We were surprised. It wasn't like 30 or 40 percent of our force Rollerbladed. We asked who was comfortable, and these [four] are the people who were. So it made the choice pretty simple," Parks Department spokesperson Bradley Tusk told *New York*. "These officers spend all day riding and running around; they're in the park all day, so they don't necessarily flock there on weekends to learn how to skate."

KEEPING UP WITH THE CLINTONS "It's a basic pound cake; the recipe is in the public domain. But we've had several people who wanted just to be able to eat the cake that the president had. And they're asking for it, like, *tomorrow*."—Baker William Greenberg Jr. on how preparing President Clinton's 50th-birthday cake has affected his business

City

THE WIZARD THAT WAS



WHAT DID BUDDHA
SAY TO THE
HOTDOG VENDOR?
MAKE ME ONE
WITH EVERYTHING
—MERLIN

The vigil for Paul Hogan, a.k.a. Merlin, on Avenue A and 6th Street.

"WHAT IS ALL THIS?" ASKS AN OLD woman, squinting at the funeral wreath surrounded by candles, flowers, and empty Wild Irish Rose bottles on the corner of 6th Street and Avenue A. A sprawled bare-chested man, MOM tattooed crudely above his heart, lies next to the sidewalk shrine.

"It's a wake for Merlin. He died on Friday," says Bobby Steele, somber as a funeral director in a sleeveless black leather jacket and tight black jeans.

"Aren't you going to bury Mr. Merlin?" she cringes, pointing at the inert body.

Steele follows her troubled gaze and giggles. "Oh, that's Whitey. He's just sleeping," he explains. "Merlin's over at Beth Israel. We're gonna cremate his body and sprinkle his ashes here."

The old woman inches away nervously.

Steele has been fielding inquiries and keeping vigil, day and night, ever since an ambulance took Merlin from the square of sidewalk he called "my spot" for eight years. That was Thursday evening, the fifteenth. On Friday, a hand-lettered sign taped to the wall announced MERLIN IS GONE. SO LONG, BUDDY! Shocked locals scurried to nearby bodegas for candles and flowers. Even rowdy Long Islanders and New Jerseyites stopped and stifled themselves for a moment of silence that night.

In the five days since, the wall has become a bulletin board of tributes. Post-it's day-planner pages, scraps of paper bear remembrances. A child's crayon drawing of a horned Merlin, flanked by angels, reads "Thanks for all the comic books and toys. Thanks for being my friend. Hunter." Black-and-white photographs of Merlin are peppered among the notes. A Xeroxed clipping of a New York *Times* article written only weeks earlier about the authorities' attempts to evict Merlin from his roost on Avenue A is smudged but still legible.

"They never woulda gotten him outta here without an army," says burly Alfredo Gonzalez, perched on a chair by the wall. "Everyone—*those aren't souvenirs,*" he stops to warn a group of German tourists. "Everyone loved Merlin."

George Lang, in a CK Jeans T-shirt, who slept next to Merlin for three years and has been referred to as "Merlin's butler," breaks in: "People'd even come by in the winter to check to see if the plastic was moving. That way they'd know he's still breathin'."

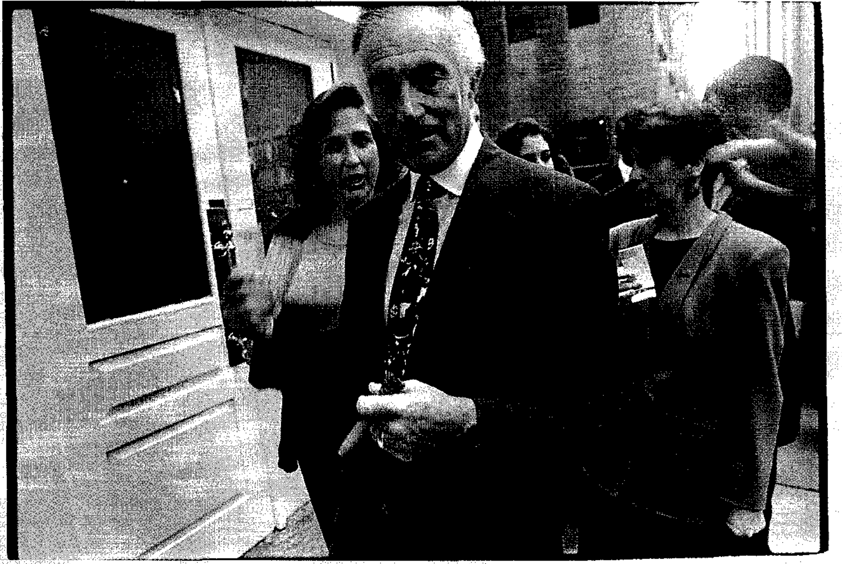
A passerby stops and asks about Merlin; the men take turns relaying the legend. His real name was Paul Hogan, but nobody called him that. He left Pennsylvania when he was 10 and originally settled on St. Marks Place. He went to college, maybe in upstate New York. He might have a son at Harvard, but nobody's ever seen him. He usually drank red Wild Irish Rose.

"We're waking him for nine days. Just like the Irish do," Steele says. "All we need to get his body cremated is permission from a family member. I think we can get around that."

"We are his family," growls Gonzalez. "Right?"

As evening sets in, Lang looks anxious. Gonzalez relinquishes his chair and heads off. Lang sits down and someone passes him a brown bag; he sips from it through a straw. "Make a donation to Merlin's funeral," he calls

SHOT



Outside Radio City Music Hall, 6 P.M., Sunday, August 18, for Bill Clinton's 50th birthday, *photographed by Andrew Lichtenstein.*

Photographs: top, Kristine Larsen (2).

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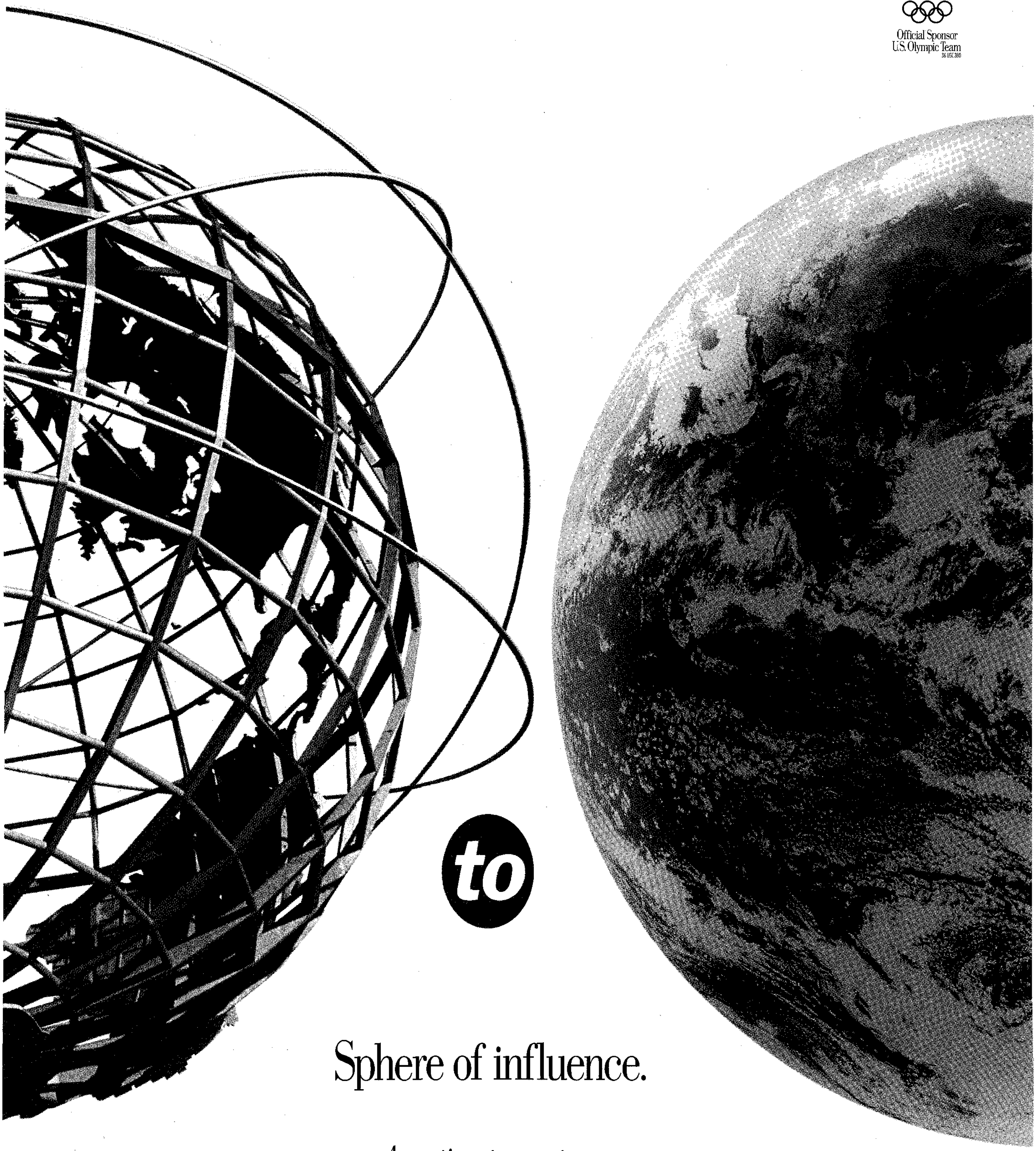

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out, shaking a cup that holds a lone quarter. “This money is for Merlin.”

Merlin’s final arrangements, however, may already be taken care of. Steele, working with the Coalition for the Homeless, plans to pick up Merlin’s body by the end of the week. “We’re applying for the funds for whatever ceremony these guys want to have for the body right now,” says Patrick Markee of the Coalition. “If the city won’t pay for it, we’ll chip in.” Even Beth Israel Medical Center, where Merlin’s body is tagged as Merlin Doe, has agreed to hold the body until Steele picks it up.

“We don’t have to worry about the money,” Steele says. “It looks like the city’s going to foot the bill.”

“The whole nine yards?” asks Lang, unsteady now, and amazed. “That’s real decent,” he slurs, pocketing the quarter. “I’ll go get more candles.”

MONICA CORCORAN

Crime

ANOTHER DAY IN EAST N.Y.

TWO WHITE COPS ON BIKE PATROL IN THE sprawling courtyard of the Van Dyke Houses in Brownsville pedaled over to a group of tenants sitting on a moss-green-colored park bench. It was a humid Friday night a couple of weeks ago in the mostly black East New York section of Brooklyn. Officer James Sullivan and his partner, Officer Joseph Martino, were on the prowl for the sniper who, on August 6, shot undercover narcotics detective David Joseph three times as he was standing by a pay phone near the drug-infested housing project.

For almost a month, police on foot, on bike patrol, and in buses have been combing this area in search of Sheila, a woman they believe knew where the would-be cop killer might be hiding out. Their dragnet has pulled in potential informers but has not yet produced results.

Among those sitting on the bench was Richard Holder. The 31-year-old Brooklyn man was declared legally blind two years ago after a pit bull he was training pawed him in the eye. For some reason, Officer Sullivan—known on the street as “Rubberband” or “Stretch” because of his reputation for snapping at people—singled the blind man out.

Sullivan, according to witnesses, began rattling a litter of empty 40-ounce beer bottles strewn under the bench, accusing Holder of consuming alcohol on the building grounds in violation of Housing Authority rules. The cop demanded that Holder produce some form of identification; Holder refused.

“Get up!” the cop barked at Holder several times.

“He’s blind!” 16-year-old Darryl Handy yelled at the cop. “He can’t go nowhere!” Handy was immediately handcuffed by Sullivan’s partner and isolated from the group.

Evidently angered by the resistance, Sullivan grabbed Holder by the arm and attempted to yank him from the bench, according to witnesses.

“I can’t see!” Holder bellowed. Sullivan threatened to arrest him.

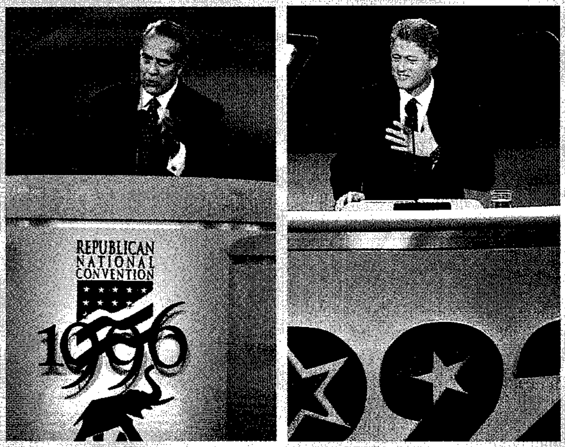
Chauncey Williams, Holder’s childhood friend, intervened. “Excuse me, officer—he’s blind,” Williams recalls telling Sullivan. The cop ignored him. But when Williams tried to complain to Sullivan’s partner, Sullivan flew into a rage, Williams says.

“The officer just picked me up by my neck and started choking me,” says Williams, who suffers from asthma. “I was spitting up. I was trying to catch my breath.”

Fearing he would black out, his back pressed against a chain-link fence, Williams tried to pry Sullivan’s hands from his throat. “He just kept pushing me back to the fence,” Williams claims. “I’ve got marks all over my neck.” Williams says that because he touched the cop’s hand, he was charged with resist-

POLITICS

God and Country

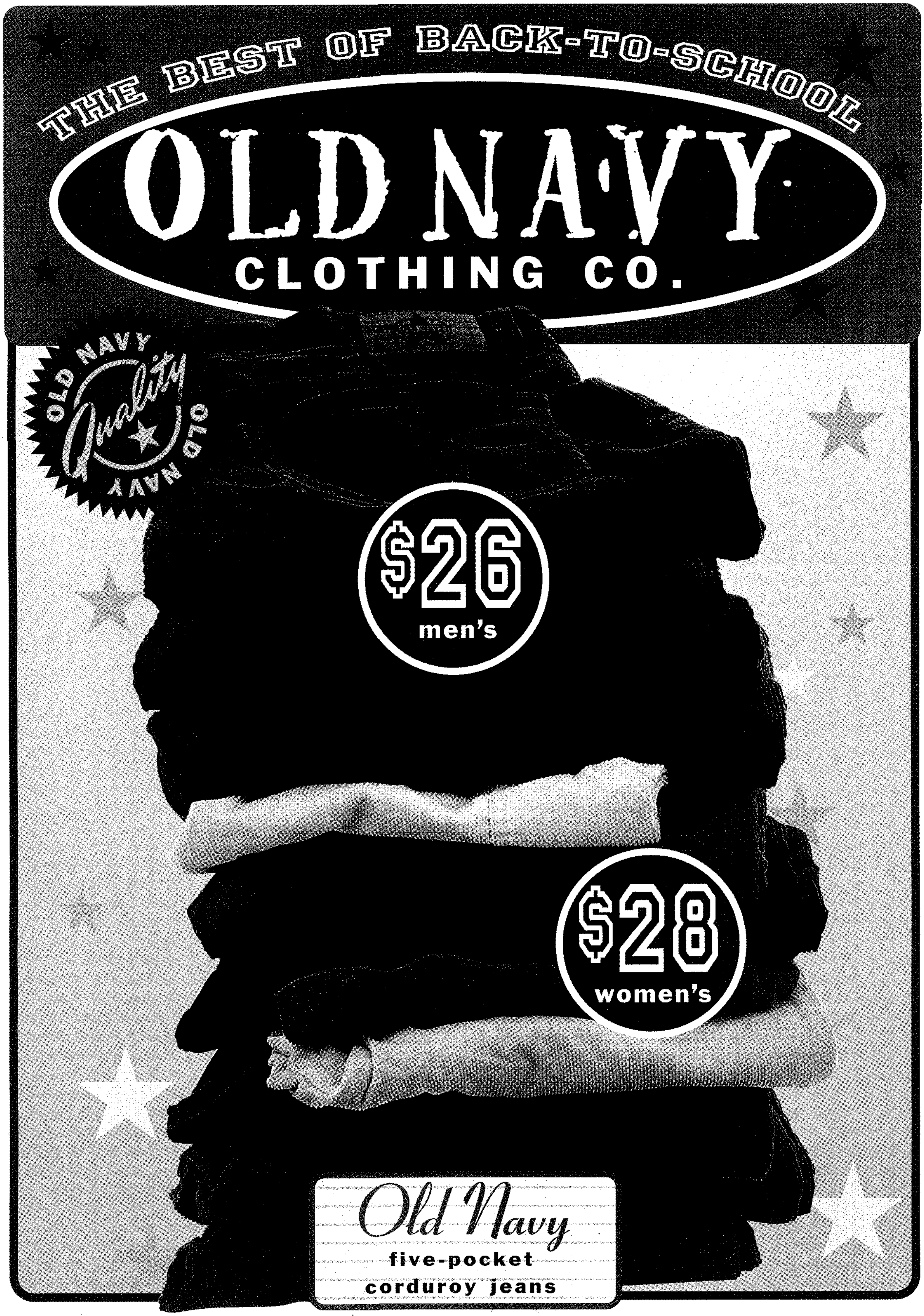


“For I am convinced that America’s best days are yet to come” was how Bob Dole wrapped up his uncharacteristically emotive convention speech on August 15. “May God bless you. And may God bless America.” In finishing with that nonsecular flourish, Dole kept with a relatively recent tradition (see below).

The Clinton campaign declines to release the text of the speech the president will give this Thursday in Chicago, but if past performance is any guide, the last three words will also be the now acceptance-speech boilerplate “God bless America.” Only Ross Perot remains a rhetorical maverick. “Thank you very much,” he finally ended his 50-minute speech August 18. “I’ve got to run to go get on *Larry King*.”

CONVENTION	REPUBLICAN NOMINEE	DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE
1992	“May God bless you, and may God bless the United States of America.”—George Bush, August 20	“I still believe in a place called Hope. God bless you, and God bless America.” —Bill Clinton, July 16
1988	“Thank you. And God bless you.”—George Bush, August 18	“Thank you all, very, very much.”—Michael Dukakis, July 21
1984	“Thank you. God bless you, and God bless America.”—Ronald Reagan, August 23	“Thank you.”—Walter Mondale, July 19
1980	“God bless America. Thank you.”—Ronald Reagan, July 17	“Thank you very much.”— Jimmy Carter, August 14
1976	“God helping me, I won’t let you down. Thank you very much.”—Gerald Ford, August 19	“. . . As brothers and sisters, our hearts will swell with pride to call ourselves Americans.”— Jimmy Carter, July 15

Photographs: left, Joe Traver/Gamma-Liaison; right, Rick Maiman/Sygma.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ing arrest, handcuffed, and ordered to stand against the fence.

"You're next if you don't move off this bench," Sullivan reportedly told the blind man.

"You might as well lock me up, 'cause I ain't got nowhere to go," Holder replied. "I can't see. What you want me to do, walk out in the middle of the street?"

Holder claims the officer then threatened to take him out to the middle of busy Sutter Avenue and abandon him there. Sullivan launched into a lecture, chastising the Housing Authority tenants for being uncooperative, even cavalier, about the shooting of Detective Joseph.

"Not our problem one a y'all's officers got shot," someone in the crowd said.

"I'll lock all you motherfuckers up!'" Holder heard one of the cops yell.

Darryl Handy and Chauncey Williams were both taken to the 73rd Precinct, where Handy was first questioned about the sniper shooting. Then he was asked such things as: *Do you know how to use a gun? Do you belong to a street gang? Do you like cops?* Handy answered no, emphatically no, to the last question, and was charged with disorderly conduct.

Williams was kept for another two days. He says interrogators at the 73rd took turns poking him in the ribs with their nightsticks. "You know you know something," one officer told him. "Who did it?" Williams denied he had any knowledge about the shooting. At 2 A.M. the next day, Williams was photographed, fingerprinted, and transported to the Criminal Court building on Schermerhorn Street to await his arraignment. He was released, charged with no crime other than struggling with Sullivan, after more than 48 hours in detention.

Meanwhile, in Brownsville, a handful of black teenagers with no prior criminal records were arrested, taken down to the 73rd, fingerprinted, and pressed with charges ranging from disorderly conduct to resisting arrest. "They had so many kids in there Friday night," says Sharon Boone, the mother of a 19-year-old charged with disorderly conduct during the police sweep. She says it was his first brush with the law.

"Not enough parents are protesting the criminalization of their children," says Boone sadly. She points to the construction of a state-of-the-art youth detention center in Brownsville on a site once being considered for a high school. "They are building detention centers in East New York and not schools," she says. "No wonder people in the projects didn't hear anything and didn't see anything and don't know a damn thing about the cop being shot."

Police would not comment.

PETER NOEL

Live Nude Waif

At the Matthew Marks Gallery for the opening of "Nan Goldin Meets Yukio Kobayashi: Naked New York."

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

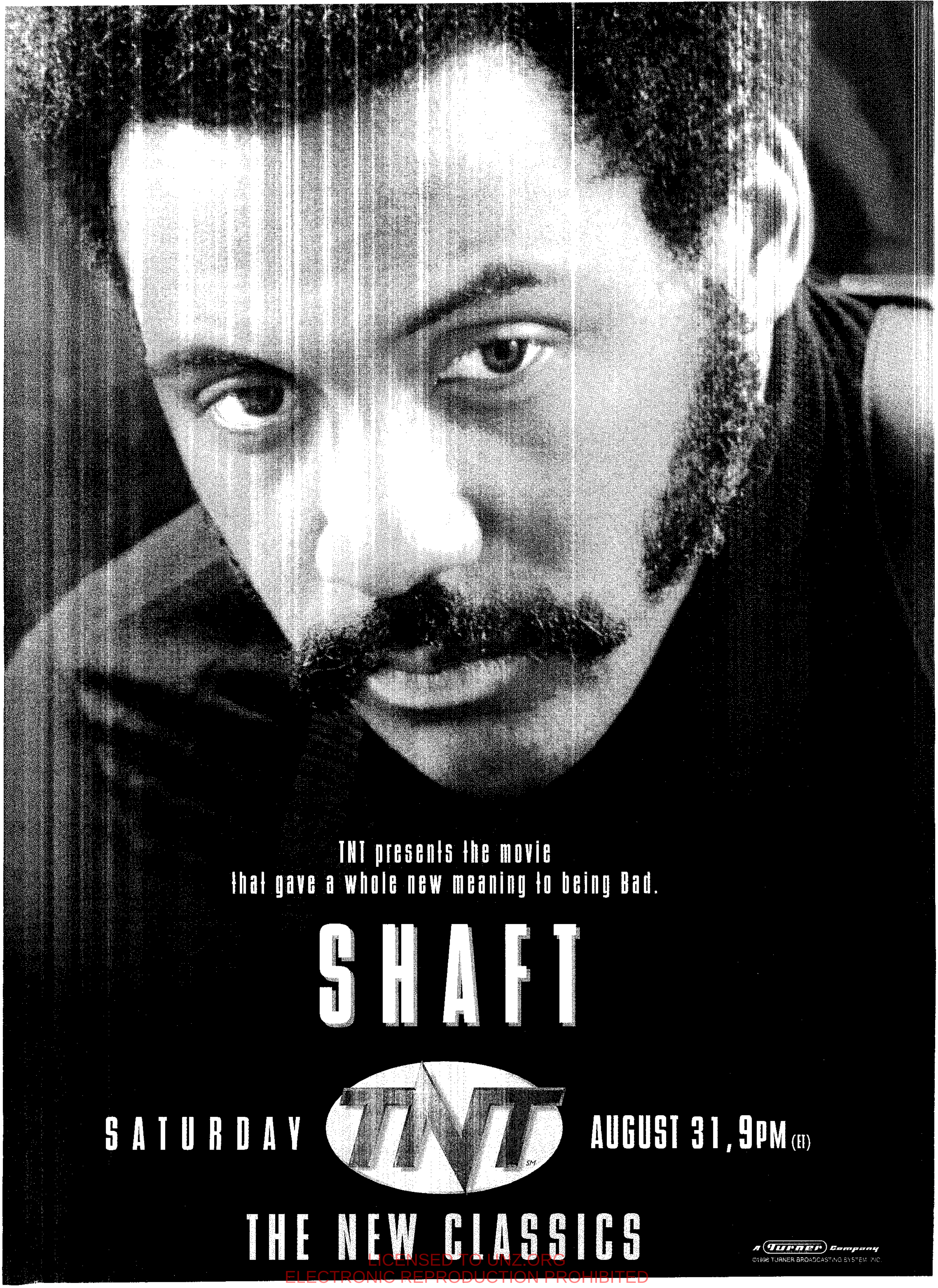
At the opening of Nan Goldin's new photography show at the Matthew Marks Gallery: Top, *Paper* editor Kim Hastreiter with Matsuda's Carl Morton; above, D.J. Spooky (Paul Miller) with writer bell hooks.

THE TV-NEWS CREWS WERE AT A LOSS. THE photographs on display were, well, difficult—troubling, ambiguous shots of people wearing smeary, rumpled clothes and challenging gazes. All well and good, but the sign on the door said NAKED, and darn it, they weren't seeing skin. So they headed for the recognizable photographs of James, the overstimulated teenage model whose too-fast life the New York *Times* had tut-tutted in the article Goldin's photos once accompanied.

Underneath the pictures, crouching against the wall, was Bijou Phillips, the overstimulated teenage model whose too-fast life the gossip columns tut-tut nearly every day of the week. She was doing her best to live up to the part: showing off her new jade-green hair, rubbing ice cubes down people's necks, pushing an older female friend against the wall and smooching her full-on. It was, after all, an exhibit by Nan Goldin, the photographer who'd so tenderly documented the demimondes whom others found shocking. Guests were feeling a certain understandable pressure to perform.

These photographs, commissioned by the Japanese clothing company Matsuda, explored a scene as shadowy as any of those with which Goldin had previously been associated. "Fashion and photography are parallel worlds," she said, warily noting the many unfamiliar faces at her party. Once upon a time, sure, she'd wanted to be a fashion photographer, but that was once upon a time, back when *Vogue* wasn't even interested in the drag queens she was shooting. "I've had friends who've worked in the fashion world, but I've never been involved with it myself. I'm being very careful." Still, even she was not immune to its appeal. She was willing to admit she found it seductive—just not *very* willing. "Some days," she allowed. "For a few minutes."

Left to right, Ed Burns and *Time*'s Walter Isaacson taking a break at the 1996 Artists and Writers softball game in East Hampton, sponsored by TAG Heuer; China Chow at the Chelsea Piers's Chelsea Brewing Company, celebrating the premiere of Fox Searchlight's *She's the One;* and Debbie and Hope Perelman at Central Park's Loeb Boathouse, where Hush Puppies and Revlon sponsored the "Puppy Love in the Park" party.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THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

More Propaganda, Please

The trouble with this year's conventions isn't lack of news. It's too much hand-wringing. The networks should just turn on the cameras and let the politicians talk.

IF YOU WERE STUPEFIED BY SAN DIEGO, prepare to be comatose in Chicago. With the Republicans, one could at least marvel at the clever ways the party managed to suppress its differences. The best the Democrats can muster is some mild welfare whimpering. In California, there were the prime-time debuts of a vice-presidential nominee and a First Lady-in-waiting. In Illinois, it's a coronation in reruns. All in all, the Democrats seem destined to reinforce the determination of the three major networks not to get tricked into devoting five or six prime hours to these pseudo-events next time around. They've threatened to pull away before, but now that the conventions have turned into a ratings Chernobyl, the suits seem serious. Bill Wheatley, the vice-president of NBC News, says that absent a contested convention, he envisions showing only the acceptance speeches of the nominees in 2000.

What does it all mean? Koppel rejects the conventions' false values.

That would be a shame. *Of course* conventions are predictable and propagandistic—journalistic echo chambers. Conventions have been exercises in free advertising for four decades. That's why it was so Captain Reynaudish of Ted Koppel to leave San Diego in a huff, declaring himself shocked at the lack of news. What was he expecting?

Unsurprising and unspontaneous as they are, conventions still serve an important democratic purpose: They remain the best opportunity the parties have to describe themselves to an ever-more cynical and apathetic public. The most striking and encouraging change in the before-and-after opinion surveys was the number of people who said Dole had explained what he wished to accomplish as president, which went from 24 percent to 54 percent in the New York *Times*/CBS poll. The public may not have fully digested the absurdities of the Republican tax-cut proposal, but now it has at least a bit of gristle to chew on.

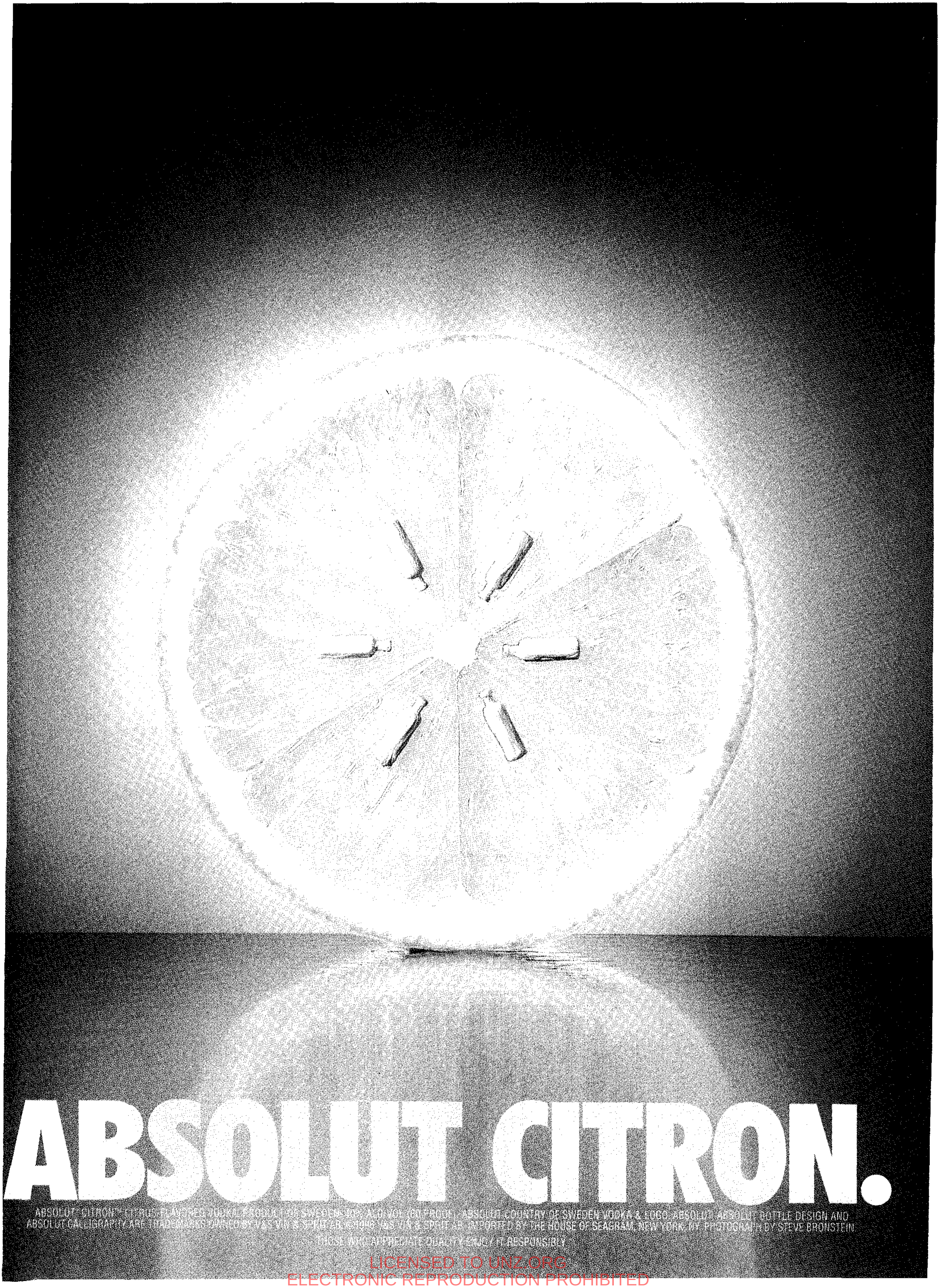
What is ironic about the whining emanating from the news divisions is that it is the networks themselves that are largely responsible for the modern predicament of the political convention. It's a version of the Heisenberg principle: The presence of the cameras makes the fights look worse than they really are, and thus forces the participants to make great shows of ersatz unity. To commit news is to generate excessive heat in a cool medium. Given the way an actual abortion floor fight would have been covered, it's hard not to sympathize with Haley Barbour's unwillingness to allow one. Paradoxically, if the networks stopped covering the conventions, the parties could ventilate their differences as in days of yore. But that would be news of the non-pseudo variety, which would bring back the cameras.

One solution to this conundrum is to quit resisting the newslessness of modern political conventions. The networks should simply agree to allot a certain amount of time to them for the sake of civic edification. Instead of anchors providing jaundiced, running commentary about how uneventful it all is, they could cover the action PBS-style, reserving the analysis for the bottom of the hour, as with news conferences and presidential speeches. There would need to be some ground rules: perhaps no pre-packaged Men-From-Hope-and-Russell videos, no waving around of infants too young to consent or family-values hip-hop numbers. It should all happen in real time, and preferably would last only three days instead of four. But mostly, the parties could do what they wanted for at least an hour each evening. Though this would deny the networks their divine right to optimize revenues for six or eight hours every fourth August, they would get a chance to be good corporate citizens.

This assured-airtime idea piggybacks on Paul Taylor's ultra-worthy proposal that the networks allocate free TV time at the end of the campaign for candidates to address voters directly on the major issues. Taylor, you may remember, is the recovering Washington *Post* reporter who notoriously asked Gary Hart at a press conference if he had ever committed adultery. Now born-again as an idealist, Taylor is lobbying the networks to broadcast 2½-minute mini-speeches every night during the last four weeks of the forthcoming campaign—amounting to 25 minutes of free airtime for each nominee, approximately $7.5 million worth for each party. The notion is that free time for "straight talk" would diminish the importance of 30-second attack ads and compel the candidates to focus on substantive issues. Both nominees and Ross Perot's people have endorsed the idea, and the networks are for it in principle. But they are far from agreeing on a formula; NBC has offered time on *Dateline,* CBS on the *Evening News.* Two advocates of the idea, Senators John McCain and Bill Bradley, are negotiating with the networks. Taylor is optimistic that a deal can be made this year; McCain

(continued on page 75)

Photograph by Maria Melin/ABC News.



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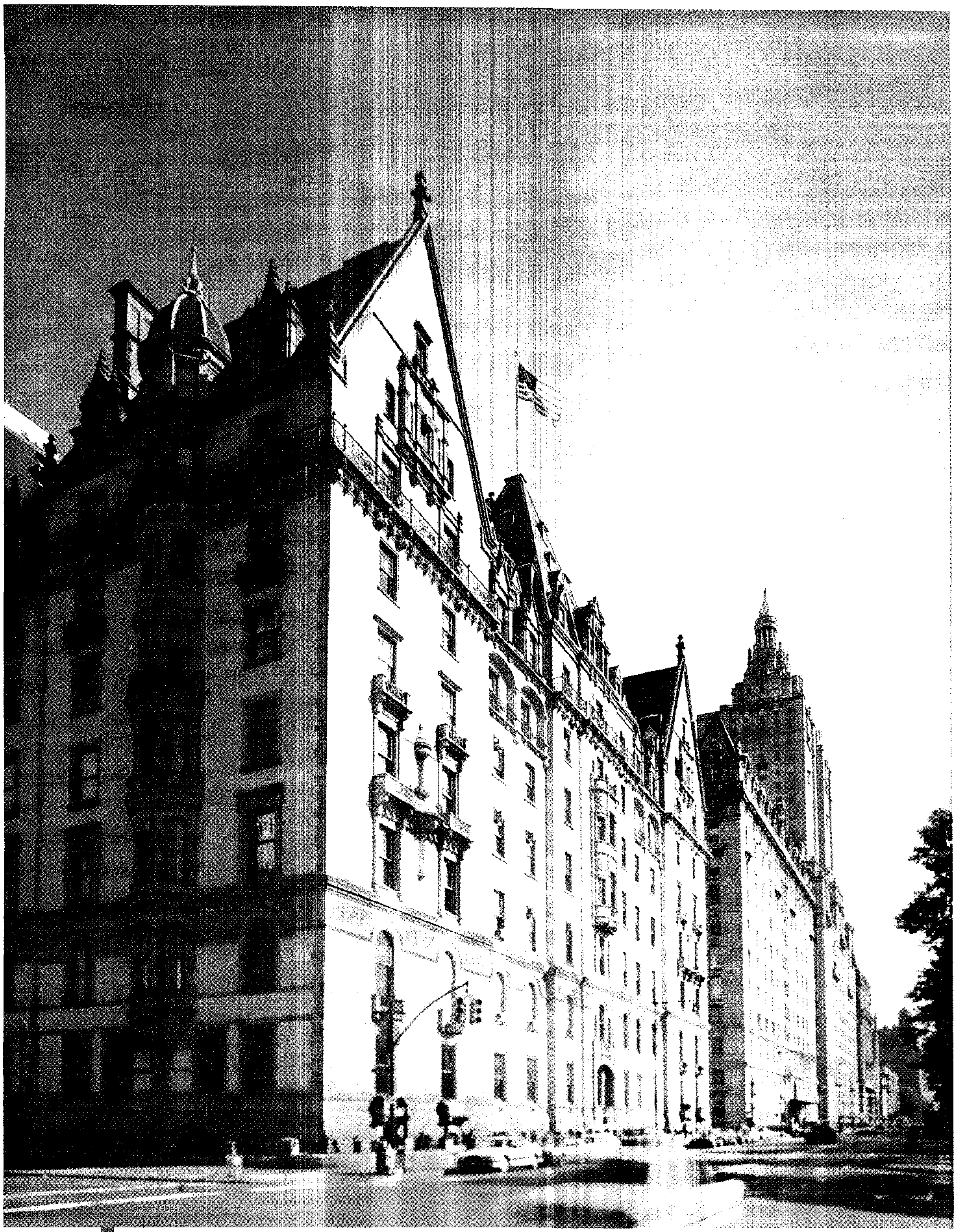
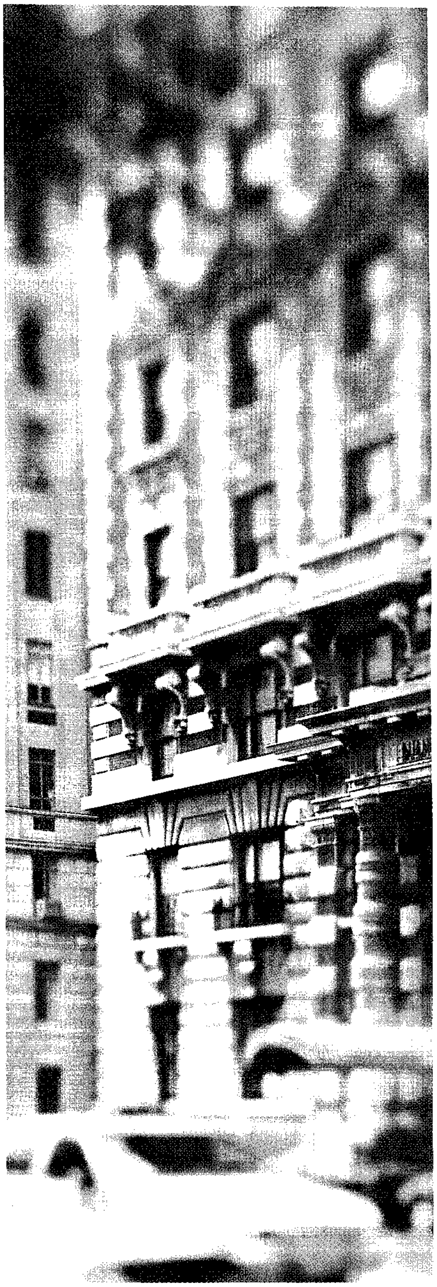




WEST OF

DEN

How CPW suddenly became the glammiest address in town

By Christopher Mason

THE DAKOTA Where Yoko Ono pays a spectacularly hefty monthly maintenance of $12,566 for her park-facing apartment and office. **THE KENILWORTH** Rejected *Rolling Stone's* Jann Wenner and his lover, Matt Nye, as renters after Wenner left Jane, his wife of 26 years. **THE SAN REMO** Bruce and Demi paid $8 million, Spielberg more than $7.3 million to live here—the highest CPW prices ever.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUSSELL KAYE
FOR NEW YORK

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
Rudyard Kipling, "The Ballad of East and West"

CENTRAL PARK WEST, CURIOUSLY, HAS BECOME MANHATtan's new gold coast. Prices for luxury apartments along the western avenue—from Donald Trump's flashy new condominium at Columbus Circle to the dignified Beresford at 81st Street and beyond—are now actually exceeding those for comparably sized spreads on Park Avenue and are inching closer than ever to sales figures on almighty Fifth.

Such news may be unthinkable to Upper East Siders who have reflexively disdained Central Park West as the far-flung home of lefties and a funky refuge for those unable to make the grade socially and financially at the blue-chip co-op fortresses in the 10021 Zip Code.

"Everyone I knew, including my shrink, told me I was crazy to move to Central Park West," says Helen Gurley Brown, editor-in-chief of *Cosmopolitan,* who adds that her husband David "dragged" her to the Beresford from Park Avenue twenty years ago. "The citadels of big money may still be mostly on Fifth and Park," she says, "but lately it seems like everyone wants to move to Central Park West. We get letters from brokers offering to appraise our apartment every week."

The grapefruit trees on the terrace of their penthouse triplex facing east, south, and west even have their own bumblebee, says David Brown, who declines to name the six-figure price he paid for the apartment in 1976: "Let's just say it was one of my best investments."

Brown is one of the few who remember visiting Central Park West when it still had a streetcar. How does he think it's changed? "It's become Waspier," he says, chuckling. "It's no longer déclassé to live on Central Park West. I see refugees from Park and Fifth moving in, and I tease them that I'm glad to see the stigma of the arts hasn't put them off."

Of course, Central Park West's artists are not the kind starving in garrets. The pop musician Sting, for example, owns a 7,000-square-foot, eighteen-room duplex at 88 Central Park West, featuring both formal and family dining rooms, a library, and an office; he bought it from the pop musician Billy Joel in 1988 for $4.8 million. And Kevin Bacon and Kyra Sedgwick just snapped up an apartment on the ninth floor at the Beaux Arts St. Urban for $1.9 million—a 3,000-square-foot three-bedroom facing north and east. "The list of famous people who live here is incredible," says David Brown. "I'm amazed that no one's ever thought of publishing a Map of the Stars for Central Park West like they have in California." (See "Avenue of the Stars," page 23.)

The showbizzy milieu is not, of course, the only thing that distinguishes East from West. "There's a different respect for new money on the West Side," says Linda Stein, the exuberant real-estate broker known for her roster of Hollywood-celebrity clients. "The excitement is about how much, not when it was made. At co-ops on Fifth and Park, new money is frowned upon. On Central Park West it is *worshiped.*"

THE BERESFORD "Everyone I knew, including my shrink, told me I was crazy to move to Central Park West," says resident Helen Gurley Brown.

There's something of a generational shift as well. People who came of age in the sixties and seventies tend to be turned off or intimidated by the starchiness of Fifth Avenue, and more and more of those baby-boomers are now in the market for posh uptown apartments. "Fifth Avenue is the perfect buy for insecure Wall Streeters and social climbers," says one West Side art collector. "You can detect a great suppression of sexuality, ethnicity, and creativity over there."

One Park Avenue socialite has an equally acid opinion of the West Side. "It can get pretty uncivilized," she says, lips pursed. "It's nothing like walking over to Madison or Park from Fifth. And the East Side delivery service is so much better. Let's face it—the West Side's still a little honky-tonk. There's no Gracious Home over there."

Many brokers speak of the significant divide between East and West. "It's bizarre," says Barbara Corcoran, the chairman of the Corcoran Group. "A lot of East Siders seem to think that living on Central Park West, or anywhere on the West Side, is like living in China or, even worse, New Jersey," she says. "And the vast majority think of Central Park West as being ethnic, casual, and far more bohemian than it actually is."

How about West Siders' perceptions of the East Side? "I'm

"At co-ops on Fifth and Park, new money is frowned upon," says real-estate broker Linda Stein. "On Central Park West, it is *worshiped.*"

AVENUE OF THE STARS

(Some buildings listed here are not technically on Central Park West but are considered CPW real estate by brokers.)

TRUMP INTERNATIONAL

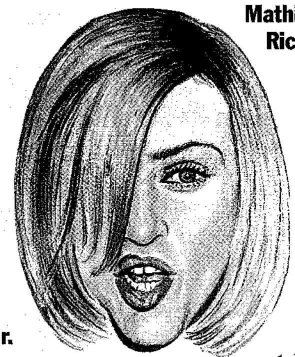
1 Central Park West
Donald and Marla Trump

THE CENTURY

25 Central Park West
Kimba Wood

HARPERLY HALL

41 Central Park West
Carol Kane, Geraldine Laybourne, Madonna, Forrest Sawyer, Arthur "Pinch" Sulzberger Jr.



55 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Keith Barish, John Lone, Seymour Stein, Jann Wenner and Matt Nye, Tim and Nina Zagat

75 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Carroll O'Connor

1 WEST 67TH STREET

Joel Grey, LeRoy Neiman, Johnny Pigozzi

2 WEST 67TH STREET

Kelly Klein, Arthur Penn

88 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Celeste Holm, Lorne Michaels, Paul Simon, Sting, Harvey Weinstein

91 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Robert Caro, Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson

101 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Harrison Ford and Melissa Mathison, Peter Jennings, Rick Moranis

THE MAJESTIC

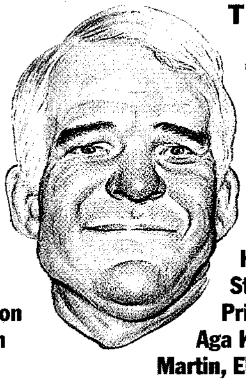
115 Central Park West
Kathleen Battle, Brandon Tartikoff

THE DAKOTA

1 West 72nd Street
Lauren Bacall, Graydon Carter, Roberta Flack, Yoko Ono, Maury Povich and Connie Chung, Rex Reed

THE LANGHAM

135 Central Park West
Lenny Holzer, James Levine, Carly Simon



THE SAN REMO

145 Central Park West
Marshall Brickman, Don Hewitt, Dustin Hoffman, Steve Jobs, Princess Yasmin Aga Khan, Steve Martin, Elaine May, Demi Moore and Bruce Willis, Scott Rudin, Steven Spielberg and Kate Capshaw, Andrew Tobias

THE KENILWORTH

151 Central Park West
Diandra Douglas, Ashton Hawkins, Bill Moyers

44 WEST 77TH STREET

Christie Brinkley, Sandy Duncan, Lynn Nesbit

THE BERESFORD

211 Central Park West; 1 and 7 West 81st Street
David Brown and Helen Gurley Brown, Patrick Demarchelier, Robert Forbes, Richard Holbrooke and Kati Marton, Sidney Lumet, John McEnroe and Patty Smyth, Phyllis Newman and Adolph Green, Tony Randall, Beverly Sills, Isaac Stern, Elizabeth Strong de Cuevas

15 WEST 81ST STREET

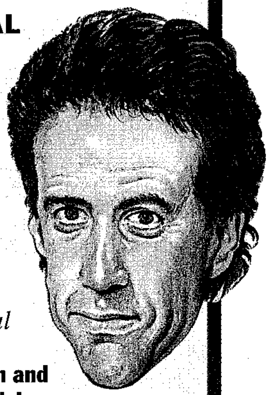
Billy Baldwin and Chynna Phillips, Ian Schrager

THE BOLIVAR

230 Central Park West
Betsy von Furstenberg, Jerry Seinfeld

271 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Robin Williams



279 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Ann and Mick Jones

THE ST. URBAN

285 Central Park West
Kevin Bacon and Kyra Sedgwick, Ed Bradley

THE ELDORADO

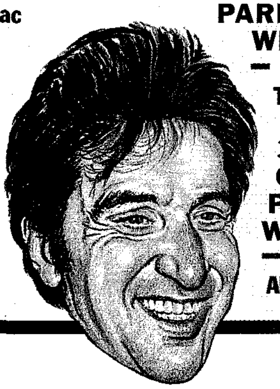
300 Central Park West
Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, Richard Dreyfuss, Garrison Keillor, Tatum O'Neal, Sandy Pittman, Pinchas Zuckerman

THE ARDSLEY

320 Central Park West
Barbra Streisand

336 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Twyla Tharp



353 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Al Pacino

Illustrations by Drew Friedman.

Central Park Westies "only have to deal with one parade a year—Thanksgiving—as opposed to dozens on Fifth," says broker Dan Douglas.

always hearing the same three words," says Corcoran. "*Waspy, Republican,* and *formal.*"

Among Central Park West's newest inhabitants are Hollywood celebrities fleeing the earthquakes, riots, fires, floods, and verdicts of Los Angeles and brash young bond traders, buoyed by a twelve-year bull market. Those spotted looking on the avenue recently include Nicolas Cage, Chazz Palminteri, Conan O'Brien, Ricki Lake, and Donna Karan (who is said to have almost spent $6 million two weeks ago on three apartments at 279 Central Park West but backed out at the last minute).

The attribute most feverishly sought, not surprisingly, is a view of the park. On both Central Park West and Fifth Avenue, apartments with such views can command prices that are 50 to 100 percent higher than those without. Terraces are also prized, but many scoffed at the scene in the first episode of CBS's beleaguered *Central Park West* in which Mariel Hemingway eats breakfast *en plein air* in a white terry-cloth robe. "Puh-*leeze,*" says one broker. "If you ask me, terraces are a joke. No one uses them. They're always filthy and covered in soot. I mean, it's not like living in Beverly Hills, where you always have a maid to hose down your lawn furniture at dawn. But everybody wants them." Neighbors who overlook Barbra Streisand's terrace at the Ardsley claim she's never once set foot on it.

TRUMP INTERNATIONAL (1 CENTRAL PARK WEST)

David Letterman grabbed a hard hat to inspect the view himself.

According to Susan Renfrew, director of West Side sales at Halstead Realty, average prices per room for sales on Central Park West have shot up by 31 percent in the past two years, from $147,000 to $207,000, compared with a more modest 22 percent on Fifth ($224,000 to $283,000) and 24 percent ($152,000 to $199,000) on Park. Barbara Corcoran confirms the trend. "We've watched the difference in prices between Fifth and Central Park West narrow dramatically from 42 percent in 1982 to only 14 percent in the last year," she says. "It's unbelievable." The only problem, it seems, is availability. "Right now I could sell an apartment on Central Park West with 3,000 square feet and a terrace for 3 to 5 million bucks about fifteen times over," says Robby Browne at Douglas Elliman. "There just isn't enough inventory."

Apartments on Central Park West's Golden Mile, the twenty-block stretch from Columbus Circle to the Beresford, do not linger on the market for long these days. One on the thirteenth floor at the San Remo, with eight rooms, recently changed hands at astonishing speed. First listed on April 18, it sold only three days later for $3.2 million. The buyer was Gary David Goldberg, an executive producer of *Spin City,* Michael J. Fox's new, New York–based sitcom on ABC. (The last time the apartment turned over was in 1984, for just $1.6 million.) And hoping to capitalize on the present feeding frenzy, Carnegie Hall president Isaac Stern and his wife, Vera, who are divorcing, have put their nineteenth-and-twentieth-floor duplex at the Beresford with a large terrace on the market for an ambitious $4.895 million. Friends say Stern will continue to live in an apartment on the second floor that he also owns.

"I have clients with millions to spend who have been reduced to renting temporary apartments until something great on Central Park West becomes available," says John Burger, a broker at Brown, Harris, Stevens. "It's incredibly frustrating." "I can't tell you how many calls I get from folks with big apartments on the East Side who want to move to Central Park West for something 'fun' and 'different' and think that by crossing the park they'll get a great deal," says broker Robby Browne. "Forget it. Those days are over."

With apartments in the neighboring Dakota and San Remo trading for millions, those at the rent-stabilized prewar Langham, at 73rd Street, are regarded with considerable envy. "My broker warned me no one would ever visit me when I moved here 25 years ago," says Peter Brown, the British-born publicity consultant who represents Andrew Lloyd Webber. "She warned me that Central Park West was unsafe and unfashionable, and she was right." Clearly, times have changed: Prince Edward, the Queen of England's youngest son, was Brown's houseguest last month. Also at the Langham are Carly Simon and conductor James Levine.

Linda Stein is convinced it is the siren call of fame that beckons. "If the eighties were about money, the nineties are about celebrity," she says. "A lot of people get excited about the idea of living on the same street as some of the world's greatest movie stars, directors, writers, and musicians. The architecture doesn't hurt, either. And the fact that major celebrities have paid top dollar on Central Park West has definitely contributed to the rise in the market."

Stein is known among brokers for having pulled off the two highest-priced deals ever on Central Park West, both at the San Remo. Bruce Willis and Demi Moore paid $8 million in 1990 for the penthouse triplex in the south tower that was owned by producer Robert Stigwood and once belonged to Eddie Cantor. And Steven Spielberg and his wife, Kate Capshaw, paid handsomely for two apartments on the sixteenth floor. A friend of Capshaw's says that she looked on Fifth Avenue but "didn't like the vibes."

Linda Stein won't divulge exactly how much Spielberg paid, but San Remo neighbors estimate the selling price for the two apartments to be in excess of $7.3 million and calculate the monthly maintenance for the 6,000-square-foot apartment to be in the neighborhood of $6,000, a relative bargain compared with charges at the nearby Dakota, where hefty expenses for the more historic building are shared by fewer stockholders. (Yoko Ono, for instance, whose park-facing apartment and office at the Dakota also have a combined square-footage of close to 6,000, is currently paying a monthly maintenance of $12,566.)

Among Bruce & Demi & Steven & Kate's celebrated San Remo neighbors are Dustin Hoffman, producer Scott Rudin, and Steve Martin, who also joined two apartments together while married to actress Victoria Tennant. He has proved his devotion to the building by choosing to remain there even after their bitter divorce: Martin restored the wall between the two units, and Tennant, now remarried, lives next door. Neighbors say he is plainly irritated at having to share the same elevator landing with the newlyweds.

Until the Spielbergs move into the San Remo, they remain at Trump Tower while architects Gwathmey Siegel oversee noisy renovations to their thirteen-room terraced apartment, which have been the subject of complaints from neighbors. Spielberg recently offered to rent outside office space for his neighbors, who include Marilyn Berger, a first-string obituary writer at the New York *Times* and the wife of *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt, and Nina Brickman, a film editor and the wife of screenwriter-director Marshall Brickman. (Their apartments are, respectively, above and below his.)

What else fuels the new yearning for a Central Park West address? If you believe Donald Trump, the answer is simple: Donald Trump. "I'm pleased to see that the tremendous success of Trump International has led to the resurgence on Central Park West," he says. "Sales are through the roof. It's the most successful condominium ever built in this country." The developer is moving from his current Fifth Avenue aerie at Trump Tower into a Trump International penthouse.

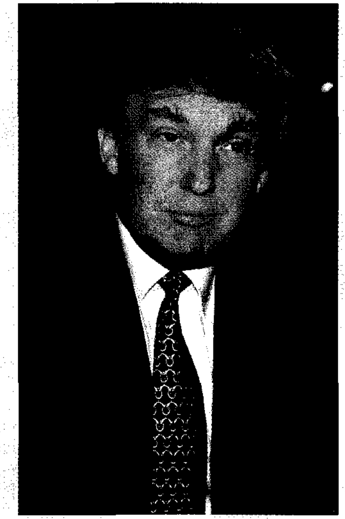
Paul Beirne, a partner at the investment-banking firm Sanford C. Bernstein & Co., who recently moved into the nearby Century (Central Park West's sole prewar condominium), considers Trump International a blessing. "I'm not crazy about the way it looks, but it will make Columbus Circle safer and there'll probably be more cabs," he says.

Other advantages of Central Park West, says Dan Douglas, a Corcoran Group broker, are lower maintenances (often 25 percent less than on Fifth and Park, where real-estate taxes are higher) and less exacting cash requirements for purchase (which can be as high as 100 percent at East Side co-ops). Then there's the much-trumpeted West Side renaissance—the arrival of the California-mall-style Lincoln Square Cinema; the World, Reebok, and Equinox gyms; two sprawling Barnes & Noble bookstores on Broadway; and a cavalcade of popular restaurants such as Ansonia, Savann, and Rain. And who

THE MOST SELF-IMPORTANT NEW ADDRESS IN THE WORLD

INDEPENDENT BROKERS SHOWING SPACE AT THE TRUMP International confirm that sales are exceptionally brisk—remarkable when you consider that apartments are being sold sight unseen from floor plans and a promotional video. Bruce Warwick, a spokesman for the building, claims that 70 percent of the building's units are already under contract. But what else would you expect of a building marketed as "The Most Important New Address in the World"?

As with any Trump project, of course, hyperbole abounds. Promotional material for Trump International Hotel and Tower boasts of 52 stories. Guess what? There are actually only 44, as those who rode the elevators in its former incarnation as the Paramount (né Gulf + Western) building will doubtless recall. Even the revolving scale model of the building at the sales office on Central Park South has just 44. So what happened to the missing floors? "The ceilings were ten feet high, taller than average," says Warwick. "So we figured that since the building's over 600 feet high, it has the equivalent of 52 stories in the average apartment building." Whatever. This isn't the first time Trump has indulged in this kind of wishful fudging: In 1983, Trump Tower was billed as having 68 floors. It has 58.



DONALD TRUMP Says he's moving into Trump International. The ultimate vote of confidence?

When told of Trump's creative numbering scheme, one leading architecture critic was amused: "He says it has 52 stories? I'm amazed he doesn't say 100."

More Trump l'oeil: Feeling pretty pleased with yourself for having paid top dollar for the "penthouse"? Take another look. Five floors, rather than the usual one, are all called penthouses. And they don't even have terraces.

Although prospective buyers are not permitted to visit Trump International while construction is under way, one site foreman revealed that an exception was made for David Letterman, the demanding television host. After insisting on inspecting the view for himself, says the foreman, the grim-faced comedian rode the building's noisy, rickety external construction elevator wearing a hard hat several sizes too small. C.M.

Photograph by Gerardo Somoza/Outline.

can dispute the luxury of having Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Fairway, and Zabar's within walking distance?

"You only have to deal with one parade a year—Thanksgiving—as opposed to dozens on Fifth," adds Dan Douglas. And most brokers interviewed said that the co-op boards are easier, although that's beginning to change. "They're still less intimidating," says Browne, who claims that issues of sexual preference, race, and religion are inconsequential on Central Park West. "If your financials are okay and you seem like a decent person, there's usually no problem."

Such liberal standards do not always apply, however. Despite, or perhaps because of, their wealth and fame, several celebrities seeking to lavish millions on Central Park West co-ops have had to endure the withering stigma of rejection. Such was the case for Cher at the Dakota and Madonna at the San Remo. Fame may be grand, but *excessive* fame, it seems, is irksome. "When you're the kind of celebrity who requires bodyguards to protect you from a bunch of screaming teenagers outside your building, it's definitely a problem," says Linda Stein.

Undaunted, Madonna wound up on Central Park West anyway, circumventing the nettlesome issue of board approval at 1 West 64th Street by purchasing a five-room apartment directly from the building's sponsor. Expanding since then, she has bought up so many adjoining apartments that no one need fret about there being sufficient space this October for Madonna and child.

Excessive youth and a somewhat dissolute mien appear to have been the stumbling blocks for Sean Lennon, who was 20 when he was turned down at 88 Central Park West in 1995 (despite having grown up only two blocks north, at the infinitely more prestigious Dakota). "You only have to know his last name to know that paying the maintenance wasn't the problem," says one broker. Young Lennon is now installed on Duane Street in TriBeCa.

Turned down at the San Remo, Calvin Klein moved to the East Side in 1988, buying a 10,000-square-foot townhouse at 16 East 76th Street for $6.95 million. "He bought it on an impulse," says a close friend, "but it was way too big, and he never entertained on a grand scale." Finding himself financially strapped in 1991, Klein sold the house at the bottom of the market for a mere $4.848 million and moved into the comparatively modest three-bedroom apartment on Central Park West at 67th Street that he had purchased for his future wife, Kelly, from Christie Brinkley for $1.2 million in 1984. (The space features a double-height living room with a park view.) Since the Kleins have split, however, Calvin has been spotted at the East Side's Carlyle hotel.

After Jann Wenner, the co-owner and editor-in-chief of *Rolling Stone,* left Jane, his wife of 26 years, for Matt Nye, a former model, the new couple found themselves rejected by the co-op board at the Kenilworth when they tried to sublet Linda Stein's own apartment. In a touching gesture, Linda's ex-husband, Seymour Stein, president of Elektra Entertainment, stepped in to offer Wenner and Nye a haven—an empty apartment on the seventeenth floor at 55 Central Park West that he had bought to create a duplex with his own apartment below, for $17,000 a month.

Having now decided to settle down and find themselves a home they can call their own, Jann and Matt have bought a five-story, fully renovated, central-air-conditioned townhouse on West 69th Street. Once ensconced, Wenner, a famously devoted father, will be only a block away from his children and estranged wife on 70th Street. (Seymour Stein has since opted to put Wenner and Nye's Central Park West *garçonnière* on the market. Purchased for $2.2 million in 1991, it is currently under contract for $3.2 million.)

Rebuffed at the ultraconservative One Beekman Place, on the East Side, Barbra Streisand continues to live in the Art Deco apartment at the Ardsley that she once shared with her ex-husband Elliott Gould. Oddly, the apartment faces west and has no view of the park. "She tells people she keeps it for sentimental reasons," says one broker, rolling his eyes.

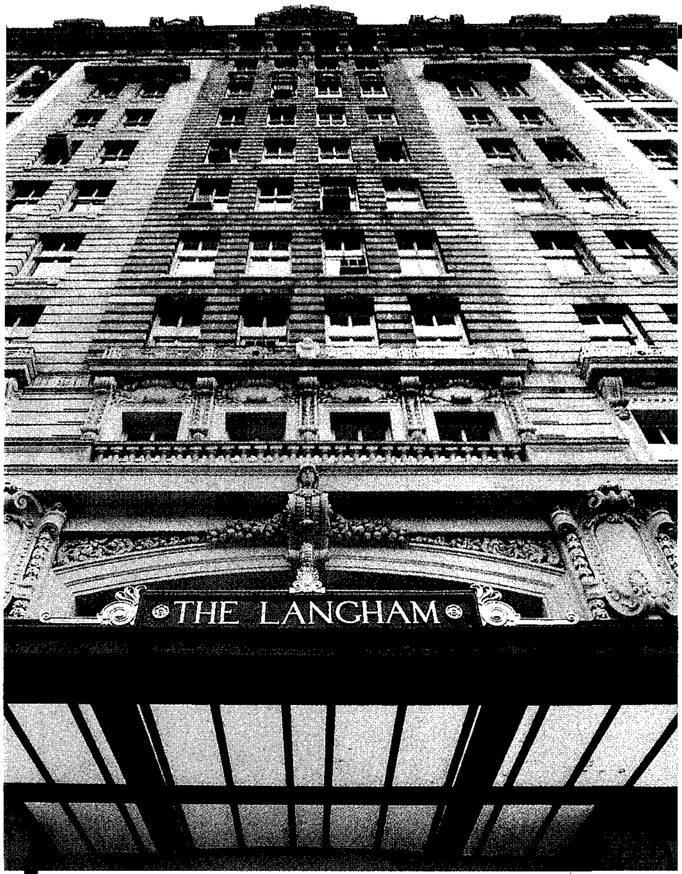
FOR MANY, CENTRAL PARK WEST'S MYSTIQUE DERIVES FROM ITS evocatively named bastions of prewar grandeur. Most celebrated, of course, are the Dakota, the avenue's oldest apartment building, built in 1884, the Beresford (1929), the Majestic (1930), the San Remo (1930), and the Eldorado (1931), all of which define the avenue's skyline with their distinctive towers. Even No. 55, which has no official name, is known as "the *Ghostbusters* building," after the movie filmed there in 1983.

On the Upper East Side, however, a hushed tone is reserved for the numbers of the neighborhood's grandest buildings: 820, 834, 960, and 1040 Fifth Avenue, and 720, 730, 765, 770, and 740 Park Avenue.

Why do so many of Central Park West's buildings have names? According to Paul Goldberger, chief cultural correspondent and longtime New York *Times* architecture critic, the phenomenon is largely explained by the fact that several of its most famous buildings were constructed on the sites of residential hotels of the same name, such as the Beresford, the Majestic, and the San Remo. The Century replaced the Century Theater, where a young Irving Berlin sang "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" in a 1918 wartime revue. A notable exception, Goldberger points out, is the Dakota, so named by its builder, Edward Clark, an heir to the Singer Sewing Machine fortune, because it was at a far remove from the fashionable part of town. (Today, East Siders descend in droves upon the Dakota when a great apartment becomes available, says Patricia S. Burnham of the eponymous firm, who sold to Connie Chung and Maury Povich.) Distinguished prewar residential buildings with grandiose names can also be found elsewhere on the West Side: the Osbourne (1885), on West 57th Street; the Apthorp (1908), on Broadway; and Gainsborough Studios (1908), on Central Park South. And developers have gleefully embraced the tradition at such latter-day additions to the West Side as the Alexandria, the Coronado, and the Park Millennium.

"Park and Fifth developed quite differently from Central Park West," says Goldberger. "Fifth was lined with mansions, and early Park Avenue had more modest residential dwellings. What's interesting is that buildings on the East Side were considered to have sheer address value. There was a sense then,

"Let's face it," says one Park Avenue socialite, lips pursed. "The West Side's still a little honky-tonk. There's no Gracious Home over there."



THE LANGHAM **This rent-stabilized prewar is regarded with considerable envy, now that apartments in the area are going for millions.**

which still applies today, that having a name is a tiny bit déclassé. There's a sense that names spring from a period when the street had to try a little too hard." Goldberger adds that when 101 Central Park West was built in 1930, specifically to accommodate well-to-do Jews excluded from socially restricted buildings on Fifth Avenue, it was deliberately left unnamed to emulate Fifth Avenue. On the East Side, the few buildings that bore names eventually dropped them. One such instance is the elegant 32 East 64th Street, between Madison and Park Avenues, whose blueprints refer to it as the Verona.

Goldberger tells the story of tenants at 15 West 81st Street, chagrined that their apartment house was perceived as being less chic than its named neighbor, the Beresford, debating several years ago whether to invent a name for their own building. "Okay," said one in exasperation. "Let's call it 1040 Fifth Avenue" (famously the address of the late Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis).

Today, as with the East Side, a definite pecking order exists for buildings on Central Park West. The top five buildings, most brokers agree, are the Dakota (historical prestige, grand scale, famous residents), the Beresford (dazzling southern views), the San Remo (greatest number of celebrities and stunning views of the park and lake), 88 (high ceilings and large picture windows), and 101 (superbly run). Realtors also refer to a "second tier," which includes the Majestic, the Eldorado, the Kenilworth, the Prasada, the St. Urban, 55, 75, 91, and the White House at 86th Street.

"MY THEORY IS THAT *CENTRAL PARK WEST* AWOKE PEOPLE TO its charms, even though the show was a flop," says Chappy Morris, a private investor and a perennial fixture on junior committees. Morris just contracted to sell his penthouse at the Alden to a neighbor, who will inherit its terrace croquet lawn and Jacuzzi.

Why did he sell? "The truth is I prefer the East Side," he says, gazing longingly across the park. "That's where I grew up and where most of the people I know and the parties I go to are. I miss being close to my old haunts, like Mortimer's. When I moved here, I had no idea that those blocks to Columbus and Broadway are so much longer than those on the East Side. It's faster to take a cab to Madison than it is to walk all the way to the stores on Broadway. The other day I realized I hadn't been to Broadway in months. But what really drives me ballistic is when they close the transverses in Central Park. They do it every time there's heavy rain or some parade on Fifth, and you have to take a cab all the way to 59th Street, so it takes an hour to get to the East Side. It's a nightmare."

So why did he move to Central Park West in the first place? "I wanted to see what it was like," he says. "I loved the idea that it was younger and more informal. But none of the restaurants are any good. There's only Cafe Luxembourg and Isabella's on Columbus. And that's always packed. I'm telling you, I can't wait to move back to the East Side." But Morris confesses he'll miss the view. "It's weird, but somehow it's more interesting to be looking east at sunset."

Views of the park—the equivalent of waterfront property in other cities—are considered to be superior on Central Park West because they offer the more appealing perspective of the Plaza Hotel, the Pierre, the Sherry Netherland, and other landmarks such as the Empire State and Chrysler buildings. "On Fifth," says broker Linda Stein, "you can't expect great park views from the bedrooms—they're usually stretched out along the side streets—whereas on Central Park West, where most of the buildings are wider, you have a better chance of having a park view and more light." Many of the apartment buildings on Fifth are narrow because they were built to replace the relatively slender individual townhouses that once lined the street. (The thinnest is 969, which is just 24 feet wide.)

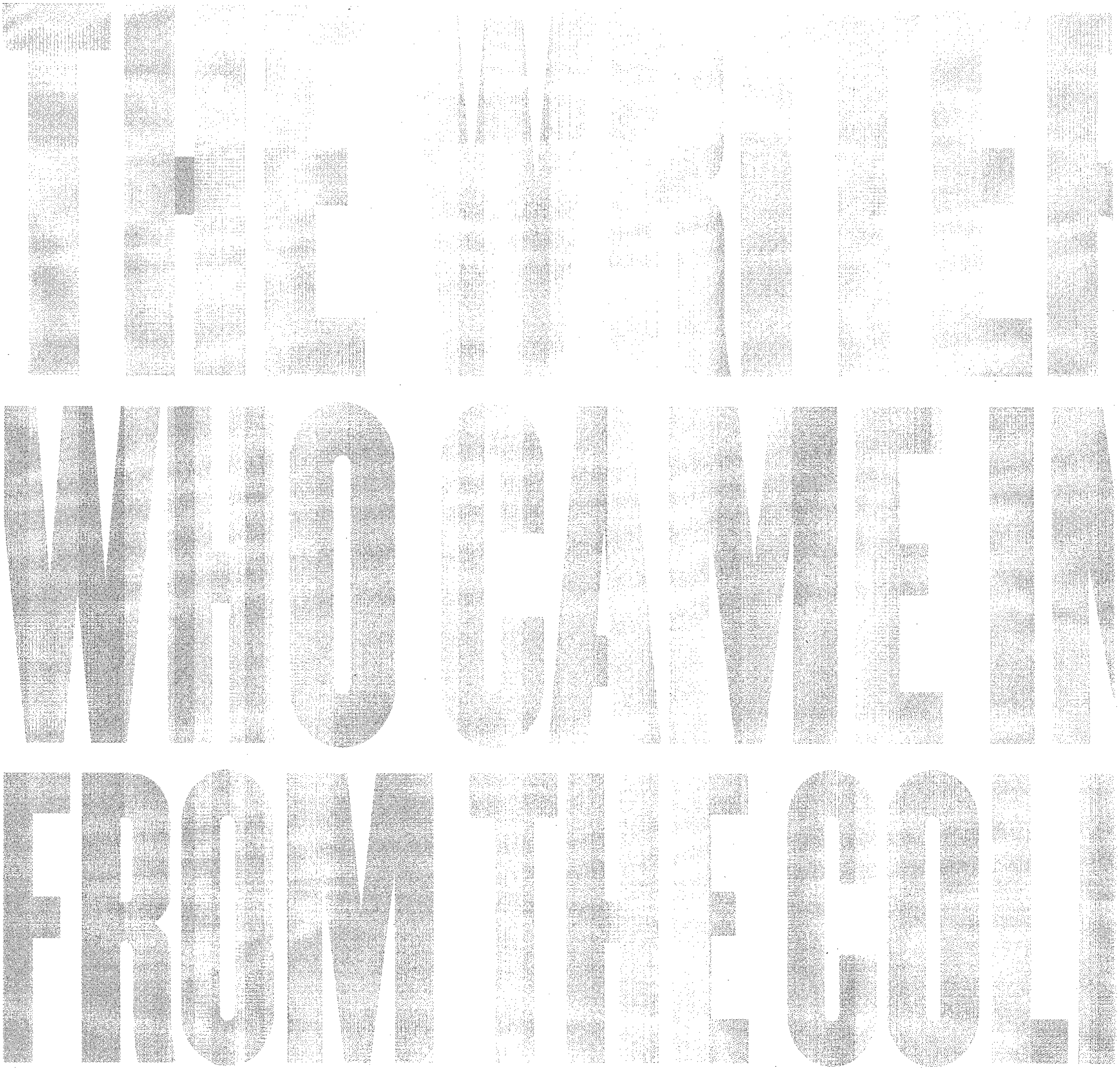
WENDY WASSERSTEIN, THE PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING PLAYwright, considers herself exempt from the intense disdain and rivalry between the opposing sides of the park. "I'm a crosstown-bus kinda girl," she says. "I grew up on the East Side and went to Calhoun on the West Side, and I always went on dates with guys who knew how to make a move when the bus swerved going through the park at 79th Street." Having sold her apartment in "the Madonna building," Wasserstein is currently living in an East Side hotel while work on her new place on Central Park West is completed.

Fabien Baron, the creative director of *Harper's Bazaar,* recently moved to East 17th Street to escape "the boredom" of Central Park West. "It's beautiful up there," he says. "I loved the grand scale, the people, the light, and the fantastic apartments. Yet there's a huge gap between the interior and exterior life. You step outside and there's no one on the street."

But there will always be those who couldn't imagine living anywhere else. "It seems to be my destiny," says Paul Goldberger, who has lived at the Hôtel des Artistes, the Dakota, and the San Remo and will move into the Beresford this fall. For Goldberger, it is not the park that marks the divide between East and West so much as Columbus Avenue. "It's funny," he says. "When I tell people on Fifth Avenue where I live, they say, 'Oh, you live on the *West* Side.' And friends on 96th and Broadway say, 'Oh, you're practically on the *East* Side.' I suppose what I really love is having one foot in each camp.

"And clearly," he adds, "I'm not the only one." ▬

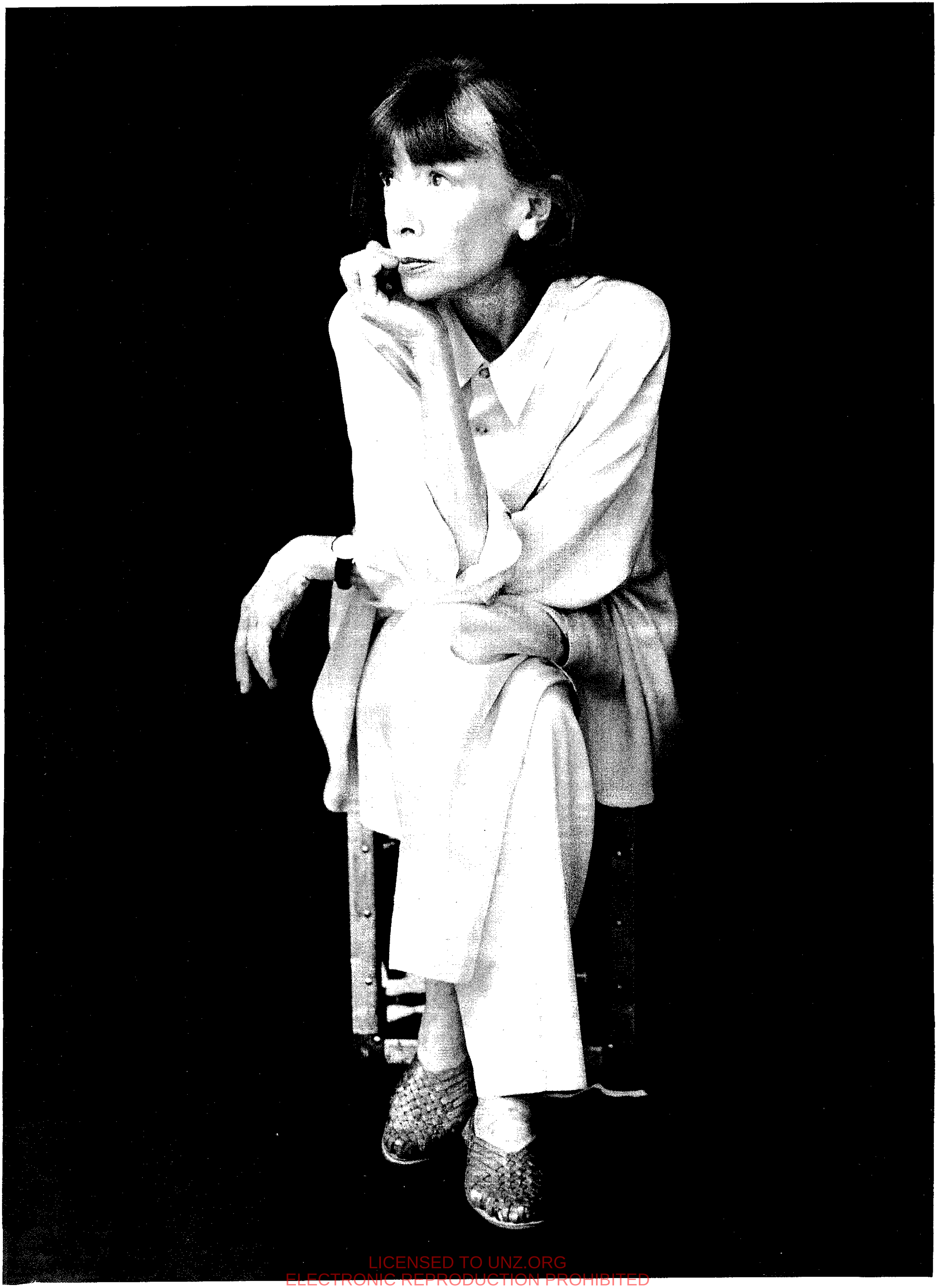
THE WRITE
WHO CAME I
FROM THE COL



Joan Didion used to be outside, looking in. Now she's an eminence, almost a legend, definitely inside (and with a new novel out this month). How's the view from in there? By Linda Hall

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY/EDGE FOR *NEW YORK*

IT HAS BEEN DECADES SINCE SHE CRIED IN print, and on the evidence of her recent work, we do not know whether her migraines are still bad. The dust-jacket photographs showing author and cigarette, or author braless, hitching up her skirt (photographs that were themselves the subject of journalism), have been followed by prim pictures, or none at all. References to her bi-



kini have disappeared, and her daughter, familiar to readers as "the baby," is 30 years old. Her husband, after years of describing their marriage as one-week-at-a-time, now calls the union happy. He no longer sits in on her interviews, because, she says, they dislike "the whole literary-couple thing." She continues to write about California but has been a citizen of Manhattan since 1988.

What Joan Didion sought when she first came to New York 40 years ago, she has. She has published ten books, the most recent of which, the novel *The Last Thing He Wanted* (Knopf), is just out. Her place in American letters is secure, if not easily summarized. Elizabeth Hardwick, who introduced her last week when she was awarded the Edward MacDowell Medal, declines to discuss Didion. "It's just too hard," she apologizes. "She's too complicated and special." She is California's chronicler laureate, and yet she was never at risk of the designation *regional writer.* She is quotable on New York, Miami, El Salvador, Bogota, Hawaii, Hong Kong, Newport. She is quotable on self-respect, morality, marriage. Her output consists of five novels and five books of nonfiction, but her pieces appear so infrequently now that the appearance of each is something of an event. She is of that small group of great living writers whom readers can be said to love.

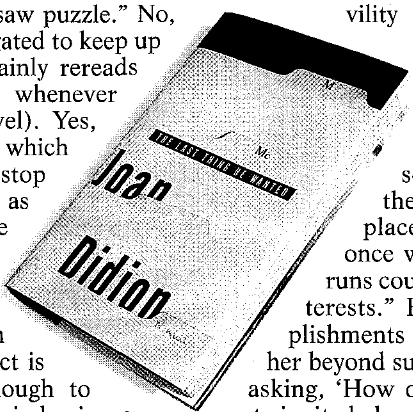
The writer as waif: Joan Didion in 1977.

DIDION IS OFTEN CALLED MOUSY, in no small part because her presence in a room can cause acute unease. Or at least this is what I decide as I arrive at her Upper East Side apartment to interview her. She is the skittish little creature; I am the one with the tape recorder and the notebook, the one in control, the one who will have the last word. But until I do, she, without even trying, will scare me into forgetting this clear advantage. I know from reading her that she will be more vigilant than I'd like. She will see around me and through me. She will hear me all, too well. (Didion is notably unforgiving of the oral equivalent of typos.)

As a subject, Didion dislikes the interview. As a reporter, she does not trust it. Always she found she could learn more by hanging back and watching than from front-parlor conversation. But there is not much one can "observe" a writer doing ("Well, right now I'm going to make chicken salad," Didion tells me). So I sit down in her "underwater white" book-lined living room—it cannot be called the library because practically every room but her kitchen is book-lined—with questions. At 61, Didion still has the short bob she wore in high school and looks like a more sentient version of the attractive girl she was then. She answers the familiar questions patiently. Yes, she and her husband have fun writing screenplays, such as *True Confessions* and *Up Close and Personal,* because it's "like doing a jigsaw puzzle." No, she doesn't feel obligated to keep up with fiction; she mainly rereads (*The Good Soldier,* whenever she's starting a novel). Yes, there was a point at which fiction "seemed to stop reflecting the world as we knew it." No, she has no theories on why. She laughs. I had read about that merry alto laugh of hers, but the effect is disarming. It is enough to make you think she is having a good time. Her husband, writer John Gregory Dunne, wanders by in a raspberry polo shirt. I scan the room and notice Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson's wedding picture.

"I work seven days a week, from eleven to seven or eight—on something," Didion says. "I find that between five and eight are the most productive hours—after you've been sort of dreading the thing all day." "They're very disciplined," says the novelist Susanna Moore, a good friend of the Dunnes'. "They always have been. They walk in the park in the morning, then they go to work in separate offices [within the apartment] and then meet for lunch. She uses the good silver every day. ['Well, every day is all there is,' Didion once said.] There's a kind of very elegant civility about them. They have *manners.*"

Manners, coupled with the fact that Didion is as funny in person as in print, get the Dunnes invited to places where, as she once wrote, "my presence runs counter to their best interests." Her literary accomplishments have helped to put her beyond suspicion. "That's like asking, 'How did Ambrose Bierce get invited back, how did H. L. Mencken get invited back, how did Joan Rivers get invited back?'" says gallery owner Earl McGrath when I ask about Didion's ongoing success with biting some of the hands that feed her. Another person who knows Didion suggests a different explanation for her social ascendance. "Remember Mencken? *Don't get too close to the bastards; you might get to like them?* Well, I think Joan got to like them."



Photographs: top, AP/Wide World Photos; bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

DIDION DOES NOT LIKE TO ANALYZE WHAT she writes and is unnerved when someone else does an accurate job of it. “It scares me, because then I feel I’ve lost that . . . angle.” We talk instead about just getting the work done. Often when she needs a name for a character, she consults her clippings of those full-page New York *Times* political ads signed by large numbers of people. Her technical intention with *The Last Thing He Wanted* was to do a novel as a biography, and then to get the whole history of Iran-contra into it. “Obviously, I couldn’t do that.” She ended up with a romance—Treat Morrison and Elena McMahon—and a thriller: Treat; Elena; Elena’s father, Dick; arms dealing; conspiracy; the Rand Corporation; November 22, 1963.

“SUCCESS WAS UNDERSTOOD TO depend on the extent to which the subject conspired, tacitly, to be not ‘herself’ but whoever and whatever it was that the photographer wanted to see in the lens,” Didion has written about the long mornings she used to spend watching Irving Penn or Duane Michals shoot women for *Vogue.* On the day Didion was shot for *New York,* there was a drenching rain, and the photographer and his assistants were padding around the West 19th Street studio in the only dry shoes they had, which were bedroom slippers. The studio was gorgeous—hardwood floors and high ceilings and a long wall of impossibly big windows facing south. It was the kind of place, Didion told me, she wished she lived in. The session began, and she was asked to press her fingertips to her neck, her shoulder, the windowpane; she was asked to close her eyes; she was asked to gaze at the middle distance. “You mean like this?” she asked politely about a fairly exaggerated pose—a swoon—and then laughed softly at herself.

The wistfulness of her face in photographs successfully obscures her tremendous enthusiasm for the world, her exhilaration in looking at it, her appetite and curiosity. She has often told interviewers that she considers herself cheerful. “I think of myself as really happy . . . I’m always amazed at what simple things can make me happy,” she once insisted. No such insistence is necessary. For all her celebrated angst, there is also in everything she does a sense of life’s richness, its romance and fun. Fun is work. Fun is witnessing history. “Goddamn but we had some fun there, just ask your mother, she’ll tell you,” Dick McMahon says to his daughter in *The Last Thing He Wanted.* (He is talking about an evening with Fidel Castro.) John Dunne has written about a day in Paris when he and Didion considered epitaphs for their tombstone. The winner: THEY HAD A GOOD TIME.

It would seem that Didion from her youth saw life as offering things worth having—an apparently unremarkable attitude but one increasingly uncommon among American writers. In an early piece on Helen Gurley Brown, Didion characterized the editor’s ambition as recognizable to younger readers “only from early Joan Crawford movies on the *Late Late Show. . . . Some day I’ll be rich and famous and have champagne for breakfast . . . good-bye Little Rock, good-bye C. K. McClatchy High.*” Didion, C. K. McClatchy High, ’52, left her native Sacramento with a different kind of ambition, a feverish yearning for the literary life. At Berkeley, in Mark Schorer’s writing workshop, her ambition overwhelmed everything else about her; paralyzed by a “terror that any sentence I committed would expose me as *not good enough,*” she managed to write only three of the required five short stories. She overcame her fears long enough to enter *Mademoiselle*’s contest for college women, though, and was one of its twenty winners. The prize was a summer in New York. “It was a wonderful, brave, adventurous thing for *Mademoiselle* to do,” recalls *New York* restaurant critic Gael Greene, who was a college guest editor at the magazine the same summer as Didion. “They gave us desks, let us know we were part of the magazine, entertained us, cut our hair. We lived at the Barbizon. . . . I remember Joan as something between shy and scared. But you never know when ‘shy’ is private.”

“I never saw ambition like that,” Noel Parmentel, a onetime mentor, says. “It was ferocious. Flabbergasting.”

One year later, the contest was *Vogue*’s Prix de Paris. First-prize winner Didion was given a job with the magazine and moved to New York. Here she would spend the next eight years, a crucial period in which she made herself indispensable to a formidable group of editors, developed a freelance career, met her future husband, and wrote her first novel. “I think it was not very long at all before she knew what she wanted to do—which was not writing commercial stuff, in any sense of the word,” says Rosa Rasiel, Didion’s roommate during her first year in New York. “At the same time, she was very determined to be financially independent—and this, of course, when many women were subsidized. I think of her as being a feminist before the women’s movement.”

“I didn’t dress for *Vogue,*” Didion says. “Literally or figuratively.” In her individualism and practicality, she was not a woman of the fifties. Rasiel remembers Didion washing her hair every morning, “in an era when *no one* did that every day. She’d do it even in the dead of winter, and then she’d put on a black velvet cap that tied under the chin and go to work, and by the time she got there, her hair would be dry. And like most of us then, she had one pair of good shoes. But she would wear her sneakers and carry her shoes to work in a bag. Long before anyone else did that.”

Didion hadn’t been in the city very long before she met Noel Parmentel, who essentially put her on the map. “Anyone who knew anything about New York then knew Noel,” Dan Wakefield writes in *New York in the Fifties.* “Even for his time, Noel was the most politically incorrect person imaginable. . . . He savaged the right in the pages of *The Nation,* would turn around and do the same to the left in *National Review,* and blasted both sides in *Esquire*—and everyone loved it.”

Rosa Rasiel thought of Parmentel as Didion’s “éminence grise, her taskmaster,” and Carol Houck Smith, Didion’s first fiction editor, remembers that it was “very clear I had to be approved by Noel Parmentel.” John Dunne, who met Didion one night at dinner with Parmentel, called him “smart as hell . . . a professor of life itself.” Parmentel has never been credited in Didion profiles because he has never (until now) agreed to go on the record about their relationship. What has prevented him from doing so is the same thing that makes his role a good deal more interesting than that of most taskmasters: As someone who knows them both puts it, “He’s in all her novels. He’s Ryder Channing [from *Run River*], he’s Ivan Costello

With husband John Gregory Dunne; with daughter Quintana Roo.

[from *Play It as It Lays*], he's *completely* Warren Bogart [from *A Book of Common Prayer*]. He's always the romantic figure in white suits, the doomed hero who all the women fall for. This gets to be a really touchy issue." Any Didion fan knows that Warren Bogart—hard-drinking, anarchic, a verbal gymnast—is among the most memorable characters in contemporary fiction. (Parmentel will comment on this only to say that he "got sick of it. I had every opportunity to protest early on, and I didn't, and she figured it was all right. After a while, I told them both I wished to God they'd meet some new people.")

"I never saw ambition like that," Parmentel says now of the young Didion. "Not ambition as in hanging out at Elaine's. I mean, Joan would work twelve hours a day at *Vogue* and twelve hours at night. It was ferocious. Flabbergasting. In the culture she was from, girls didn't go to New York and work like that. But her family was good about her; they liked her ambition, they liked her integrity. That line "She can't win if she's not at the table" [from *Play It as It Lays*]—I think that was Colonel Didion's. At *Vogue,* she worked hard because they knew how good she was and made her do all the heavy lifting.

"One incident I remember was very shocking to me. I said, 'You ought to do a piece on the grand old hotels.' She did, and I sent it to, I think, *American Heritage*. They sent it back, and she cried and cried and cried. I couldn't believe how hard she was taking it. She said that this made her feel like when she hadn't been admitted to Stanford. I felt so bad for her that I sent the piece to somebody I'd met at *GQ* and said, 'For Christ's sake, publish this thing—it's breaking her heart.' And they did."

Parmentel did more than send out her pieces. He took her places, introduced her to people, talked her up. From *Esquire,* August 1962: "Interspersed with our sinecured hacks and toadies one finds [in *National Review*] original material by Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, W. H. Auden, Hugh Kenner, Evelyn Waugh, Jim Brosnan and Joan Didion, the fantastically brilliant writer and *Vogue* editor who, at twenty-six, is one of the most formidable little creatures heard in the land since the young Mary McCarthy." He also got her first (and, as critics from Martin Amis to Joseph Epstein have argued, her finest) novel, *Run River,* published after it had been rejected by twelve houses. Parmentel did not succeed, to his satisfaction, in getting her taken seriously: "She was (a) hard to know, (b) very shy, and people, being stupid as they are, underrated her. Practically everybody I knew underrated her. She just didn't register on the screen." When Parmentel tried to get Didion into *The New York Review of Books,* he remembers Jason Epstein telling him, "What do I want with some little nobody who writes for [William F.] Buckley?"

Within five years, Epstein would have his answer. *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* (1968) established Didion as an essayist, and *Play It as It Lays* (1970) earned a National Book Award nomination and made her famous. "It was a big shock to find myself in a certain kind of limited public eye," Didion says, "because I thought I was always going to be writing these books that I would finance somehow, that no one would ever review or read." "I can't buy that," Wakefield says. "I can't believe when she wrote *Play It as It Lays* she didn't think she would be a star. Because she *was* a star. She deserved to be. I remember staying with them in Hollywood in '68 and going up to Joan's office to look at her typewriter. In it was the first paragraph of *Play It as It Lays,* and I remember thinking, *wow.*"

A LITTLE TIME IN DIDION'S COMPANY makes it hard to believe she's capable of the kind of iciness one finds in her work; she seems composed overridingly of enthusiasms. When I ask her to name the piece of criticism that has most wounded her, she is silent a long while. "Once, a reporter came to do an interview, and [her daughter] Quintana answered the door. He built this long argument about how she was a neglected Hollywood child. That made me really furious." She laughs uproariously at the absurdity of the charge. As for bad reviews, "if it's something that's capable of wounding you, then it might very well be right, right? And if it's just personal or ad hominem, I tend to think of it as their problem, not mine."

I had been curious about her attitude toward criticism because I've read enough Didion reviews to have noticed something peculiar. It is possibly coincidental how Didion has done, over the years, much of what her harshest critics have said she should do. "What I would like to see is an essay by her that begins, *On the morning after the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto,*" Barbara Grizzuti Harrison wrote in a vitriolic (she even made fun of Quintana's name) *Nation* piece published in 1979. (John Dunne took revenge by finding fault, in print, with Harrison's complexion.) She pretty much came through with her very next book, writing not of Poland but of El Salvador, "yet another republic where the leading natural cause of death is gastrointestinal infection," where "terror is the given of the place."

Around the time of the Harrison piece, Martin Amis hinted that Didion hadn't cracked a book since her Berkeley days: "Miss Didion has read . . . *Gatsby;* she has even read *The Last Tycoon*. But what else has she read, and how recently?" With her very next novel, she told

Photographs: left, Patrick McMullan; right, Tony Costa/Outline.

him, studding *Democracy* with references to Conrad, Orwell, Trollope, Adams, Mailer, Hemingway, Wallace Stevens—so many references that reviewer Mary McCarthy, plainly beside herself, was forced to concede that neither she nor her friends could place some of them. (John Dunne helpfully wrote to the *Times* to fill her in.)

McCarthy also complained of *Democracy*'s knowingness, "not an altogether pleasant quality. . . . Everyone in *Democracy* is some kind of insider . . . the author herself has some complicity in the insider-outsider game." Four years later, writing about the 1988 presidential campaign, Didion had occasion to tell us that her long-standing preference is for people on the "social and economic edge," outsiders who, when she knew some in high school, "hung out in gas stations."

When *National Review* assessed *After Henry,* the collection in which the campaign coverage appeared, it concluded that "Joan Didion still has just about the best eyes around, but . . . she no longer uses her legs"; a superb reporter had become a media critic. But by the time *After Henry* was out in paperback, Didion had inserted herself into daily life in Lakewood, California, to talk to the mothers and fathers of the Spur Posse and was preparing a long piece of reportage for *The New Yorker.*

"Trouble in Lakewood" is masterly, the most penetrating analysis of California's "artificial ownership class" and the social and economic dislocations of postwar America. But when Dan Wakefield saw the piece, he was alarmed. "I talked to her on the phone after 'Lakewood' and told her I was surprised by it, by all the statistics in it. And she said, "Didn't you understand the subtext? I wanted to write a piece where they couldn't say, *'Oh, she's writing about herself again.'* "

Didion may have been putting Wakefield on, yet the joke is telling nonetheless. If there was a single refrain in the many attacks on Didion's sixties and seventies work, it was that she always wrote about herself. But then again, so did Montaigne.

"Who cares about the aerospace industry?" Wakefield demands, referring to the Lakewood piece. "I care about *Joan.* What are that woman's thoughts now? What does she think about self-respect now, at her age, with all her insight and experience? The book that would be the most amazing knockout would be if she sat down and wrote *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* NOW."

"I don't miss writing personal essays," Didion says. "I've sometimes wondered if the kind of piece I once did was a response to a cultural expectation." She does not elaborate, but she does give me, unsolicited, an explanation for the notorious 1969 *Life* column in which she wrote, "We are here on this island in the middle of the Pacific in lieu of filing for divorce." *Life* had hired her with the promise to "put me out in a world of revolution, which sounded really attractive." When the news of the My Lai massacre broke, Didion wanted to go, "but they said, 'Some of the guys are going out.' So why didn't I just introduce myself?"

Her stint with the magazine was not a happy one. "The *Life* people didn't think the columns were positive enough," Wakefield remembers. "As often happens, the editor didn't get it. And yet those pieces made such an impact—not just on people who were literary. I knew these guys on a commune in Vermont; they had the column posted on a refrigerator. And I knew housewives who had it over the sink."

"I don't miss writing personal essays," Didion says, wondering if they were only "a response to a cultural expectation."

WHETHER OR NOT IT'S BEcause of the criticism, the eighties-and-nineties Didion is a changed writer—stylistically and attitudinally. *Salvador, Miami, Democracy, After Henry,* and *The Last Thing He Wanted* are brilliant books, but it is a different brilliance from the one on display in the early work. Her fiction sentences have become shorter (some not as long as "Jesus wept"), her nonfiction ones more complicated (some contain 110 words). There is also the matter of her politics.

"It would take me all day to explain why I think my position has been consistent, but I think that it has," she says. A day might not be sufficient to explain why there's no difference between being a Goldwater girl and supporting Jesse Jackson, between dismissing Edward Said as the "celebrity scholar *engagé:* imagine this character in a Naipaul novel" and blurbing his books. "There's been this whole wonderful change," a liberal friend of Didion's said to me, tracing a 180-degree arc in the air. "I would say she's gone from being more of a conservative to more of a liberal," Earl McGrath says. "But that's a function of maturity."

"I'm a libertarian," Didion counters. She once claimed she was apolitical because "it was a way of not talking about it. It used to be that if you evinced any interest in politics whatsoever, you'd be asked where you stood on some piece of legislation. That held no particular interest. . . . And I wasn't interested in, um, Democrats and Republicans."

"That's the Soviet Encyclopedia," says Parmentel. "Those Okies she grew up with were getting educated and taking over, and she was contemptuous of them. She once flew to California to vote in a Republican primary for a man you never heard of named Joe Schell who was running against Nixon, 'the liberal.' Her grandfather was an old-style gentleman conservative who wrote letters to the editor about labor and capital." Writing at age 26 in *National Review,* Didion recalled her surprise at attending a party in New York and meeting . . . Democrats: "I had only been in New York a few days, and the notion that Democrats might be people one met at parties had not yet violated what must have been, in retrospect, my almost impenetrable western innocence."

But Didion's appeal has never depended on her politics, so even Republicans can admire her newly compassionate work. It is literary folks who have some grounds to feel betrayed. "I am not a scholar," Didion said in a piece called "Why I Write." "I am not the least an intellectual. During the years when I was an undergraduate at Berkeley I tried, with a kind of hopeless late-adolescent energy, to buy some temporary visa into the world of ideas, to forge for myself a mind that could deal with the abstracts. In short, I tried to think. I failed."

Now she thinks of nonfiction as "an opportunity to engage my mind, a chance not only to go into a scene but to *think* about it." The result is learned, impersonal work that nobody could mock the way her writing was once mocked. Still: Remove a writer's vices, V. S. Pritchett wrote, and his virtues vanish, too. "I can't reread my early stuff," Didion says. "I can't read *Slouching.*"

(continued on page 57)

THE HOMELESS MESS

A squat, mean building in the Bronx is the first stop for homeless families looking for shelter, as well as the center of a white-hot battle between the mayor and advocacy groups. A hard look at what goes on there, and inside the places families are sent afterward, reveals just how desperately off-track our homeless policy is.

By Peter Hellman

STRESSED OUT AND ANGRY, MARGARET BELL SHOUTS INTO A PAY PHONE AT the Ochea bodega opposite the Bronx's least welcoming, most excoriated address: the squat, drab Emergency Assistance Unit for homeless families, the steel doors of which are currently being held open by an oversize trash can. Bell's two sons, ages 8 and 18 months, are with her, as is her 14-year-old brother, Albert, who's come along to help her check into the EAU.

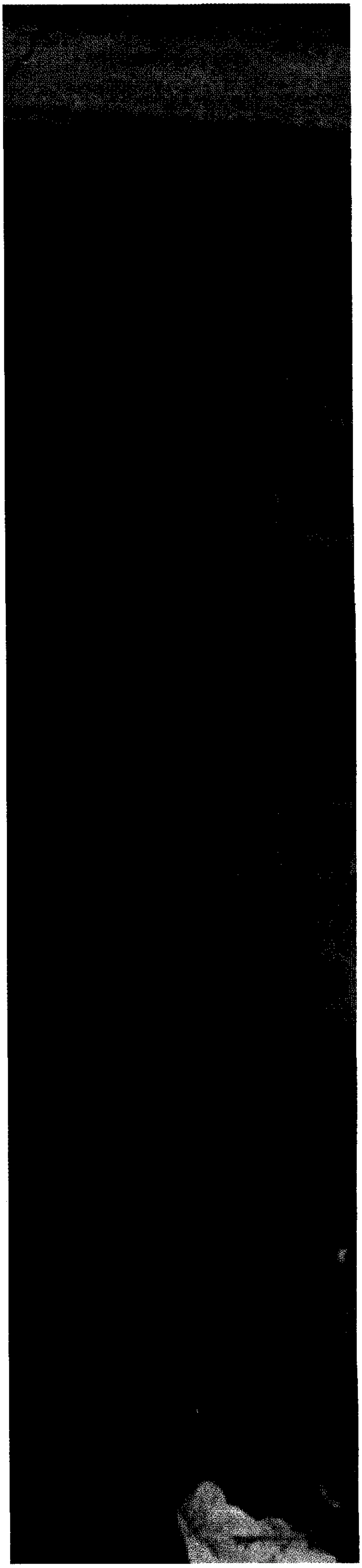
It's 2:45 P.M. on a Saturday afternoon, the day after Bell and her children were evicted for nonpayment of rent from their apartment in an upper Manhattan public-housing project. Bell arrived at the EAU at 9 this morning and, after putting her belongings through a metal detector, was assigned a number and told to wait until she was called for her interview. It's almost six hours later, and she still hasn't seen a caseworker.

"The EAU in Brooklyn was much nicer than this," Bell says. But that EAU is shut, as is the Manhattan EAU. Only the Bronx EAU remains. The EAU is basically New York City's emergency room of homelessness, where families go when the regular welfare offices are closed. Part of the welfare workers' jobs is to keep people *out* of the EAU. "We want to solve the housing problem," says Susan Wiviott of the Department of Homeless Services. "They have better tools to do that there." Still, people know that the EAU can be a shortcut into the system, and it draws from 30 to 200 families per night. "People are lying on the floor of the nursery," says Albert. "There's no toys for the kids. My sister can't lie on the floor. She's pregnant."

Is there no other place Bell and her kids can go?

"Oh, yes," says Albert. "She could go to her parents'. Or to her brother's. But she wants to make it on her own. She don't want to be a burden on nobody."

And there, in a nutshell, is the problem, the city's much-maligned Department of Homeless Services might well declare. Bell arguably isn't homeless at all, but has determined that it is better to be a burden on the city than on her family. The city, however, is determined, under Rudy Giuliani, to pull back from offering the nation's most expensive—and expan-



In the System
Rena and Jaan Rudy and their three children became homeless when Jaan lost his job and they were evicted from their Bayside, Queens, apartment. They lived in one of the city's better interim residences, Briarwood.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASTIENNE SCHMIDT
FOR NEW YORK

sive—benefits to homeless families. Holding the line against him is Supreme Court judge Helen Freedman, a full-throttle champion of homeless families who is all but in lockstep with the demands of Steven Banks, director of the Homeless Families Rights Project of the Legal Aid Society. Freedman's thirteen-year string of rulings on the issue have amounted to one long, liberal finger-wag at the city. Freedman once ordered several city officials to stay overnight at the EAU until all the families there were placed (the order did not hold up). Even more confounding to the city was Freedman's 1994 order requiring it to pay "fines" of $100 per night directly to families that stayed more than 24 hours in the EAU. Recently, she raised the amount to $150. So far, the city claims its tab is over $5 million.

The Department of Homeless Services spends $380 million on the homeless, $180 million of which goes to families, the rest to single adults. There are stark differences between the two groups. Families have far fewer problems with mental illness, drugs, and alcoholism than "singles." The singles have often already lived on the streets, while the families who claim homelessness have almost never done so. They've been doubled or tripled up with relatives, or arrive at the EAU having just fled or been evicted from an apartment. Last week, Giuliani and Freedman fought over the mayor's attempt to require parents to be interviewed at the EAU for entry into workfare. The mayor backed off when Freedman forbade interviewing amid the chaos of the EAU but allowed that the interviews could be done once clients have been moved to other facilities. But Freedman is also threatening to make the city open another EAU, in Manhattan, even though it doesn't want to operate any EAUs at all. While the mayor fumed, his press secretary, Colleen Roche, said, "After thirteen years of trying to run the city's homeless system, Judge Freedman has lost all perspective on what it means to be a judge in this legal system."

The crux of the fight over homeless rights, on which the courts have yet to definitively rule, boils down to one question: Do the homeless have a right to shelter on demand? In 1983, back near the beginning of the current homelessness "crisis," a homeless mother of three, Yvonne McCain, represented by Steven Banks, demanded housing. The city was temporarily enjoined to comply. Prodded by Freedman, the city went on to steadily expand homeless-family benefits until they became more generous than regular welfare benefits via Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC). They also offer housing advantages not available to the working poor. "The existing shelter system," wrote Joan Malin when she was commissioner of the Department of Homeless Services, "sends the perverse message to those who are poorly housed that it is the only route to improving their living conditions."

HERE'S HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS: A FAMILY APPEARS AT THE EAU, REGisters at a triage window, and is eventually called downstairs to the EIU (Emergency Investigation Unit), where interviewers closely probe its homelessness claims. Then it's back upstairs to the diversion office, where a surprisingly user-friendly team—it's operated by the Human Resources Administration rather than by Homeless Services—seeks an alternative to city-sponsored shelter.

The EAU was never intended to be a place where families stayed overnight, but it has, by necessity, become one—some families remain for as long as a week. It's a deeply depressing, dead-end place to spend any time at all. Several large holding rooms are cluttered with cribs, blankets, bulging suitcases, and sacks of clothing. Aside from the cribs—issued to children who weigh twenty pounds or less—there are no beds. Families sleep on the floor or in plastic chairs, and fluorescent lights stay on all night to discourage people from having sex or hitting their children. A bottle warmer is kept on the guard's desk so it can't be used as a weapon—absurd as this sounds, EAU workers insist it has happened before.

If the diversion team can't find a family temporary housing with relatives or friends, they're transferred to one of three city assessment centers. After about ten days, they move up to a Tier II residence, where all units have private bathrooms and kitchens. A few months later comes the prize—bestowal of a federal "Section 8" voucher, subsidizing the market-rate rent for a private apartment selected by the tenant. The city pays all expenses, including furniture allowance, moving costs, and a one-shot bonus to the landlord of up to $2,000 as an inducement to accept a formerly homeless family.

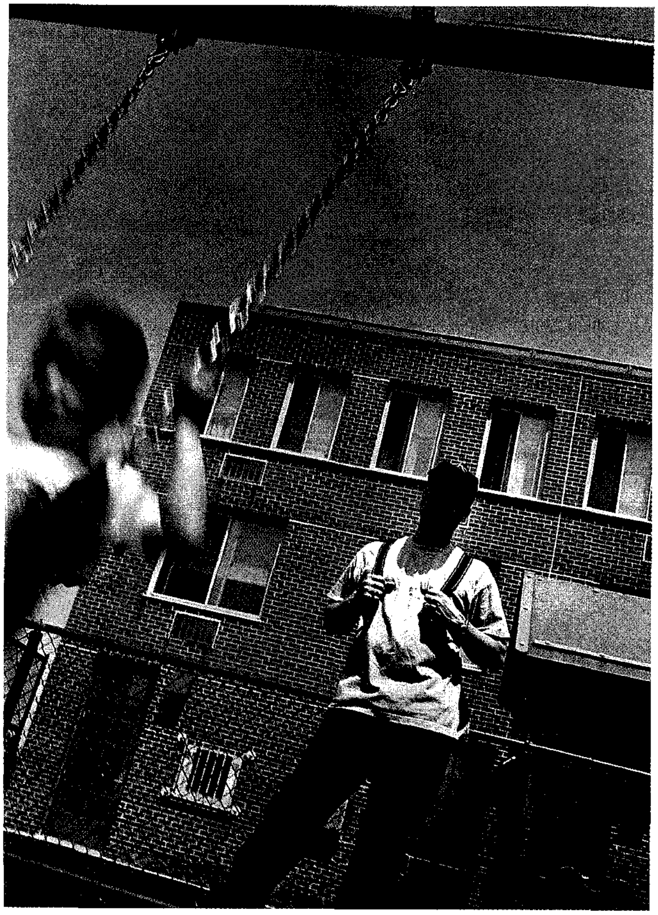
Even before the welfare-reform bill was signed into law last week, homelessness provided better benefits than plain welfare did—now it's no contest. A non-homeless family of three on AFDC, for example, gets a rent allowance of only about $350 per month. With a Section 8 voucher, the amount jumps to about $750. Once available to all the working poor, the vouchers are now meted out so parsimoniously by HUD that the city has no choice but to reserve its share mainly for the homeless. A declaration of homelessness is also one way to go directly to the top of city public-housing waiting lists, leapfrogging over working families who've been waiting their turns for years.

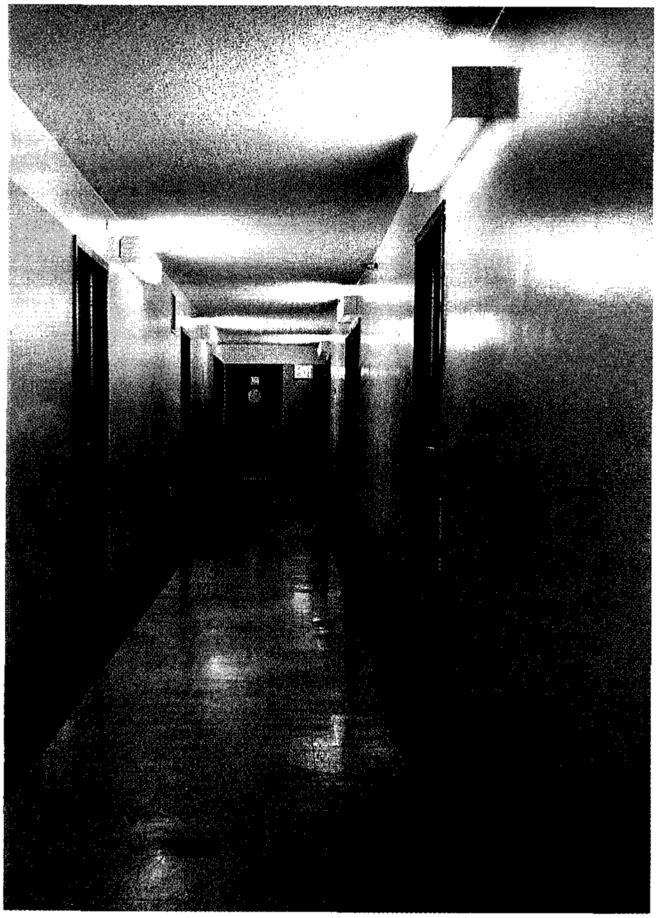
MARGARET BELL'S FURNITURE IS ALREADY in storage, and when she gets off the phone, she says that her husband is coming over to pick up the belongings she's brought to the EAU. She goes back inside with her children to guard their property, handing back the blue pass that has allowed her to leave briefly. Even on a gentle spring day, anger ricochets off this dismal corner of 151st Street and Walton Avenue: A mom, leaving the EAU, turns to her son, whose shoelace is untied. "You're fuckin' killing me with those laces," she screams as the boy kneels to tie it. Another woman exits the EAU, shaking her fist and shouting, "I will get that employee fuckin' fired if it's the last thing I do." At the curb, a woman is trying to push an overloaded shopping cart up the steep stairs of an aged school bus, which is to take her to an assessment center. As she tips up the cart, items cascade down on her: a copy of the *Daily News,* a copy of *Glamour,* a heap of clothing.

At four o'clock, a late-model metallic-blue Ford Windstar with Margaret Bell's husband in it pulls up in front. Albert, who's not permitted in the EAU, asks two workers entering the building if they'd tell his sister to come out. "No way," the workers say. "We'd get fired." Turns out it's forbidden to reveal the presence of anyone within the EAU to an outsider—a cautionary measure to prevent batterers from flushing out their mates-cum-victims. So the two men in the Windstar must wait for Margaret Bell to come out on her own. Meanwhile, they take turns making calls from a cellular phone.

Is Bell with her husband or separated? Where is *he* living? Why does a man in a Windstar equipped with a cellular phone have a wife who's claiming homelessness? Sara Taylor, director of the EAU, shrugs off that last question. Not long ago, she says, a woman arrived at the EAU in a black Lexus.

Life at Briarwood
Clockwise from top left, Louis Long and his son Jonathan; Julia McClean; a girl displays a quilt made by Briarwood residents, the theme of which is "dream houses"; a Briarwood hallway.





IT IS ABSURD, OF COURSE, FOR ANYONE TO ASSUME THAT THE MAJORity of EAU clients are simply out to beat the system, and that they all travel to the center in nice cars. But there is a fundamental problem at work here. Though the city expends maximum effort on flushing out ineligibles, most of those who come to the EAU *are* in dire straits. Some, however awful their situations, are not technically homeless, and they get little more than carfare and a pep talk. Others, who may fit into the EAU's definition of *homeless,* receive help even if their situation isn't nearly so desperate.

Annette Cato arrived at the EAU with her six small children. She had lived in a city-owned four-family house in Brooklyn. But, as she explained in the EAU cafeteria over a dinner of fish sticks, vegetables, and pineapple, the other tenants are drug addicts who tormented her endlessly. "They stole my pots and pans—my clothes, which they wear right in front of me. They even stole my doorknobs so that I couldn't get in after they burgled my place." Cato wasn't homeless, but home was, by just about anyone's standards, unlivable, and she wanted the city to put her someplace where her children could be safer.

The city, obviously, would prefer to focus its resources on the truly homeless. An EAU handout says: YOU MUST BE ABLE TO DEMONSTRATE THAT YOU HAVE NO OTHER AVAILABLE TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT HOUSING OPTIONS. That seemed to disqualify Cato. So a diversion worker named Alva Pickford persuaded Cato's mother to take the family for the weekend, even though her own Brooklyn apartment has only one bedroom. On Monday, Cato could present her case for new housing. Pickford also gave Cato $50 cash and, instead of insisting that the family travel by subway to Brooklyn at 10 P.M., got a van to take them.

That same night, a very different kind of case presented itself. A mother and child had arrived at the EAU direct from JFK airport. They'd flown in from Ghana (where the woman had just ended a relationship with a Ghanaian seaman) and had planned to continue on to Hawaii, where she was born. But she said she had instead decided to start a new life in New York. Because the courts have ruled that residency requirements hinder the rights of the homeless to travel, a person can travel to New York and immediately apply for homeless benefits. So the city gets roped into housing newcomers who may or may not have traveled here for that express purpose.

In this case, Pickford learned that the woman was worried that her hometown family wouldn't welcome her and the child because he is dark. But a call by Pickford to Hawaii turned up a friend of the woman's who offered to take her and the child in. By paying a surcharge on their airline tickets, and giving the woman some cash, Pickford hoped to persuade her to choose Hawaii over the city shelter. She chose the shelter.

AUBURN, A HANDSOME BUT DECREPIT GEORGIAN-STYLE FORMER hospital located in a concentration of housing projects in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn, is the largest of the city's three assessment centers. This is where families go when they "graduate" from the EAU and are awaiting placement in a Tier II residence. As at the EAU, there's a metal detector in the lobby. Rooms are clean but spartan. A guard watches over each floor. The days are gone when clients rejected placement until they got a Tier II they liked. Now, the tough-minded staff is far less likely to take no for an answer.

"We had a woman last week who said she didn't want to go to a Tier II in Staten Island because she was afraid of bridges and water," says Brendan Collins, Auburn's director. They sent her anyway. She stayed one night and went back to the EAU, where the process started all over again.

"If we have a placement for you, you're gone, baby," adds Barbara Johnson, supervisor of the three assessment centers.

The least likely Auburn family last spring was also, with nine members ranging in age from 8 to 56, the largest. And it stayed the longest—almost three months. But what was most striking about this family was its income—$69,000 a year in pensions and disability payments. The family entered the city's homeless system after being evicted from their house in St. Albans, Queens. Their income disqualified them from receiving the usual housing subsidies, but caseworkers were trying to help them find a house they could pay for on their own. The first house was rejected, rather astonishingly, because it didn't have a Jacuzzi, which the family insisted was necessary for therapeutic reasons—one of them had medical problems. While at Auburn, this family reportedly received a windfall check for $300,000, the settlement for a medical-malpractice claim. Neither substantial income nor assets, it turns out, render a family automatically ineligible for the city's homeless system.

THE REDBRICK, 91-UNIT TIER II BRIARWOOD FAMily residence fits seamlessly into its well-off, eponymous section of Queens. Compared with the EAU or the assessment centers, this is the Promised Land. Opened four years ago, it's well kept by an attentive nine-person maintenance staff. A single mother with two children gets a motel-style room with a kitchen and a small bathroom. Kids sleep in bunk beds. Larger families get a two-bedroom suite. Linens and towels are supplied. Each floor has a laundry room and a pay phone, there are guards at the entrance, and a house manager is always on duty. It's got a full staff of caseworkers. There's a medical office on premises. Kids have a playground and lots of lawn space out back. Exercise and GED classes are offered to adults. Many residents, unsurprisingly, are in no hurry to leave. "For many of these families," says Major Betty Israel of the Salvation Army, which operates Briarwood under city contract, "this is the nicest place they've ever lived." Kathy D'Angelo, the administrator of Briarwood, says she sometimes hears from families who've gone on to permanent housing but wish they could return.

But they can't, and the most pressing task for these families, from the city's perspective, is to find permanent housing so that their rooms can be freed up for the next occupants. Marie Collins, mother of a 7-year-old boy, arrived at Briarwood last summer. Four months later, she was certified for a Section 8 and was expected to find an apartment swiftly. But by winter's end, she was still there.

One of the city's gripes about the Tier II's is that troublesome residents, unless they commit criminal acts, can't be kicked out. They can only be transferred to another Tier II, and even then, only if they're found guilty, at a hearing, of disobeying rules. In March, Collins was ordered to leave Briarwood after being "convicted" of such infractions as eating food in the housing office. But on the afternoon that a van was slated to take Collins away to another shelter, she insisted she was on the verge of signing a lease on a Bronx apartment and would not leave Briarwood until then.

Late that afternoon, as the staff nervously awaited the arrival of the van, Collins's Legal Aid lawyer called. He'd confirmed with a real-estate broker, he said, that Collins was indeed close to signing a lease—getting his client a 48-hour reprieve from eviction. It was two weeks before her belongings were finally loaded into a van for the trip to the Bronx.

Some of Briarwood's residents, unfortunately, are the personification of the popular caricature of the lazy poor, content to lie around and have taxpayers pick up the tab. Almost none of Briarwood's residents try to find jobs. "The system infantilizes these folks," says Lee Bowes, whose company, America Works, specializes in preparing women on welfare for jobs. "You wouldn't believe the number of people in the Tier II's who say they were discouraged from coming to be trained."

Others just can't—or just won't—get it together. "I fucking want my tokens," demanded a young woman at the Briarwood front desk, an infant in the stroller beside her. "What is this shit that I am supposed to get up at fucking nine o'clock to see my worker? Now I'll miss my fucking appointment." Tokens are a sticky subject at Briarwood. They are parceled out for emergencies only, but residents are constantly trying to get them anyway. This young woman, dressed fashionably in a puffy parka and baggy jeans, had been told to see her social worker first thing that morning. Instead, she'd slept the morning away. Now, at 12:30, the worker was out to lunch and it was too late. The woman would miss two additional appointments: at two, with her income-support worker, and at three, for a WIC (Women, Infants & Children) nutrition subsidy. Briarwood isn't jail, of course, and residents are permitted to sleep as late as they want. But the lack of initiative can be startling: A male visitor is cautioned not to walk the halls at 11 A.M. because most of the women will still be wandering around in their nightgowns.

The crux of the fight boils down to one question: Do the homeless have a right to shelter on demand?

BUT FOR EVERY RIGHT-WINGER'S DREAM OF THE welfare leech, there's a liberal's model striver. There is single dad Louis Long, for example, whose 6-year-old son, Jonathan, is the best-dressed and -groomed child at Briarwood. Two years ago, Long was living on the Upper West Side and working as an assistant retail manager. A neighbor who Long believed was into drugs asked him to babysit one evening, and she didn't return for three days. The boy, Long observed, was "noncommunicative and non-trusting." Long felt an affinity for him. "I was pretty sure I could do good for him," he says. The mother was all too willing to let Long take care of her son—and, last year, to adopt the boy. "The judge asked her what his birth date was," says Long, "and she didn't even know."

Long lost his job when the store he worked in burned down. When he was unable to make his $800 rent, he and Jonathan became homeless. But he was determined to be out of Briarwood before summer's end. "They say that if you find an apartment before you get certified [for a Section 8 voucher], they'll hurry up the process," he says. "That's what I'm doing." His son comes over to his father's chair and rests against him. Long smooths the boy's hair and flicks a tiny spot of dirt from his cheek.

For refugees from the worst parts of the city, Briarwood is a distinct step up. But for the Rudy family—Jaan, Rena, and their three children—the Tier II experience was a free fall into the surreal. Downsizing had eliminated Jaan's middle-management job in military procurement. After 21 good years in pristine Bayside, Queens, the family lost its apartment in what Jaan calls a "horrendously carried-out displacement." Their possessions were taken away, and the city sealed up the front door. "We don't even know what happened to our family Bible and old photos," says Rena. After months of "staying wherever we could lay five bodies," the family finally turned to the EAU. "What most shocked us was our loss of dignity and privacy," says Jaan. "Even to go out for a cigarette, you need a pass."

The Rudys have since found a place to live, but it wasn't easy. Even with the city's cash bonus as an inducement, they say, landlords are reluctant to rent to homeless families. "By signing a city contract, they know they're opening the bureaucratic floodgates," Jaan explains, adding that it was especially bitter to be turned down in their home neighborhood of Bayside. "We've been plucked out of our environment," laments Rena, "and put in this life warp."

"We just want to salvage this family and be alive," says Jaan.

Though homelessness may be "a completely different planet," as Jaan calls it, the couple still kept up a Brooks Brothers look—a fact that set them apart at Briarwood. If times get worse, the Rudys believe, there will be more families like themselves checking into city shelters. "The city wants to cut back its services to homeless families, whether they're intergenerational or whether they're people like us," says Jaan. "But we're here—and there could be more families instead of less. What will they do with us?"

In the case of Briarwood's longest-term incumbent, Julia McClean, the city has only its own intractability to blame, because the city made her homeless. McClean and her 7-year-old daughter, Jonetta, had been living with McClean's oldest daughter and son-in-law in a Queens public-housing project. The couple, who were the primary tenants, moved to Florida owing back rent of $1,577. McClean tried to continue paying the rent without paying the arrearages. The Housing Authority refused the checks and sent marshals to put her belongings on the street. McClean should have been certified long ago for a Section 8 voucher. But the city withholds approval so long as the $1,577 in back rent owed by her daughter is uncleared. The city has a program to deal with this type of situation but was in no hurry to act. Instead, it kept McClean at Briarwood at a cost of $4,500 a month for over a year.

Can anything make the city's homeless-family policy work better? Ralph Nunez, president of Homes for the Homeless, wants to see the Tier II's stop being "warehouses" and start being "one-stops," offering to teach residents child-rearing and provide job training. Nunez points out that 23 percent of single mothers in the system spent time in shelters themselves as children; another 22 percent grew up in foster care. "We keep demanding traditional values from people who never developed them," he says. "We've gotta be tough with them. But if they buy into a total training program, then we'll really work with them."

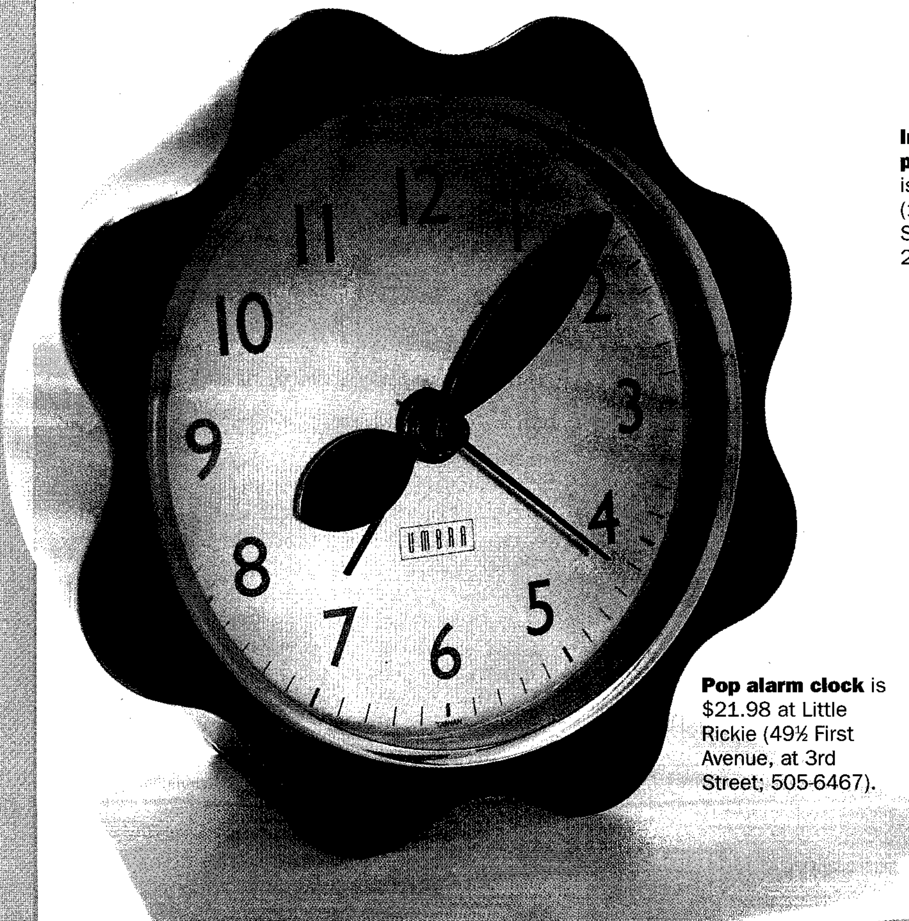
Homeless policy is a mess, and there are no easy fixes. But it would help if the city and the advocates would at least attempt to get honest with each other. The city won't admit that it wants to downsize its current program. The advocates won't acknowledge that some families enter the system not out of true desperation but because they seek premium housing benefits. Judge Freedman, too, would do well to reexamine her rulings. Should families who stay longer than 24 hours at the EAU really be paid off by the city? Some families, according to the city, have been paid as much as $6,000 for as many as twenty visits to the EAU. Last Thursday, Judge Freedman gave the city two weeks to alleviate the overcrowding at the EAU. If it doesn't succeed, the city will almost surely have to open the new EAU that Freedman wants and that it so desperately doesn't. Either way, one thing seems certain: There will be more homeless families before there are fewer.

BEST BETS

Spiffy, portable stuff for taking the edge off dorm-room and first-apartment blahs.

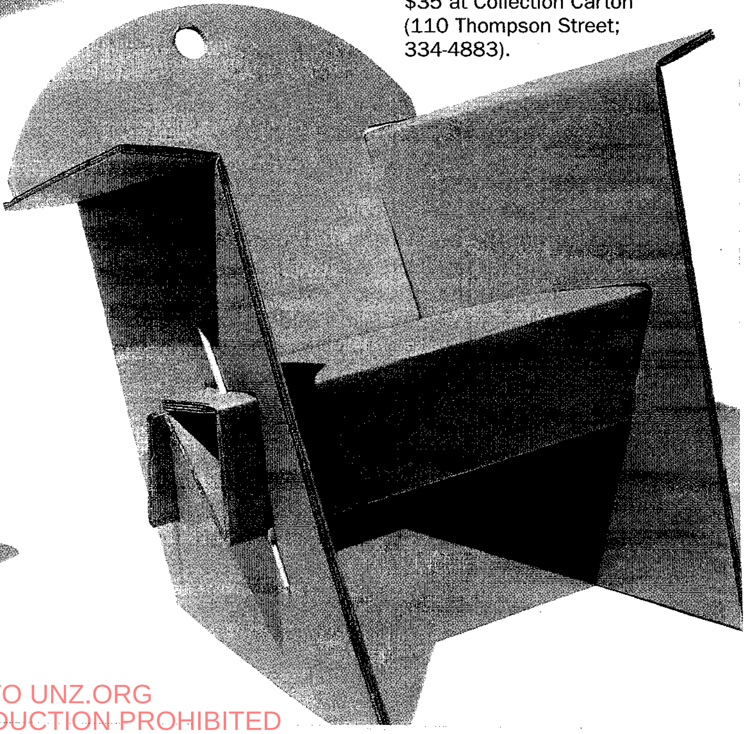
BY CORKY POLLAN

Inflatable plastic frame is $30 at Moss (146 Greene Street; 226-2190).

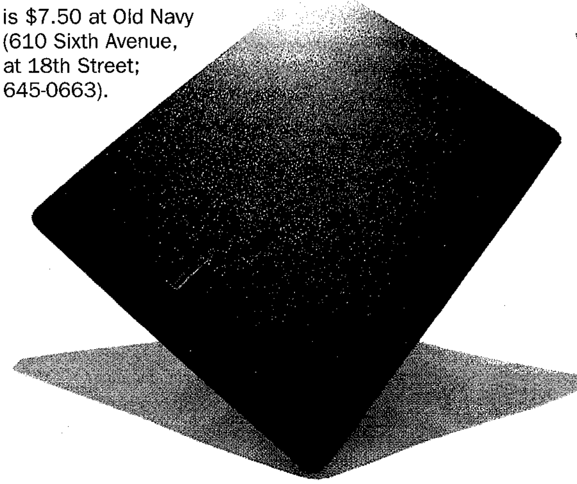


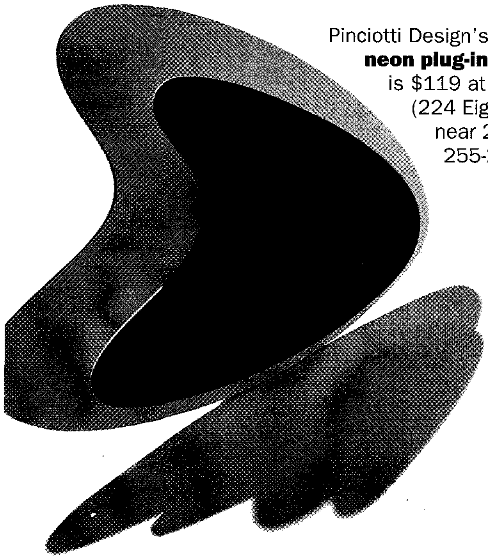
Pop alarm clock is $21.98 at Little Rickie (49½ First Avenue, at 3rd Street; 505-6467).

French architect Olivier Leblois's **corrugated-cardboard armchair** is $35 at Collection Carton (110 Thompson Street; 334-4883).

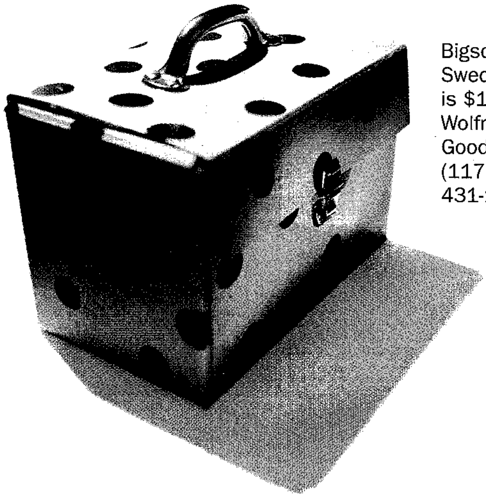


Mouse pad with built-in solar soft-touch calculator is $7.50 at Old Navy (610 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street; 645-0663).



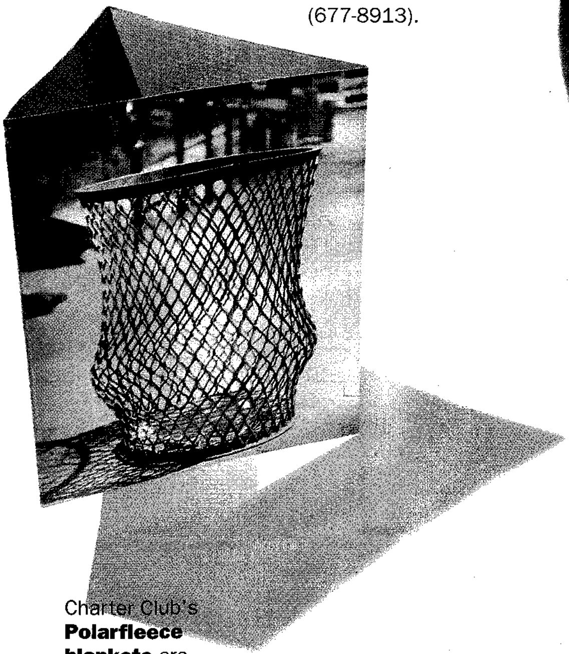


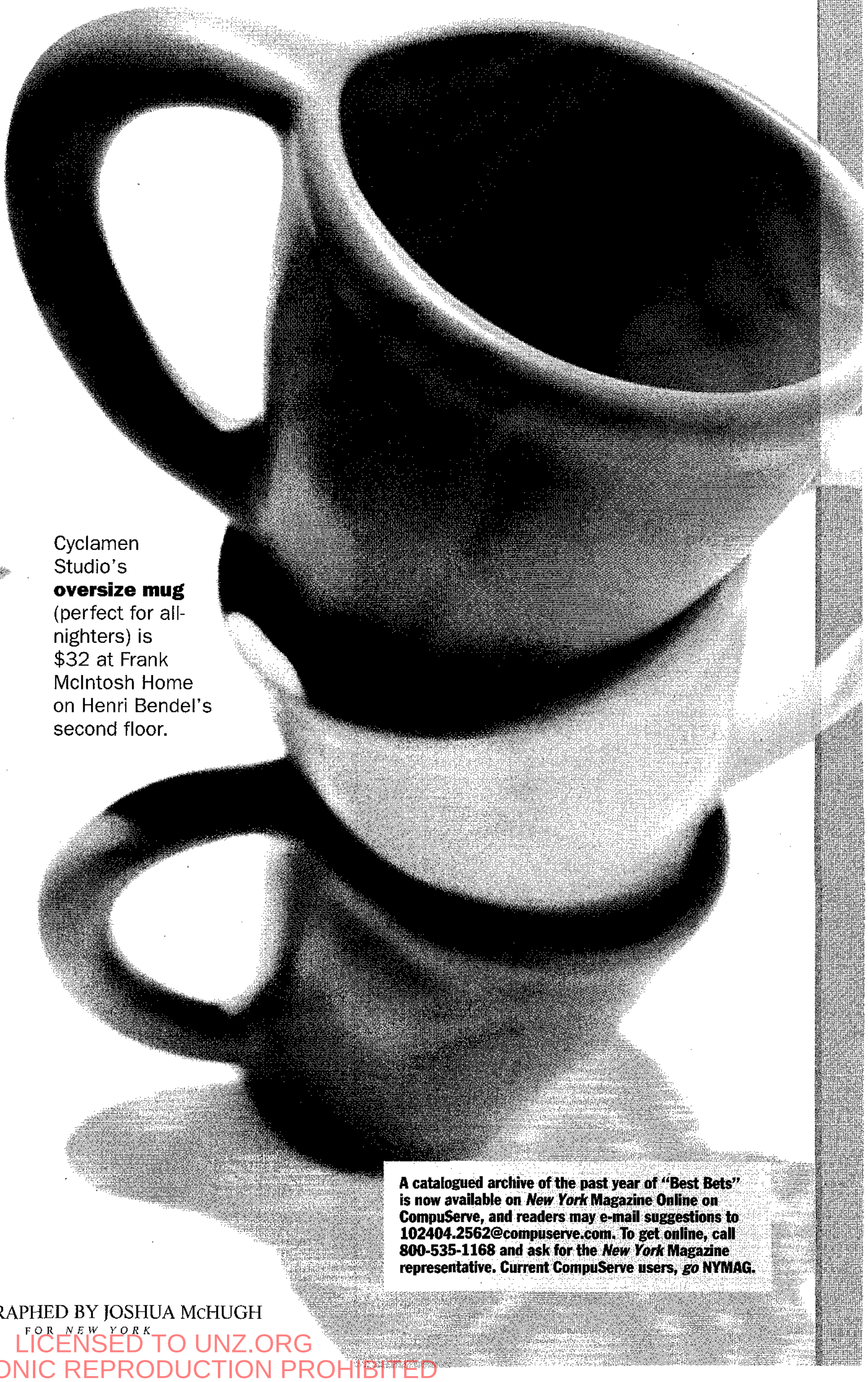
Pinciotti Design's **Boomerang neon plug-in hanging light** is $119 at Eclectic Home (224 Eighth Avenue, near 21st Street; 255-2373).



Bigso Box of Sweden **CD holder** is $18.50 at Wolfman-Gold & Good Company (117 Mercer Street; 431-1888).

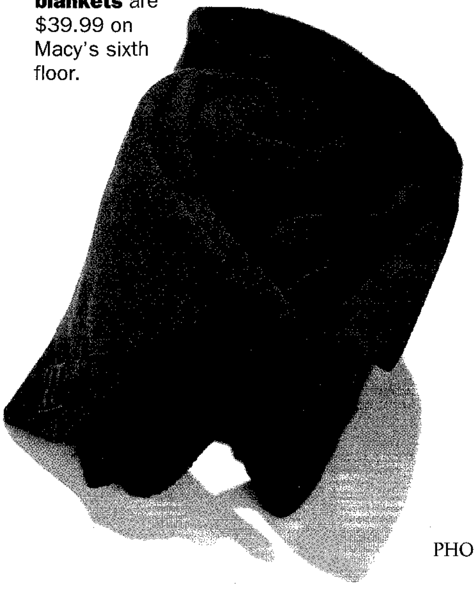
Zago's recycled-cardboard **folding wastebaskets** are $12, from Benza, Inc. Call for locations (677-8913).





Cyclamen Studio's **oversize mug** (perfect for all-nighters) is $32 at Frank McIntosh Home on Henri Bendel's second floor.

Charter Club's **Polarfleece blankets** are $39.99 on Macy's sixth floor.



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Scent of a He-man?

For the self-assured, manly man, cologne that smells like an aggressive pudding.

Raw Vanilla for Men Cologne

3.3-ounce spray bottle (Coty Inc.)

JULY SEEMS LIKE AN ODD TIME TO launch a new cologne—everyone knows the real fragrance of summer is perspiration, and no commercial scent can compete with *that* when you're stuck on a crowded subway platform on a hot day. But the folks at Coty Inc. are apparently untroubled by such concerns, because July was when they chose to bestow their new Raw Vanilla for Men cologne upon a sweltering world.

Be sure to take note of that product name—it's not just Vanilla but *Raw* Vanilla. Not tamed vanilla, not neutered vanilla—none of that wimpy stuff for the Raw Vanilla man.

I don't wear cologne myself, so I called Raw Vanilla's publicist, Alison Brod, to learn more. She explained that it doesn't really matter whether the average guy wants to buy Raw Vanilla ("My husband certainly wouldn't," she said); the product is actually being marketed to women. Coty has had tremendous success with two vanilla-based women's fragrances—Vanilla Fields and Vanilla Musk—and the firm's market research shows that two thirds of the women who purchase those products are ready to buy Raw Vanilla for the men in their lives.

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The fresh organic power of the rainforest captured in a fragrance for men. Rich vanilla, crisp leaves, teak and bamboo create a unique environment of natural warmth and pure masculinity.

Raw Vanilla: Flavoring for your beefcake.

So if men aren't expected to *buy* Raw Vanilla, what sort of man is expected to *wear* it? According to the press release, it's "for the man who is confident, masculine, and unafraid to wear a unique scent," which sounds like a polite way of saying, "It's for the guy who's willing to make a fool of himself." Or, as an uncomfortable-sounding Brod put it when I asked her what type of man is sufficiently manly to wear Raw Vanilla, "I don't know. I don't really have a description of that man, exactly."

Of course, vanilla isn't the sole component of the Raw Vanilla olfactory experience—it's just the primary element, or "top note," as they say in the biz. There's a whole rain forest of other scents in there, including fern, Brazilian mint, bergamot, juniper berry, giant water lily, geranium, clary sage, dewy orchid, teak, sandalwood, tonka bean, bamboo, wild palm, and the obligatory musk.

And what is the overall aromatic result of this concoction? I think it smells like Windex, but that's what I always think about cologne. When I asked Brod what she thought of Raw Vanilla, she said, "I like it—it's kind of fresh, yet a little bit interesting." This didn't sound like such a ringing endorsement, so I took an unscientific poll of my associates (some male, some female) and got a wide range of feedback on the product:

"Smells like that crap they put on your hair at the barber shop."

"Smells better than after-shave."

"Not entirely unpleasant, but it does have a very cologney underbelly."

"Halfway between CK one and those Black Muslim oils."

"Cheap but pleasant."

"Smells like those Handi-Wipes they give you on airplanes."

"No self-respecting man would wear this."

"Very subtle and very feminine."

These last two comments are rather telling—nobody found Raw Vanilla particularly evocative of the Y chromosome. The most masculine thing about the stuff, in fact, is its very attractive bottle, which is shaped like a hip flask. All of which suggests a great alternate use for this product: Remove the cap and pump spray, dump out the cologne, run the bottle through the dishwasher a few times to get rid of the scent, and then fill it with hooch. Hell, if you're drinking the good stuff, you'll even smell better in the bargain. *(Coty Inc., 237 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.)* ■

SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Garden Party

Afternoon gimlets in Verbena's backyard, farm-fresh produce delivered to your doorstep—and other consolations for being ousted from Eden.

Until the first frost, the verdant courtyard garden at Gramercy Park's Verbena is open all afternoon, so you can nibble, play bridge, and while the day away Jane Austen–fashion (no parasol needed; the space is covered). Light fare with gentle prices—oysters, salads, green gazpacho—complements chichi cocktails like sidecars, mint juleps, and cosmopolitans (all made with freshly squeezed juices). Desserts such as crème brûlée, summer-fruit tart, and the frozen bombe (a sinful chocolate-truffle-coffee-caramel concoction) cap off the mini-holiday. *Verbena, 54 Irving Pl. (260-5454); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri., Sun. 2:30–5:30 p.m.; through 10/31.*

Gramercy's *other* park, at Verbena: With the late-afternoon menu, get late lunch and a cocktail for under $20.

Outtakes

WOODY ALLEN'S PRODUCTION DESIGNER, Santo Loquasto, is selling old props and set dressings from the films *Shadows and Fog, Husbands and Wives, Manhattan Murder Mystery, Bullets Over Broadway*, and *Mighty Aphrodite.* Where the mahogany coffins come from, nobody will say, but we've got a hunch they had something to do with Allen's upcoming movie, *Everyone Says I Love You.* Prices for everything from candlesticks to mantelpieces and antique furniture range from $5 to $1,000. *41-50 22nd St., Long Island City; cash, M.C. (for purchases over $100); Sat.–Sun., 9/7–9/8, 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Salad Days

THE ORGANIC-PRODUCE DELIVERY SERVICE My Brother's Farm supplies swank spots like the Union Square Cafe, Gramercy Tavern, Pó, and the Grange Hall. But they're not too busy to deliver to your home or office. For $25 a week (or $95 for four weeks), you get a selection of vegetables (different every week, but never without mesclun), fruit, baked goods, and Coach Farm's goat cheese. They also stick in a recipe from one of these blue-ribbon restaurants using one of the week's veggies. *Call for delivery (615-6733).*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Pushing the Envelope

RAE MICHAELS, LTD., ENGRAVES STATIONERY for the likes of Rupert Murdoch and Mpho Tutu (the archbishop's daughter). The store is now offering 50 percent off boxed stationery. For example, Crane's engraved-initial fold-over notes with lined envelopes (set of fifteen), were $12.50, now $6.25; Caspari 10½-in. plates and napkins, were $4.75, now $2.40; Crane's place cards, were $4.50, now $2.25; handmade guest books, were $30–$130, now $15–$65. *Rae Michaels, Ltd., 521 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St., sixth floor (688-2256); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., weekends by appointment; through 9/10.*

Ancient Chinese Secret?

THE HELEN LEE DAY SPA, OWNED BY INTERnational Ford model Helen Lee, fancies its services rooted in the principles of ancient Chinese medicine. To us, it's simply good old-fashioned pampering. Sundays through Tuesdays, new clients get 40 percent off hair coloring and discounts on other services. For example: facial, was $59, now $49; pedicure, was $30, now $21; as well as waxing and manicures. *Helen Lee Day Spa, 205 E. 60th St. (888-1233); Mon.–Sun. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Wed., Thurs. till 8:20 p.m.; A.E., M.C., V.; through 9/30.*

Down, Under

FASHION'S ALREADY TALKING WINterwear; why can't bedding? Schachter's is having a wall-to-wall clearance sale on such winter wares as mohair throws, cashmere throws, and comforters. Throw pillows, retail $20–$60, here $8–$20; blankets (wool-mohair, cashmere, angora-wool blend, and cotton), retail $150–$2,400, here $65–$1,000. Linens and towels are also 50 percent off retail. *J. Schachter Corp., 5 Cook St., Brooklyn (718-384-2732); M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 9/19.*

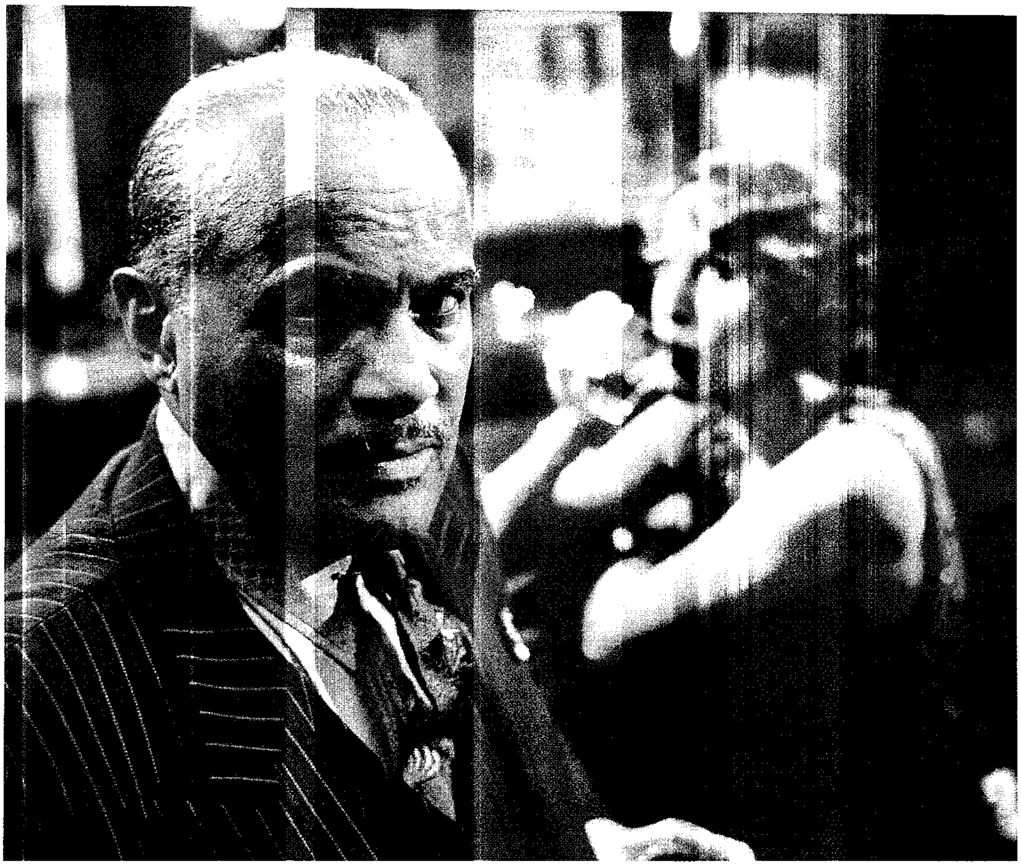
Bag Ladies

THERE ARE THOSE OF US WHO CAN NEVER have too many bags; the Handbag Warehouse can make that habit a bit less crippling. Bags that sell at fine department stores are half off. For example: evening clutches, retail $370–$900, here $165–$395; leather bags, retail $100–$160, here $45–$70. The Warehouse also has microfiber totes, tortoise box bags, and more. *The Handbag Warehouse, 105 Sheer Plaza, on Newtown Rd., just north of Old Country Rd. (516-694-3770); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. (beginning 9/9) 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Bareable Treatment

SO EAGER ARE THE WOMEN AT THE RECENTly opened Manhattan Elite electrolysis salon, they (almost) make the procedure, well, bearable. Special packages now being offered include six 30-minute electrolysis sessions, were $270, now $199; five 15-minute sessions, were $145, now $99. *Manhattan Elite, 292 Fifth Ave., near 31st St., Suite 300 (714-3546); checks accepted; through 10/31.* ▬

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Beautiful Loser

If Altman's 'Nashville' weren't so brilliant, 'Kansas City' wouldn't be so disappointing.

Harry Belafonte as mobster Seldom Seen in *Kansas City.*

THE TROUBLE WITH CREATING A MASTERPIECE, I'm afraid, is that people harass you with it for the rest of your life. Robert Altman's great *Nashville* (1975) was held in place by the country tunes that Altman and his actors wrote themselves. The commonplace heartbreak of the songs crystallized the loneliness, failure, and missed connections that we witnessed in the many stories revolving around the Grand Ole Opry. And the stories, in turn, made the songs seem emblematic, almost heraldic: Altman may have wanted to use jazz in a comparable way in his new movie, **Kansas City,** but he couldn't pull it off. The movie is a dud, though not without its pleasures. Altman and collaborator Frank Barhydt re-create K.C. during the Depression, on the eve of the 1934 congressional elections. At the Hey-Hey Club, one of the raucous, companionable establishments around 18th and Vine, great black jazz musicians, including Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins, jam through the night as a very young Charlie Parker watches in awe from the balcony. At the same time, a young woman, Blondie O'Hara (Jennifer Jason Leigh), kidnaps, at gunpoint, a wealthy lady—the laudanum-addicted wife (Miranda Richardson) of a local big shot. Why does she do this? As a story, the kidnapping might have worked only if Altman had directed it as a kind of wild dream, a stab in the dark that goes awry, but instead Altman does it literally, and all we can do is say "Huh?" It seems that Blondie's husband, Johnny (Dermot Mulroney), a petty hood and stickup artist, has fallen into the hands of the local black gangsters who run the Hey-Hey Club, and Blondie thinks that somehow she can trade the fancy wife for her thieving husband. Thirties Kansas City is a Democratic town, and maybe the wealthy lady's husband, an adviser to President Roosevelt, can use his influence to bring pressure on the black gangsters. . . . Blondie is meant to be a foolish, hard-bitten loser spawned by the movies, a girl who takes wild chances because Jean Harlow did the same thing and got away with it. Altman's wild chance is that his story will seem crazy enough to be true, but this time we're not with him—he seems as crazy as Blondie.

Altman and film editor Geraldine Peroni cut back and forth between Kansas City mayhem and the men playing at the Hey-Hey Club, between urban corruption and the ecstatic musical communion of people creating a culture on their feet, and while the jazz is a joy to hear, the structure of the movie never makes any sense. If Altman is merely saying that modern jazz is learned not in music conservatories but in the cauldron of life, including the experience of suffering and violence, he's offering a commonplace that no one could disagree with. If he's suggesting a more literal connection, some of us might retort that jazz and murder have no closer relationship than jazz and cheeseburgers. If he's suggesting only a kinship of mood, then we may say okay, jazz offers the same deep, dark passion of romantic faith and disappointment, the bluesy acceptance of life's hardships, the fatalism that Altman is trying for in his surrounding plot, but in that case it's a shame the stories aren't more engaging, or better told, or more convincing. Jazz, an art form of irony and mockery and subtilized expressions of revolt, so elusive in its meanings, finally does little in *Kansas City* but serve as a relief from a weirdly uninvolving plot. The movie offers a metaphorical structure without a working metaphor at its heart.

Altman's prevailing mood has been bittersweet for decades, and if one ignores Blondie and her well-born victim, there are moments here of characteristic deep-saturated melancholy that are very striking. I love the dark colors of Oliver Stapleton's cinematography, the men in their long coats and hats, the brown and gray of dowdy Depression mornings. The atmosphere of the movie is superb. Altman

(continued on page 90)

Photograph by Eli Reed/Fine Line Features.

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BOOKS **WALTER KIRN**

Jungian vs. Technocrat

In Vietnam, Robert McNamara squelched his doubts and ordered more air strikes. Thirty years later, Paul Hendrickson helps him get in touch with his feminine side.

In *The Living and the Dead,* Paul Hendrickson puts McNamara in the center of a wacky, fascinating tapestry.

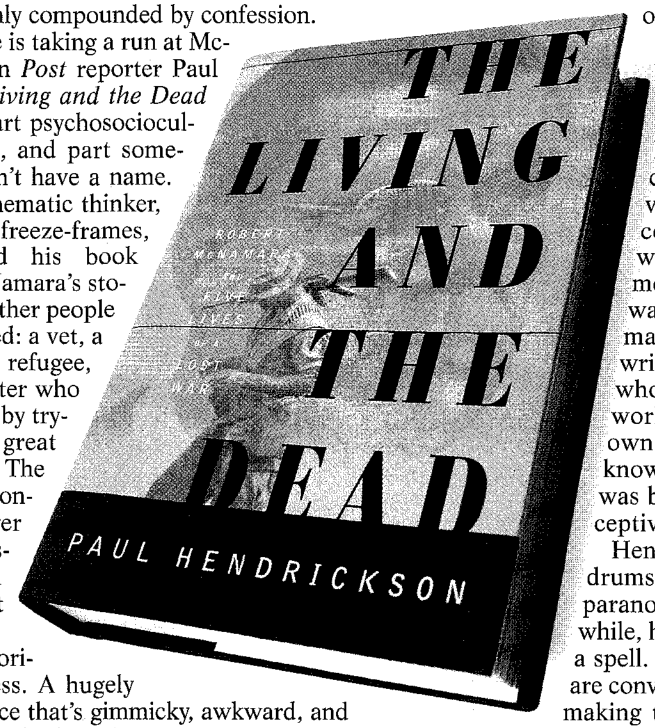
The Living and the Dead

BY PAUL HENDRICKSON

Alfred A. Knopf; 427 pages; $27.50

ARISTOTECHNOCRAT ROBERT MCNAMARA, “ARchitect” of the Vietnam War (if such a mess can be said to have been designed), is rivaled only by Richard Nixon as a public archvillain for our times. The warlord in the gray flannel suit has become a one-man proving ground for pop historians out to make their mark.

From Halberstam on, deconstructing McNamara has constituted a literary subprofession, and even the icon himself has tried his hand at it. In his recent memoir, *In Retrospect,* McNamara sought redemption by copping to having had doubts about the war—even as he was conducting upbeat briefings and calling in more troops. The reaction to this belated mea culpa was near-universal scorn. For many, the lesson of the whole affair was that some sins are only compounded by confession.



Now someone else is taking a run at McNamara: Washington *Post* reporter Paul Hendrickson. *The Living and the Dead* is part biography, part psychosociocultural woolgathering, and part something else that doesn’t have a name. Hendrickson is a cinematic thinker, fond of jump cuts, freeze-frames, and montage, and his book doesn’t tell just McNamara’s story but those of five other people whose lives he altered: a vet, a nurse, a protester, a refugee, and a middling painter who won some tiny fame by trying to throw the great man off a boat once. The aim seems to be to conjure something larger and more mysteriously meaningful than yet another straight profile or analysis.

The result is a glorious, pretentious mess. A hugely irritating tour de force that’s gimmicky, awkward, and moving by turns. Hendrickson is a Jungian, it appears, and he structures his book in terms of synchronicity, finding cosmic coincidences everywhere and driving himself and the reader slightly goofy by trying to make them all line up. What Hendrickson calls “large moments, key crossings” dominate his sense of things, and he sets them down with soap-opera portentousness. Example: At the same moment James C. Farley, Hendrickson’s exemplary Marine, was being photographed weeping by *Life* magazine, “the aforesaid devious men in their secured Washington rooms were devising a blunder, not to say a lie . . . that would take them directly if unwittingly not only into the wider U.S. ground war . . . but straight into their own eventual destruction as well.”

Very interesting . . . or maybe not. Taken singly, Hendrickson’s magical linkages seem more theatrical than astrological. Another coincidence that rocks the author but may well leave the reader dubious concerns the self-immolation of Norman R. Morrison on the lawn of McNamara’s Pentagon. Morrison was an earnest Christian whom Hendrickson, a former seminarian, clearly admires and sympathizes with. Hendrickson cuts back and forth between the scene of the suicidal protest and scenes of McNamara at his desk. Bold black parallel lines are drawn: “An external destruction, Norman Morrison’s, an internal dying, Robert McNamara’s.” From consulting public and private records, Hendrickson concludes that McNamara was starting to feel his famous qualms just as Morrison was lighting the match. “Is it mad to think,” Hendrickson writes, “that a pacifist Quaker who had little power in the world save the power of his own life could somehow have known in his bones . . . that he was bearing strange gifts to a receptive authority?”

Hendrickson keeps the conundrums coming, swamping us in paranoid epiphanies. And after a while, his web-making starts to cast a spell. It’s not that his connections are convincing—it’s his need to keep making them that fascinates. We’re seduced by the spectacle of a sane reporter, his head full of interviews and rigorous research, going over the brink into mysticism, into manic pattern-making.

The scale of his subject demands no less, perhaps. When one is faced with the story of a Harvard accountant who rises to the presidency of Ford, hops jobs to Kennedy’s Defense Department, and ends up running a bloody secret war on principles learned selling autos to the masses, going

(continued on page 90)

Photograph: bottom, Wayne Simpson.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Hello, Mother

At Santa Fe's summer festival, a new opera that for once is defined and driven by music, and fine music at that. 'Emmeline' is a harrowing update on Oedipus.

A VISIT TO JOHN CROSBY'S FAMOUS OPERA FESTIVAL way out West in Santa Fe is always a pleasure, but this summer's contemporary novelty—the world premiere of **Emmeline,** by Tobias Picker—made the trip especially worthwhile. Unlike some tyros who have lately won much publicity playing the opera game, Picker, at 42, is a New York–born composer of proven substance and dramatic flair, who refutes the old saw that first operas and newborn kittens are best drowned at birth. The promise was always there, and some of us noticed a distinctly operatic flavor about the score for piano and orchestra that brought Picker wide attention back in 1983—*Keys to the City,* an exuberant tribute to the Brooklyn Bridge on its centenary and probably the most exhilarating piece of American urban music since Bernstein's *Fancy Free.*

Emmeline calls for a more interior but just as intense response, and Picker has provided it. Based on Judith Rossner's novelization of the true-life tragedy of Emmeline Mosher, the tale begins in 1841 when a 13-year-old girl from Maine is sent by her needy family to work in a Massachusetts textile mill. After the lonely and confused teenager is seduced by her employer's son-in-law, she gives birth to a child who is immediately placed with foster parents. Time passes, and Emmeline is still nursing her guilty secret when she meets a young man named Matthew, falls in love, and marries him, unaware that he is the very son she gave up twenty years earlier. When the truth comes out, Matthew leaves in horror, the community is unforgiving, and the delirious *Emmeline* is left to face life in bitter isolation.

Aside from being a new opera that, for once, is defined and driven by music of quality, *Emmeline* is remarkable for containing a central role designed to flatter the voice and probe a character's emotional dilemma through flexibly contoured, expressively exploratory vocal lines. That used to be a basic requirement for all successful operas from Monteverdi to Puccini, but most of the new American works that now proliferate are by composers with scant understanding of how the voice works and what it can do best. Picker has this know-how, and he almost always finds exactly the right emotional tone and shapely lyrical phrase to portray Emmeline's various moods, concluding with a final monologue of heart-wrenching power and beauty. The role is a gift to a talented lyric soprano, and Patricia Racette seized the moment; not many singers receive a standing ovation at the end of a new opera, a tribute to both Racette's compelling performance and Picker's compositional skill.

The score shows a softening of Picker's manner, and some may be distressed to find the composer moving further away from the tough angular expressionism of his earlier scores and into a more tonal idiom—viewed as a whole, the opera could almost be called a two-hour elegy in B-flat minor. Some hear the influence of Barber and Copland, but perhaps more useful reference points would be the conservatively styled, eminently singable operas of Thomas Pasatieri (now vanished from the scene, but whose works were played everywhere on the regional circuit twenty years ago) and Carlisle Floyd, although Picker composes with more elegance than the former and more sophistication than the latter. Hard edges are there when needed, however, particularly in the relentless music of the dehumanizing textile machines as well as in a flavoring of pop and minimalism whenever those techniques are helpful in creating the right musical atmosphere.

Emmeline has so much quality that I hope Picker will one day rethink those parts of the score that don't work and correct them. J. D. McClatchy's libretto has the virtues of theatrical clarity and a genuine poetic touch, but several characters remain so sketchy due to excessive plot compression that even the most inspired music is unable to fill in the gaps. The romantic relationship

Magnum Oprah: Patricia Racette, Melanie Sarakatsannis, and Victor Ledbetter in *Emmeline.*

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between Emmeline and Matthew, for example, proceeds far too rapidly for dramatic credibility, and that removes much of the tale's deadly sting. The ensemble that leads into the finale is also too short-winded and underdeveloped, never delivering the cathartic punch that the composer clearly aims for. Possibly Picker was pressured to deliver an opera that lasted no more than two hours in order to accommodate the scheduled PBS telecast next April. If so, second thoughts, revisions, and expansion of key scenes would surely give the opera even more strength and profile in future performances.

Designed by Robert Israel, the austere production was dominated by Emmeline's omnipresent bed and a huge black crucifix that slashed a wall like a vicious ax—strong symbols of the forces of sex and religion that lie at the heart of this bleak New England Oedipal tragedy. Without neglecting individual personalities or effective theatrical confrontations, Francesca Zambello staged the opera with economy and swift strokes, correctly treating the piece as a stylized ritual rather than a realistic melodrama. Racette's radiant soprano and appealingly vulnerable presence dominated the action, but there was also much to admire in Curt Peterson's lyrical Matthew, Kevin Langan's unyielding Henry Mosher, and Anne-Marie Owens's dour Aunt Hannah. George Manahan seemed captivated by the score's piquant instrumental color, harmonic lushness, and eagerness to communicate, and his confident conducting brought out the music's best points.

The other two festival productions I looked in on—Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* and Richard Strauss's *Daphne*—were distinctly underenergized compared with *Emmeline.* One had the feeling of time being marked as Santa Fe steels itself for inevitable change after 40 years of rule by founder and general director John Crosby, now 70—speculation and rumors of succession were rife. More positively, the theater itself is soon to undergo an extensive renovation that will increase seating capacity, put a roof over the exposed midsection of the auditorium, and allow for the possibility of an electronic back-of-the-seat English titling system resembling the one adopted by the Metropolitan Opera.

Crosby himself presided over the orchestra for **Daphne,** and if he is not the most fluent conductor of his favorite composer, his interpretation of the score was at least affectionate. The Santa Fe Opera, in fact, is practically the only company in America that regularly produces this one-act "bucolic tragedy," first performed in 1938 and ushering in the glowing Indian-summer creations of Strauss's old age—the final shimmering sequence, describing the nymph Daphne's transformation into a laurel tree, is one of the composer's most ravishing inspirations.

The title role requires all the virtues of the typical Strauss soprano: tonal opulence, soaring high notes, declamatory eloquence, and a warm feminine presence. A striking blonde beauty from England, Janice Watson filled the bill splendidly, and Santa Fe seems to have found a Strauss soprano to conjure with—next summer, she returns as Arabella. The composer always claimed to hate tenors, and the punishing music he wrote for Apollo would seem to prove it. Frederic Kalt managed the difficulties well enough with his huge voice, and the smaller parts—Leukippos (Mark Thomsen), Gaea (Ellen Rabiner), Peneios (Dale Travis)—were all in reliable hands. Unfortunately, Carl Friedrich Oberle's scrappy set, a drab Arcadian landscape lined by tiny closet doors for the principals to crawl through, proved an eyesore, and Rosamund Gilmore's clumsy stage direction completely failed to capture the pathos and God-in-nature mystery of this delicate mythic tragedy.

Weak production values also sabotaged a mostly promising cast for **The Rake's Progress.** The martini-dry wit of the Auden-Kallman text and Stravinsky's elegant neoclassical forms wilted badly under James Robinson's flaccid direction and Kenneth Montgomery's limp conducting, although Bruno Schwengl's stylish painterly sets struck the right Hogarthian tone. Nothing the composer wrote cuts more deeply than Anne Trulove's poignant leave-taking of Tom in Bedlam, ingeniously intensified here when the charming rustic backdrop of the opening scene reappeared, soiled and torn, to become the mad rake's shroud. The scene in Mother Goose's brothel was also nicely spiced by an antic crowd of whores and "roaring boys," delighted to watch the madam and Tom consummate their lustful evening in a steaming bathtub.

Richard Croft (Tom) and Richard Cowan (Nick) would probably be more effective adversaries in a production that had the benefit of stronger musical and dramatic direction, although it would be hard to find a more flavorful portrait than Judith Christian's exotic bearded Baba the Turk. As Anne, Sylvia McNair may have been treated as the star of the show, but her once-pretty soprano seems to have permanently slipped out of focus, and her singing was disappointingly shapeless. Beyond that, such irritating look-at-me diva posturing has no place in this opera. It was sad to see Santa Fe standards slipping with *Daphne* and *The Rake.* Apparently the festival channeled most of its energies into Picker's strong new opera this summer, and perhaps that's as it should be. ■

Left, A Tribe Called Quest; right, De La Soul.

POP MUSIC

CHRIS NORRIS

Funky Fresh Grown-ups

On their new records, New York rap's most thoughtful, likable innovators—A Tribe Called Quest and De La Soul—face the tough subject: adulthood.

BUOYANT AND EARTHY, SUNNY AND STREETWISE, **A Tribe Called Quest's** Q-Tip is the Gene Kelly of the microphone. Admittedly, that's not the surest way to flatter a 26-year-old born-again Muslim from Queens, but the buttery voice of this oddly humble rap star definitely works the same magic: masking performative demands in an unhurried, conversational style, exuding casual masculinity without flexing, and always conveying a regular, subway-riding guy from the neighborhood—only slicker. In the currently flourishing world of New York rap, A Tribe Called Quest—who've just released the nearly perfect *Beats, Rhymes and Life*—have an uncontestable patent. Biggie Smalls may project more sly menace, Nas may spin headier street vignettes, the chart-topping Fugees may write (and remake) catchier pop songs. But Q-Tip and his loopy, raconteurish partner, Phife, are, simply put, the most likable MCs in rap. Which is every bit the mixed blessing it sounds.

The Long Island group **De La Soul**—whose new *Stakes Is High* is also excellent—had a similar problem. Seven years ago, the unapologetically clever suburbanites issued, with their hugely influential debut, *3 Feet High and Rising . . .* , rap's first compelling challenge to crotch-grabbing proto-gangsta conformity. It sampled everything from French-lesson tapes to Hall and Oates, indulged in goofball skits, and posited hip-hop as a painterly form that could operate on joyful abstraction rather than on strictly grit and urgency. Although Tribe's breakthrough came later, with the convincingly jazz-influenced *The Low End Theory,* both groups realized hip-hop's expansive promise, drew fans from outside the fold, and suffered the usual backlash rap gives its integrationists.

Both weathered the now-waning gangsta age, though, much better than other so-called alternative-rap groups. This was due in part to undeniable skills, but also to their deft negotiation of that problematic rap concept Reality. In a world where the abstruse meaning of oft-spat imperatives like "represent" and "keep it real" currently resembles something out of Lacan, Tribe's and De La's post-breakthrough albums asserted—appropriately, given the already reflexive double-talk—the reality of hip-hop itself. Hanging at clubs, listening to tapes, scamming on girls—it's the reality of young black male participants in hip-hop culture, a real, live community.

Now, Tribe and De La Soul, both on their fourth albums, present themselves as survivors and standard-bearers of this community—a time-honored MC posture. This time, though, they're representing the harshest, realest reality an MC can face: adulthood.

Stakes Is High is tough love in the tradition of Public Enemy, literally and metaphorically the work of three concerned parents. "I'm sick of bitches shakin' asses," says De La's Trugoy in one track. "I'm sick of talkin' 'bout blunts, sick of Versace glasses." It could be a reprise of *3 Feet*'s anti-materialist song "Take It Off," except for the fact it's the title track. From its black-and-white cover to its stripped-down beats, *Stakes* is nearly antithetical to *3 Feet High*'s Day-Glo carnival, distilling its lush musicality and evasive lyrics into pointed grooves and pithy sound bites. "Every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable," Posdnuos admonishes himself, repudiating a past of in-jokes. It's rap song as public-service announcement.

And it works. If De La sound like a group past any creative watershed, they also sound like masters of a specific form: funky, melodic, and nuanced rap songs. *Stakes*'s sound is mature without being "adult contemporary," a quality I heard more in its slicker predecessor *Buhloone Mindstate.* The record's smart enough to consider its own inconsistencies, pissed enough to push on anyway.

Photographs: left, Michael S. Schwartz/Retna; right, Marc Joseph/Outline.

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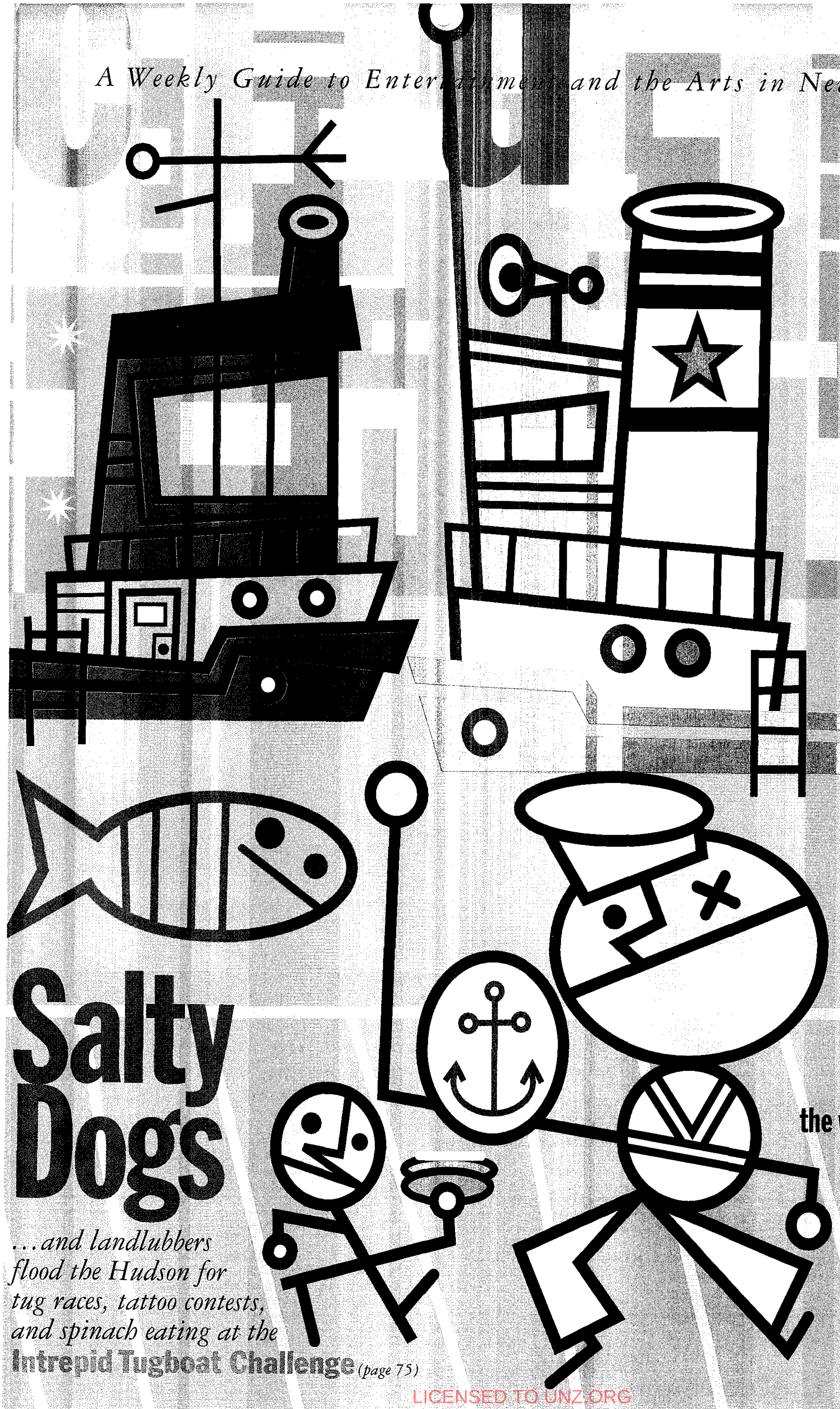
It's also—vindictively—real. Just as their debut expanded the parameters of hip-hop methodology, *Stakes* expands hip-hop's notions of verisimilitude. Rather than sirens and gunshots, the audio-vérité bits here are street-corner arguments about O.J., a chat with a homeless man, a southern-accented kid saying "Rap is just niggers talking"—proof that mundane reality can be way scarier than a florid drive-by skit. In its first ten seconds, *Stakes Is High* summons its populace with a sonic mosaic of drawling homeboys and tinkly-voiced girls, all responding to the question, Where were you when you first heard the rap classic "Criminal Minded"? *This* is hip-hop reality, the reality of a radio rap song as a life-changing force. This is what's at stake.

A Tribe Called Quest are every bit as fed up. But where De La draft a jeremiad, Q-Tip and Phife give a pilgrims' progress. *Beats, Rhymes, and Life* is an odyssey of personal growth, a Bildungsroman with jazz samples. The record's no breakthrough for them, but it sustains some of the highest musical standards in hip-hop. *Beats*'s triumph is that it charts an acknowledgment of hip-hop's limitations without sounding glum, scolding, or, worse yet, willfully mature. Pretty remarkable given that one of its subtle themes is a conversion to Islam.

Part of this success comes from how seamlessly Tribe incorporates narratives into mesmerizing loops and percolating lyrics. Over a panoramic seventies-funk track, Q-Tip and Phife's workaday vignettes would sound faintly ridiculous. But producer Ali Shaheed Muhammad has refined a cozy, jazzy, gritty aural signature that makes them work, unfolding within a fun, sensual, even transporting record.

But *Beats's* most lasting quality has more to do with the soul and charm of its characters. In their vaudevillian trade-offs (finishing each other's lines, rhyming a girl's kiss-off in falsetto), Q-Tip and Phife remain funny and engaging enough to counsel just-say-no sentiments—to drugs, violence, desperation, nihilism—without sounding preachy, just seasoned. Even expressing the same dismay over current rap trends as De La Soul, Q-Tip's rhymes are marvels of playful, rhythmic push-and-pull: "Now I got / hip-hop acts / posing like fat cats / Lex and the Rolex / Möet and the top hat." His thoughtfulness sounds rugged, warm, and infectious. He may remind us, somewhat heretically, that his hip-hop is "only wordplay," but the pleasure in it says something else. I think of the Clash's Joe Strummer, of all people, who had his own punk quotable: "Rock, hip-hop, whatever you call it . . . the unspoken message is that it's fun to be alive. It's a hell of a lot better than being dead." You don't always have to shout to send it. ▬

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Yo



art 59

bars 68

concerts 65

dance 65

kids 75

the mix 76

movies 52

nightlife 66

online 77

radio 76

restaurants 69

theater 62

the written word 76

Salty Dogs

...and landlubbers flood the Hudson for tug races, tattoo contests, and spinach eating at the **Intrepid Tugboat Challenge** *(page 75)*

movies

Sex, Drugs, and Rock and Roll...*The Trigger Effect*

New Films

Alaska—Two scrappy siblings take it upon themselves to search for their father when his plane goes down somewhere over Alaska. Directed by Fraser C. Heston. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six.*

Aventurera—A camp classic of Mexican cinema about an impoverished young woman who is sucked into a life of rhumba dancing and prostitution. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Basquiat**—Jeffrey Wright, the young actor who plays the doomed painter Jean-Michel Basquiat, makes a lovely angel of art. Walking down some SoHo street as if he were gliding through air, this kid is barely plugged into the great teeming world around him. The painter Julian Schnabel wrote and directed the movie, and in his conception, Basquiat is a sacrificial victim of the rabid art world. David Bowie and Dennis Hopper are very funny together as Andy Warhol and Bruno Bischofberger, greedily pawing over some of Basquiat's "ignorant art." These people are so intent on business, they become unconscious comic figures, like the burghers in some seventeenth-century genre painting (they don't enter a room, they take possession of it). It's the old story: too much too soon, and the kid couldn't handle it. This Basquiat is an inarticulate free spirit, not responsible for anything—least of all himself—and art cannot save him. It's a grim myth, and not entirely believable, but Wright is very touching. (Denby; 8/19/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

Bordello of Blood—*Tales From the Crypt* presents this schlock-horror story about a coven of L.A. vampires and the evangelist who hunts them. With Dennis Miller, Corey Feldman, and Angie Everheart. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; Nova.*

Carpool—A beleaguered ad exec and his young charges are carjacked by a would-be criminal in this comedy directed by Arthur Hiller. With Tom Arnold and Rhea Perlman. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza .*

Chain Reaction—Keanu Reeves stars as a scientist-in-training whose life is threatened when he discovers a cheap, effective method for harnessing energy. With Morgan Freeman. Directed by Andrew Davis. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. The film presents a triumph of tidiness: its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Regency.*

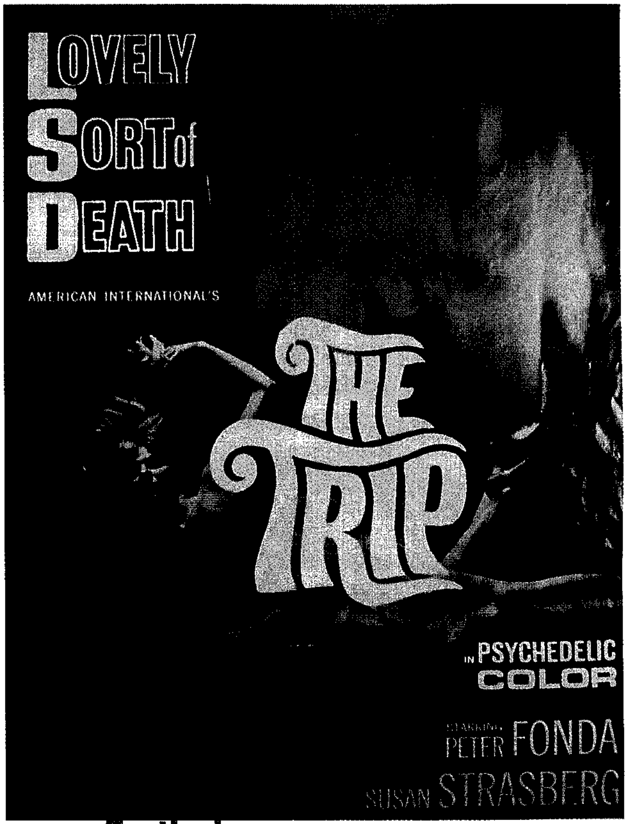
★**Courage Under Fire**—Denzel Washington gives an intense performance as Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Serling, a Gulf War tank commander who gives an order at Al Bathra that accidentally destroys an American tank and kills the men inside But the Pentagon buries the friendly fire incident, and the colonel is given a lousy desk job: investigating whether servicemen nominated for medals actually deserve them. He becomes obsessed with the case of a Medevac-helicopter pilot, Captain Karen Walden (Meg Ryan), who died on the ground while trying to rescue some stranded soldiers. Screenwriter Patrick Sheane Duncan and director Edward Zwick obviously took a good look at the familiar Kurosawa masterpiece *Rashomon,* in which the audience sees the same story—a rape and a possible murder in a forest—from the point of view of four different participants. Colonel Serling travels the country tracking down Walden's crew, and from the point of view of one man and then another, we see the helicopter go down. Did Walden maintain her authority? Or did she panic? Zwick stages the events again and again, with overlapping details—but significant and fascinating details. (Denby; 7/22/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

The Crow: City of Angels—Vincent Perez reprises the role originated by the late Brandon Lee, in this *faux*-gothic tale of an avenging angel. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Emma**—*Emma* is perhaps the most steely and demanding of Jane Austen's books—some of it is almost unnervingly cold—and for long periods, writer-director Douglas McGrath stays merrily on the surface. Gwyneth Paltrow is lovely, but she's not the most imposing Emma one could imagine. The rich and landed Emma Woodhouse is a kind of local queen with almost unlimited power—not a bad person, exactly, but a snob. Paltrow is at her best when she's flirting with Jeremy Northam as Mr. Knightley, her brother-in-law. McGrath uses an old trick from Hollywood romantic comedy: Paltrow and Northam, through the most trivial scenes, exchange little smiles of amusement; they have a private reality, far removed from the merely social world around them. Yet they live in that world, and the movie becomes very passionate when Emma violates one of its important social codes. This is one of the most celebrated scenes in English literature, and it could have gone wrong in many ways, but it doesn't. McGrath quietly builds a number of things that finally pay off. (Denby; 8/19/96) (2 hrs. ; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea;*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.



Festival

Acid-Washed

Film Forum pays homage to Ecstasy's countercultural predecessor with "LSD Week," beginning August 30. Gems of psychedelic kitsch include 'Psych-Out' (a deaf Susan Strasberg suffers a bad trip while searching for her brother), 'The Tingler' (Vincent Price drops acid), and—though something of a stretch—'Sonny Bono's Marijuana,' an anti-drug polemic aimed at the kids.

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY J.D. KING

DON'T BE KEPT IN THE DARK!

KYLE MACLACHLAN
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DERMOT MULRONEY
THE TRIGGER EFFECT

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Murray Hill Cinemas; 86th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.

The Fan—See David Denby, p. 42. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza Twin.*

First Kid—Annoyingly affable comic Sinbad plays a Secret Service agent assigned to protect the president's bratty son. Directed by David Mickey Evans. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Fled—Two escaped convicts (Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin), on the run from both the Feds and the Cuban Mafia, attempt to stay alive by retrieving stolen money and a valuable computer disk. Directed by Kevin Hooks. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Flirt—In Hal Hartley's latest, the same scenario repeats with ever-so-slight variations: three couples, in three cities, grapple with commitment, unrequited longing for another, and a life-altering gunshot. Quirkily endearing. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

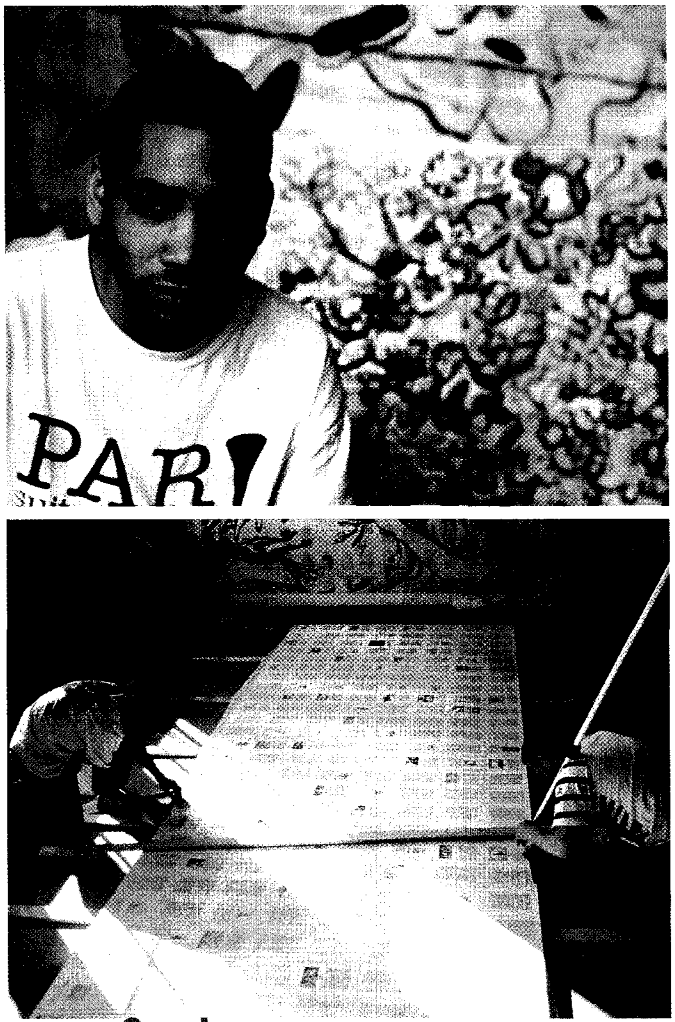
★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's comedy waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with disaster, yet somehow flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son who wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with six people together in a scene, blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

Foxfire—The lives of four small-town girls are transformed when a mysterious young loner (Angelina Jolie) encourages them to fight the patriarchy. Based on the novel by Joyce Carol Oates. Directed by Annette Haywood-Carter. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; New Coliseum.*

Girls Town—With a documentary style somewhat akin to last summer's *Kids*, director Jim McKay chronicles the day-to-day trials of three lower-class high-school seniors on the fringes of mainstream society. At times affecting, though it lacks a real final, emotional punch. Starring Lili Taylor, Anna Grace, and Bruklin Harris. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Sutton; 62nd and Broadway.*

House Arrest—When Grover and Stacy Beindorf's parents announce that they are separating, the kids lock them in the basement, thereby igniting a neighborhood trend. With Kevin Pollack and Jamie Lee Curtis. Directed by Harry Winer. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*



Opening Drawing Room

Former local-public-school teacher Tim Rollins has quietly run an artists' collective for at-risk young men in the South Bronx for well over a decade. Now, he and his young protégés (including Rick Savinon, pictured at top and, above right, with Carlos Rivera), are the admirable subjects of 'The Art and Life of Tim Rollins and K.O.S.,' opening September 6 at Cinema Village.

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulce, Demi Moore, Jason Alexander, and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–4; Sutton.*

Independence Day—A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters as they go about their little daily tasks. And then director Roland Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft and is struck dumb. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale) seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible, until the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Sutton; Ziegfeld; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

The Island of Dr. Moreau—Marlon Brando, David Thewlis, and Val Kilmer star in this latest adaptation of the H. G. Wells classic about a mad scientist who has been conducting bizarre, cross-species experiments and the United Nations lawyer who struggles to stop him. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Brooklyn Heights; Plaza Twin.*

Jack—Robin Williams stars as a 10-year-old boy who has a progeria-like disease that causes his body to age at four times the normal rate. With Diane Lane and Brian Kerwin. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.—In this remake of *Escape From New York,* Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell) has been infected with a deadly virus. If he can follow presidential orders—that is, travel to L.A., locate the president's daughter, retrieve the valuable information she has stolen, and kill her—he will be injected with the antidote. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

Kansas City—See David Denby, p.42. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Baronet/Coronet; 86th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Lone Star**—John Sayles's latest begins with a skeleton discovered among the Texas cactus and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives, and while Sayles's ambition is surely admirable, one can't help but wonder how many packs of three-by-five cards he used to keep track of the plotlines. Sayles will never be a natural: His screenwriting can be prosily overexplicit one minute, fancy the next, and his movies are visually undistinguished. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by a sense of America as a peculiar destiny. (Denby; 7/22/96) (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Madagascar Skin—A comic love story about a painfully shy gay man (John Hannah) and a promiscuous heterosexual (Bernard Hill). Directed by Chris Newby. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manny & Lo—Two young sisters run away from their separate foster homes and, along the way, kidnap a kindly store clerk (Mary Kay Place) who is not what she appears to be. Written and directed by Lisa Krueger. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Matilda—Danny DeVito directed and stars in this adaptation of the Roald Dahl story about a magical little girl saddled with unresponsive parents. Starring Rhea Perlman and Mara Wilson. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

★**The Nutty Professor**—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is 400 pounds. The way Murphy plays the role, and Tom Shadyac directs it, the physical details are cruelly precise, but the spirit is not cruel. When Sherman falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he can't bear being fat any longer; he swallows the DNA liquid he has been using in experiments and becomes Buddy Love, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. In brief, he becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. But he does something interesting: He shows us that Eddie Murphy going over the top is destructive and horrifying. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *National Twin.*

★**Purple Noon**—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

★**Rendezvous in Paris**—Eric Rohmer's very slight, very lovely film consists of three vignettes about reversals in love. The stories are very precisely shaped, yet Rohmer leaves himself some time to observe the way someone walks around a room, or the way a woman holds her head when she talks to a man. His subject, as always, is attraction, and what might be called self-presentation, the dance of aggression and retreat. Of the three, the first, about an anxious young woman and the revenge she takes on her philandering boyfriend, is the best, but they are all filled with views of Paris parks, streets, and cafés. There's an inescapably philistine side to this: The movie is very pleasing for Americans stuck at home, longing for Europe and some literate romantic talk. (Denby; 8/26/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types, led by Ed Harris, takes some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles at San Francisco. The FBI matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

She's the One—In writer/director Ed Burns's follow-up to last year's acclaimed *The Brothers McMullen,* he once again explores that peculiar brand of Irish-Catholic familial dysfunction along with several commitment issues. With John Mahoney, Mike McGlone, and Cameron Diaz. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Small Faces—A young man in sixties Glasgow is torn between his two brothers: one, a thuggish local-gang member and the other, an artist who aspires to greater things. Directed by Gilles MacKinnon (*The Playboys*). (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Solo—Mario Van Peebles stars as the perfect combat soldier—a pure machine built of computer chips intricate wiring—sent into battle on a top secret mission against guerilla fighters in Latin America. Directed by Norberto Barba. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; UA East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

The Spitfire Grill—When the crotchety owner of the Spitfire Grill (Ellen Burstyn) falls ill, she turns over the day-to-day operation of her restaurant to a guarded young woman (Alison Elliott) who harbors a dark secret. With Marcia Gay Harden. Written and directed by Lee David Zlotoff. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some handsome bodies in it. At an artist's villa near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother—gather in various states of semi-nudity and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also, it seems,

Festival
Rock of Ages

The immediate and visceral thrill of rock and roll is perhaps the most elusive feeling a documentarian can attempt to capture—but when the music and the medium coalesce (think *Don't Look Back* and *A Hard Day's Night*), it's truly awe-inspiring. For two weeks (beginning August 30), the Film Society of Lincoln Center presents "Cinerock," an impressively thorough and selective series of rock films. While aged rock royalty will be included, relative upstarts like Prince, Kurt, Henry Rollins, and Grandmaster Flash headline, as does R.E.M. (below), whose concert film, *Road Movie,* will premiere during the festival. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for info.)

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THE SALVATION ARMY
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to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Waverly; Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Stonewall—A drama set in and around the 1969 Stonewall riots and subsequent gay-rights movement. With Frederick Weller, Guillermo Diaz, and Matthew Faber. Directed by the late Nigel Finch. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Stupids—A mentally challenged family—headed by Tom Arnold—stumbles upon a massive arms-smuggling conspiracy while investigating the daily "theft" of their garbage. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Supercop—Jackie Chan stars as a humorously determined police officer. Worth it for Chan's daring stunt work alone. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin.*

A Time to Kill—Instant matinee-idol Matthew McConaughey glistens and gleams—at the moment, however, he is a very limited actor. The plot itself (which is based on a seven-year-old John Grisham novel) is a cliché-ridden courtroom drama set in the racially divided South, with its noble, victimized blacks and vicious white rednecks. Director Joel Shumacher and screenwriter Akiva Goldsman use the Klan to distract us from their main story: A black mill worker (Samuel L. Jackson) has killed the two young rednecks who raped his 10-year-old daughter; he's then put on trial, with only McConaughey's inexperienced attorney to represent him. Jackson's mill worker sits in jail, yet he's so much smarter than McConaughey—meant to be the hero—that *A Time to Kill* compounds its embarrassment. We have to wait for McConaughey to figure out that a black man can't get a fair trial in this country. (Denby; 8/12/96) (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Tin Cup**—Kevin Costner is back, this time as Roy McAvoy, a driving-range golf pro somewhere in West Texas. Known as "Tin Cup" for reasons anatomical as well as professional, Roy is wasting his life; he has tremendous talent, but it's a talent for making incredible shots at weird angles, not for winning tournaments. Two people interrupt Roy's slovenly paradise: Dr. Molly Griswold (Rene Russo), a shrink, stops in for some lessons, and Roy falls in love with the fast-talking beauty. But Molly, a bit of a flake herself, enjoys the security of hanging out with her current boyfriend, David Simms (Don Johnson), who turns out to be Roy's nemesis—a golfer who is as calculating as Roy is reckless. The movie takes a while to come up to speed, but it finally settles into a messy and loose-limbed romantic comedy. Roy can win Molly only in the way he can win at golf—by coming at her from such odd angles that she's overwhelmed by the sheer dumb persistence of his attack. Writer-director Ron Shelton turns golf into a tall tale, and *Tin Cup* is poetically satisfying: It escapes all the clichés of triumph, yet Roy, preserving his brazen individuality, triumphs nonetheless. (Denby; 8/26/96) (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Trainspotting**—Written by John Hodge, who adapted the cult novel by Irvine Welsh, and directed by Danny Boyle, the movie celebrates the days and nights of raffish pleasure of four deadbeat Edinburgh thugs. The hero, Renton (Ewan McGregor), may be a squatter and a hooligan, but he's literate, he entertains us, and we want him to succeed. And as McGregor recites the very chipper narration, we may think that he's a scoundrel and a cheat, but at least he never lies to us. The boys shoot heroin and fall down in pleasure; they commit every imaginable crime against bourgeois property; they outrage all the proud, hapless clichés of Scottish nationalism. The style of the movie is fast, voluble, allusive, the bits of dialogue and ghastly jokes and ludicrous physical disasters held together by Renton's narration and the wildly inventive but disciplined editing. These boys don't become addicts because they are failures or because they are unhappy and they can't face life; they become addicts because they want to experience more and more intense pleasures. *Trainspotting* joins the tradition of self-mythologizing male narrative in which young men will do anything for pleasure, and has less to do with heroin than with Henry Miller's Paris novels and the punks of twenty years ago. (Denby; 8/12/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

The Trigger Effect—Kyle MacLachlan and Elisabeth Shue star in this thriller about a massive power outage and the ensuing mayhem. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

A Very Brady Sequel—In the latest of Brady mishaps and misfortunes, Carol's supposedly dead husband reappears, throwing the Brady household into turmoil. Directed by Arlene Sanford. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Embassy 1; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one announces her engagement. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

The Wife—A pair of New Age-y therapists and their uninvited dinner guests—a patient and his loose-lipped wife—verbally dissect the merits of marriage, neuroses, and therapy. Written and directed by Tom Noonan (*What Happened Was*). (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

Preview Docudrama

Frederick Wiseman (above), celebrated for his film documentaries of institutions, has come up with a further installment from his mellow period, *La Comédie-Française ou l'Amour Joué*. The portrait, largely *sans* warts, of France's venerable theatrical repertory company airs September 1 on PBS at 9 P.M.; art-house runs will doubtless follow. In his early, cutting-edge work (*Titicut Follies, High School*), Wiseman honed the technique of merely pretending to observe, giving the subject of his scrutiny enough rope to hang itself. As the evidence piled up, it would reveal the organization as a monstrous machine, subsuming not only its drones or victims but those in power as well. Since 1989, abandoning verité black-and-white to work entirely in lush color, Wiseman has seemed more benign.

The *C-F* film offers pleasure, if little sense of urgency, in its footage of performance, rehearsals, tech work, and administrative confabs—in which, remarkably, senior actors have a voice and a vote. In the course of all this, Wiseman finds his heroine, Catherine Samie, the actor who has served the troupe longest. Her roles range from Racine's tragic Jocasta through coach to her juniors. "Just as you release down there," she explains, pointing to a youth's genitals, "when you release the words fully, you release feelings as well." She also appears as a blessedly human company rep on official occasions set up for banality and a no-nonsense advocate for the fair deal. The lusty sixtysomething doyenne's makeup for her offstage parts is the naked face—a touch of genius. **TOBI TOBIAS**

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Basquiat; Girls Town; Lone Star; Trainspotting; Walking and Talking; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Bordello of Blood; Foxfire.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Aventurera; Flirt.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Photograph by John Goodman.

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Madagascar Skin; Rendezvous in Paris; Small Faces; Stonewall.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Wife.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Carpool; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; Manny & Lo; She's the One; The Fan.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Emma; Kansas City; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Courage Under Fire; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Stealing Beauty.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup; Trainspotting.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Alaska; Bordello of Blood; Chain Reaction; House Arrest; Jack.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *She's the One.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *A Very Brady Sequel; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.*.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Time to Kill; A Very. Brady Sequel; Carpool; Courage Under Fire; Emma; Independence Day; She's the One.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *A Time to Kill; Emma; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Antonia's Line.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Flirting With Disaster; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Kansas City; Tin Cup.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Stealing Beauty; Small Faces.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Foxfire; Jack; Trainspotting.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Time to Kill; Carpool; Chain Reaction; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Solo; The Fan; Tin Cup.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Basquiat.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *A Very Brady Sequel.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Foxfire; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Supercop; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Jack.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Multiplicity; Striptease.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Bordello of Blood; The Nutty Professor.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *House Arrest; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Kansas City; She's the One; Trainspotting.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Heavy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Fargo; Multiplicity; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Frighteners; Twister.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Independence Day.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *She's the One; Bordello of Blood.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Emma; House Arrest; Kansas City.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Emma.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Courage Under Fire; House Arrest; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Stealing Beauty.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Alaska; Matilda; Supercop; The Fan.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *A Very Brady Sequel; She's the One.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool; Jack; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Time to Kill.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Solo.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Heavy.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Alaska; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Courage Under Fire; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Kansas City; Lone Star; Manny & Lo; Rendezvous in Paris; Walking and Talking.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Emma; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; Matilda; She's the One; The Fan; The Spitfire Grill; Tin Cup; Trainspotting.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Bordello of Blood; Jack.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *A Very Brady Sequel; Foxfire; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Bordello of Blood; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *A Time to Kill; Independence Day.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Cold Comfort Farm.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bordello of Blood; Foxfire; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; Supercop; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Nutty Professor; Tin Cup.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Fled; House Arrest; Independence Day; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; Supercop; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Nutty Professor.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Tin Cup; She's the One.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Fled; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Matilda; Solo; Supercop; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Nutty Professor.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Very Brady Sequel; Alaska; Courage Under Fire; House Arrest; Jack; She's the One; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *The Island of Dr. Moreau; She's the One.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Carpool; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Emma; Jack; Kansas City; Tin Cup.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Solo; The Fan; Tin Cup.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-

Linda Hall

continued from page 33

She is possibly the only one who can't.

The personal essays are literature in a way that the longer pieces, however deftly maneuvered, are not. And because literature is not just pleasurable and pretty but truthful, in a real sense Didion's personal essays get closer to the heart of things than her judicious, densely reported pieces. Three years ago at a reading I attended, someone mentioned "Goodbye to All That" and asked Didion whether she would ever consider writing about moving back to New York. She stammered. "I did that already. The jogger piece was my . . . 'Hello, New York!' " The "jogger piece," "Sentimental Journeys," was only ostensibly about the 1989 Central Park attack. Its real point, developed in 66 pages, was that New York is "inert," that it has succumbed to its "lazy criminality."

Her argument in that piece is persuasive enough that one is left wondering why she moved back. "Sentimental Journeys" does not mention that when the Dunnes decided to move from L.A., New York was the only destination they considered. "Our business was there—in the sense that our business was defined by agents, lawyers, and publishers—as well as many, perhaps most, of our friends," Dunne explained. If Didion had written a personal essay about returning to New York, she would have been forced to confront why they, their business, and many, perhaps most, of their friends are here. She would have told her readers what she told an interviewer, that New York is "a better place to be than London or Paris." She might even have been forced to concede that what New York once was for her—"the mysterious nexus of all love and money and power"—it remains.

The New York that Didion and I encounter after the photo shoot as our car creeps uptown is the whole truth, a city at once stifled and thriving. It is a late Friday afternoon, and the streets are congested with construction and traffic. "I love New York in the summer," Didion tells me. "I don't even mind the heat. But I feel like this is the summer that hasn't happened. The restaurants are crowded; everyone's still around." We shake hands in front of my midtown office, and she gets back in the car to go home to her ten-room apartment on the Upper East Side. I picture Didion as a *Vogue* employee making "so little money that some weeks I had to charge food at Bloomingdale's gourmet shop in order to eat," and then I think of something she wrote a year before becoming a Malibu homeowner: "What I have made for myself is personal, but is not exactly peace." What she has made for herself is hugely, justly public, but is not exactly peace. ■

FILM#576) *Basquiat; Bordello of Blood; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *A Very Brady Sequel; Foxfire; Jack.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Bordello of Blood; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; The Fan; The Nutty Professor.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *A Time to Kill; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Matilda; Solo.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *A Very Brady Sequel; She's the One; The Fan.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Fan.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool; Solo; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; She's the One; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Time to Kill; Bordello of Blood; Independence Day; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *A Time to Kill; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Emma; House Arrest; Jack; Tin Cup.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Time to Kill; Bordello of Blood; House Arrest; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Jack; A Very Brady Sequel.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Matilda; She's the One.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Bordello of Blood; Independence Day; Matilda; Solo.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool; House Arrest; Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *A Very Brady Sequel; Jack; Solo; The Fan.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Tin Cup; She's the One.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Very Brady Sequel; Courage Under Fire; Emma; Independence Day; Jack; Matilda; She's the One; Tin Cup.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Alaska; Bordello of Blood; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool; She's the One.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *A Time to Kill; Alaska; Courage Under Fire; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Trainspotting.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bordello of Blood; Independence Day; Jack; Matilda; She's the One; The Fan.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Courage Under Fire; Phenomenon; Purple Noon.*

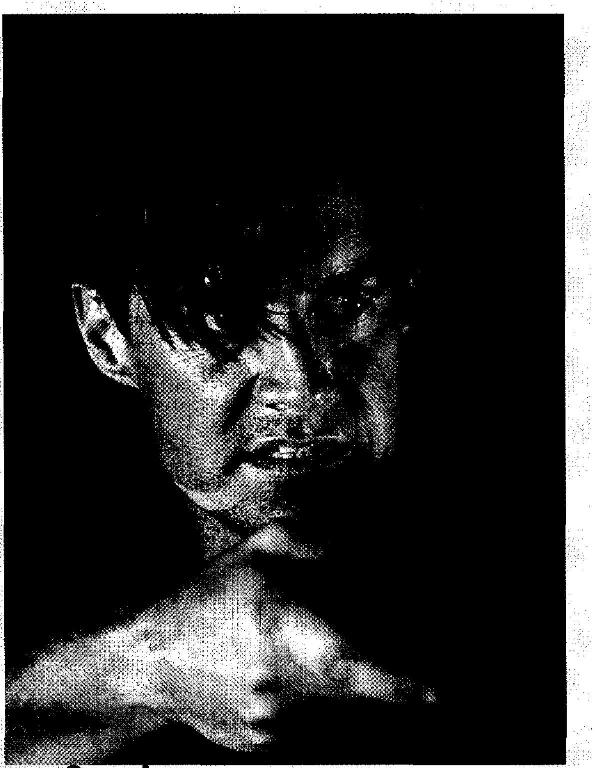
Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Carpool; Solo.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Alaska; Bordello of Blood; House Arrest; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Solo; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *A Very Brady Sequel; Independence Day; She's the One; The Fan.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Emma.*



Opening
Fight the Power

Kyle MacLachlan (above) plays a mild-mannered family man who grows exponentially Nietzschean in the wake of a power outage in 'The Trigger Effect.' The film, which also stars Elisabeth Shue, opens Friday.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bordello of Blood; Jack; Matilda; She's the One; Tin Cup.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Time to Kill; Independence Day; Jack; Solo; The Fan.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Alaska; Bordello of Blood; Carpool; Courage Under Fire; Emma; Foxfire; House Arrest; Independence Day; Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Matilda; She's the One; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Tin Cup.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Stanley Kubrick." 8/31: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971) and *The Shining* (1980). 9/1: *Barry Lyndon* (1975). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—8/26: *The Sound of Music* (1965). Raindate: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Village 12th St.—"Festival Hong Kong." 8/26 and 8/30: *From Beijing With Love* (1995). 8/27: *City Cop* (1995). 8/28 and 9/2: *The Saint of Gamblers* (1995). 8/29: *High Risk* (1995). 8/31: *The Magic Crane* (1995). 9/1: *Wing Chun* (1995). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—9/1: *All About Eve* (1950). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"10th Annual Summer Festival of Fantasy, Horror, & Science Fiction." 8/26: *Nosferatu* (1922) and *Nosferatu the Vampyre* (1979). 8/27 and 8/28: *Mad Max* (1979) and *Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior* (1981). 8/29: *Panic in the Year Zero!* (1962) and *X the Man With X-Ray Eyes* (1963). Beginning 8/30: "LSD Week!" 8/30 and 8/31: *The Trip* (1967) and *Psych-Out* (1968). 9/1 and 9/2: *The Big Cube* (1969) and *Skidoo* (1968). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"John Garfield." 8/26: *Nobody Lives Forever* (1946) and *Thank Your Lucky Stars* (1943). 8/27: *Between Two Worlds* (1944) and *Saturday's Children* (1940). 8/28 and 8/29: *He Ran All the Way* (1951), *Golden Boy* (1950), and *We Were Strangers* (1949). Beginning 8/30: "Cinerock." 8/30: *Festival* (1967) and *The Girl Can't Help It* (1956). 8/30 and 9/1: *A Hard Day's Night* (1964). 8/31: *Festival* (1967). 8/31 and 9/1: *Swedish TV Archival Treasures.* 9/1: *How We Stopped the War* (1967), *Canadian Festival Express* (1970), *Creedence Clearwater Revival at the Albert Hall* (1970), and *A Hard Day's Night* (1964). Also, 8/31 and 9/1: "Movies for Kids." *Charlie Chan at the Olympics* (1937). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—8/27: *L'Atalante* (1934). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $5.50 seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Selections from the Martin Scorsese Collection." 8/26 *The House of Usher* (1960) and *Land of the Pharaohs* (1955). 8/27: *The Pit and the Pendulum* (1961) and *Samson and Delilah* (1941). 8/29: *The Agony and the Ecstasy* (1965). 8/29 and 8/31: *Sodom and Gomorrah* (1962). 8/30: *The Greatest Story Ever Told* (1965) and *Alexander the Great* (1956). 8/31: *El Cid* (1961). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

National Museum of the American Indian—8/26–9/15: *The Spirit of TV* (1990), *Meeting Ancestors* (1993), *Jane Moraita/Our Celebrations* (1995), and *At the Edge of Conquest: The Journey of Chief Wai-Wai* (1992). 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Queens Museum of Art—8/31: *The Seventh Seal* (1956). New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-592-9700); free.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

Photograph by Deana Newcomb/Gramercy Pictures.

art

Sister Wendy...The Illegal Camera

Photographs courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

Photography
Dutch Courage

During the German occupation of the Netherlands, a few Dutch photographers dared to document the destruction and starvation brought on by the war, and the persecution of Dutch Jews. The Jewish Museum's recently opened "The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945" presents those harrowing images together for the first time in the United States. 1109 Fifth Avenue; through December 1.

Galleries
Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—A monumental work titled *The Angel* that consists of 125 hand-blown Venetian glass spheres arranged on the floor in a form suggesting a figure; through 9/7 . Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Luca Monzani—Paintings and drawings of architecture on Mallorca; through 9/7. Murakami, 17 E. 71st St. (717-6085).

57th Street Area

Eric Holzman—Landscapes and figurative works on paper; through 8/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Elizabeth Olds—A survey of the artist's prints and drawings from the WPA era through the fifties; through 9/14. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Margaret Huddy—Recent watercolors of the eighth-century Buddhist site of Borobudur; 8/30–9/18. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

Mike Mills—An installation of posters by this designer–art director–filmmaker that coincides with a Mike Mills "Visual Sampler" being released by Mo' Wax Records this summer; through 9/7. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Ossi Somma—A wall installation of cast-bronze, ghostlike figures titled "World Watch" that suggests Dante's *Inferno;* through 9/14. Nordanstad, 289 Hudson St. (627-6628).

Other

Eric Karpeles—The *Sanctuary Project*—an installation of abstract paintings that forms a 30-by-50-foot enclosure intended as a place of contemplation and renewal; through 9/8. Grand Central Terminal, Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Vanderbilt and Lexington Aves. (340-3284); daily 10–7.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Works from the collection of the Federal Reserve Board celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its Fine Arts Program and a selection of trompe l'oeil paintings of currency; through 9/7.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre,* among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). American abstract paintings executed between 1915 and 1955, by Stuart Davis, Albert Gallatin, Arthur Dove, John Storrs, others; through 9/27.

57th Street Area

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and still life by Anderson, Briggs, Berg, Fields, Kelly, Linehan, Monafo, J. Patterson, W. Patterson, Zigmond, others; through 9/3.

MB Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). "Sacred Matters: Works on Paper," with works by Bruno Andrade, Alan Gussow, Billy Lee, Emily Mason, and other gallery artists; through 9/21.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Barbara Hepworth, Donald Judd, Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Murray, and Joel Shapiro; through 9/7.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "Breaking All the Rules: Art in Transition," with works by Gerd Arntz, Max Beckmann, Sue Coe, Lea Grundig, John Heartfield, Hector Hyppolite, John Kane, Gustav Klimt, Justin McCarthy, Emil Nolde, others; through 9/6.

Sotheby's/Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). "Color Field: The Classic Years, 1960–1975," with works by Jack Bush, Anthony Caro, Friedl Dzubas, Helen Frankenthaler, Sam Francis, Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski, Ann Truitt, others; 9/3–10/5.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Paintings by gallery artists, among them Steven Assael, Daniel Dallman, Philip Geiger, Dan McCleary, Scott Noel, David Remfry, and Sarah Supplee; 9/3–28.

View—250 E. 51st St. (317-9757). "Sculptors' Drawings," with works by Agnes Denes, Richard Nonas, Clement Meadmore, Yoko Ono, Dennis Oppenheim, Mary Ann Unger, others; through 9/4.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). A selection of Boliw shrine figures of the Bamana people of Mali; through 10/5.

Cowles—420 W. Broadway (925-3500). Works by gallery artists, among them David Bates, Vernon Fisher, Howard Ben Tre, Terence LaNoue, Peter Voulkos, and Darren Waterston; 9/3–28.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Summer Pleasures, Summer Treasures," with works by Rafael Ferrer, Viola Frey, Frank Owen, Joseph Raffael, and others; through 9/3.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Recent sculpture by Donald Baechler, Konstantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; 9/3–9/21.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Teller—568 Broadway (941-7335). Prints, drawings, and paintings by Depression-era artists, among them Minna Citron, Adolf Dehn, Eli Jacobi, and Kenneth Hayes Miller; through 9/13.

Other

Columbia University—Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, 116th St. and Broadway (854-7288). "The Fragrance of Ink: Korean Literati Paintings of the Choson Dynasty (1392–1910) From the Korea University Museum"; through 9/21.

Empire–Fulton Ferry State Park—East River between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, Brooklyn (718-596-2507). "BWAC 1996 Empire–Fulton Ferry State Park Outdoor Sculpture Show," with outdoor works by eighteen sculptors; through 9/8.

Photography

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8143), "Games People Play," with vintage and contemporary photographs from the New York City Parks Photography Archive; through 9/13.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection: 100 Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Petra Karadimas—Computer-manipulated portraits; through 9/14. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Municipal Art Society—457 Madison Ave. (843-8075). "The New American Ghetto," Camilo Jose Vergara's photographs of urban communities; through 9/20.

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and other photographers chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the past two centuries; through 9/8.

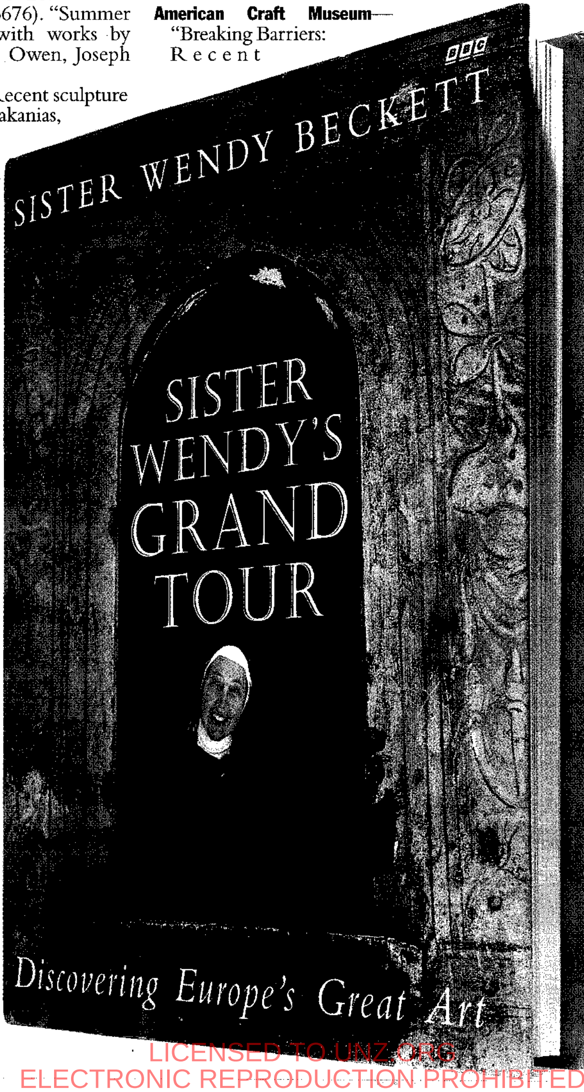
Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). "Summertime," an exhibition of stock photography from Graphistock; through 9/8.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Two," with photographs of couples by Bill Brandt, Robert Doisneau, Janine Niepce, and Edward Weston; more couples in Gallery Two, showing works by Evelyn Hofer; through 9/10.

World Financial Center —200 Liberty St. (945-2600). "Sacred Lands of the Southwest," an installation of Harvey Lloyd's aerial photographs of national parks, monuments, pueblos, and Anasazi ruins on the Colorado plateau; through 9/6.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.



American Museum of Natural History—"Okavongo: Africa's Last Eden." Large-format color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . . "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; "Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The New York Times"; through 9/29. . . . "Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces"; through 10/13. . . . "Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey"; through 10/13. . . . "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; through 10/13. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"On the Prowl: Hunters and the Hunted," with hunting images in paintings and sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye, Jean-Lèon Gèrôme, Constant Troyon, and others; through 10/5. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-visions of El Barrio." A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . "Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto"; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

In Print

The Nun's Story

The English have been familiar with Sister Wendy Beckett, a 66-year-old nun, since 1980, when she devoted herself to the study of art history; became a regular contributor to *The Guardian, Apollo, The Sunday Times,* and *Modern Painters*; and launched a TV career as the BBC's Julia Child of art. More recently, PBS-watching Americans have found themselves charmed by the sister's toothy smile and her unconventional but deeply considered interpretations of masterpieces whose greatness they'd taken for granted. Now, with the U.S. publication of *Sister Wendy's Grand Tour* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang; $24.95), Americans get a provocative read and an indispensable art-history volume in one. EDITH NEWHALL

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/25. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—"The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945"; through 12/1. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Winslow Homer." The first comprehensive retrospective of the American painter's work in more than twenty years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . "American Printmaking 1880–1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries"; through 9/22. . . . "Toulouse Lautrec." Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 9/15. . . . "Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection"; through 9/1. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. . . . "American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8. . . . "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*"; through10/8. . . . "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3. . . . "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980–95"; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults), $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996"; through 10/19. . . . "The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Privy to History." Nineteenth-century objects found during a 1995 excavation of an outhouse in lower Manhattan; through 9/21. . . . "July 9, 1776: New York's Independence Day"; through 9/15. . . . "In Search of Light: Tiffany Lamps at the New-York Historical Society"; through 9/15. . . . "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*"; through 9/15. . . . "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Heroic Painting." Works by Bo Bartlett, Vincent Desiderio, Walton Ford, Lawrence Gipe, Julie Heffernan, Komar and Melamid, and Mark Tansey; through 9/8 . . . . "Visions of Ireland: Jack B. Yeats." Paintings by Ireland's most noted modern painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871–1957); through 9/8. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Ceremony of Spirit: Nature and Memory in Contemporary Latino Art"; through 9/15. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1995–1996"; through 9/15. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 10/27. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Shigeko Kubota." An installation of the artist's video sculptures; through 8/25. . . . "NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . "Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West"; through 9/22. . . . "Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Ik-Joong Kang: 8,490 Days of Memory." An installation that uses chocolate as a metaphor to revisit the past from the perspective of the present, specifically referring to the artist's memories of the candy bars given to him by GIs when he was in grammar school in Korea; through 9/27. 120 Park Ave. (570-1807); Mon.–Fri. 11–6; free.

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theater

Tony N' Tina...Joe Orton...Triple Play

Broadway

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 15 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public earlier this year? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, has recently moved it uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.–Sat. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee, the writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent, ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70 through 9/12; $60–70 thereafter. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 through 10/7; Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 thereafter. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Sally Struthers as Miss Lynch. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hughie—Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. This moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—runs through 9/14. $55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200). 1 hr. 10 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intoler-

Onstage Triple Play

Seem like you've been waiting forever for Joanne Woodward to remake *The Three Faces of Eve*? Assuage those trifurcated-personality entertainment needs in the meantime with *Such a Damn Goddess,* a new one-act comedy based on the real story of a college student whose self is divided among that many distinct personae. At the Duplex, 61 Christopher Street (255-5438).

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Photograph by Kim Sonsky.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Onstage

Playing Offense

The late Joe Orton shocked stodgy sixties England with his groundbreaking venture into an intellectually challenging realm of theatrical black humor the likes of which, arguably, hadn't been seen there since the Jacobean period. (His plays suggest blithe Feydeau farces filtered through every social and erotic perversity imaginable.) 'What the Butler Saw,' a savage jape at the pieties of modern society, is an excellent introduction to Orton's work; it's at the Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond Street (677-0060), through October 25.

ance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Following Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with the pair's famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (unbald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are/ Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/8. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) Ms. Buckley will be with the show until 9/2, when London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) takes over. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Timon of Athens—Following (relatively) closely on the heels of Tony Randall's fine National Actors Theater production in 1993, this summer's second Shakespeare in the Park stars Michael Cumpsty (*L.A. Law*) as the title character in The Bard's rarely seen late parable of curdled naïveté in a disillusioned idealist. Free, with a limit of two tickets per applicant. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Tickets may be picked up on the day of performance, starting at 1 P.M. at the *Delacorte Theater* in Central Park, and between 1 and 3 at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.;* the closest entrances and footpaths leading directly to the Delacorte are at 81st St. and Central Park West and at 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Through 9/1. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Disappearing Act—A musical celebration of the urban gay lifestyle. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. Beginning peformances 8/26 for a 9/4 opening. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, the college-boy gentleman charmer generally credited with having raised America's national pastime from roughneck status to genteel acceptability. Written and performed by Eddie Frierson; directed by Kerrigan Mahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 8/28 for a 9/4 opening. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/5 opening. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th Street (580-1313).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700)*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the last 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $40–45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Da—"So we beat on," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, "boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." That point is brought home in a particularly vivid manner in the Irish Repertory Theater's revival of Hugh Leonard's 1978 play about a returning expatriate coming to terms with the ghost of his dead father. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony N'Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed. and Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larson, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St.* The number for tickets is *307-4100* through 8/31, *239-6200* beginning 9/1.

Onstage Altar Egos

The title characters of the long-running audience-participation comedy *Tony N' Tina's Wedding* recently walked down the aisle for the 3,000th time. (No Elizabeth Taylor jokes, please.) Coming in late? You can check out the ongoing nuptials—and grab a bite of cake at the reception afterward, as well—at St. John's Church (81 Christopher Street; 279-4200). See listings.

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature*, but you get the idea.) $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Extra performances 8/27, 8/28 at 8; no performance 9/1. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. at 10th St. (307-4100).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony N' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Valley of the Dolls—With summer drawing to a close, now's the time to stock up on cheap thrills before the serious season arrives. And they probably don't come cheaper than this stage adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's celebrated book-and-screen trashfest about three young, not particularly inhibited girls on the make in the big city. (Imagine!) $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 11. Through 9/14. *Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. (307-4100)*

Virgil Is Still the Frogboy—Dramatist Lanford Wilson (*Talley's Folly, Burn This*) has come up in the world considerably, it seems, in the three decades since *Balm in Gilead,* his breakthrough play about desperate bohemians seeking to find themselves in the more *louche* sections of New York. His latest script observes a similar process among five well-to-do young friends summering in the Hamptons. It's at the *Bay Street Theatre in Sag Harbor* through September 9; call *516-725-9500* for ticket information and directions.

Off-Off Broadway

The Donut Hole—$10. Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/31. *The Interlude, 45 W. 21st St. (388-2260).*

Fig and Gator—A Gothic meditatin on the interplay of good and evil. $10. 8/28–9/1 at 8, 9/1 at 3. *Nada, 167 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Freiheit Makes a Stand—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Vineyard, 26th Street Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (529-3626, ext. 100).*

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy re-telling of the Gospel of St. Matthew. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

It's Toast—A new play by Theater for the New City's Crystal Field about life in New York is the focus this year of the group's annual Summer Street Theater tour. It plays at various outdoor sites throughout the five boroughs through *9/15;* call *254-1109* for details. Free.

Keats—Austin Pendleton, down from a recent engagement at the Williamstown Theatre Festival, stars as the poet in David Shepard's one-man play about the latter's final, tubercular days in Italy. Wed.–Sat. at 8., Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 8/31. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (925-8645).*

King Lear—Off, off, you lendings! Shakespeare's greatest play, outdoors where you can ease the concomitant tensions about tragic necessity with a hot dog or two. Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/15. *Washington Square Park (330-8086).*

The Monster & Maggie—A stage piece drawn from the writings of Stephen Crane. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/31. *Sargent Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (595-1733).*

No In Between—A musical revue, comprised of new songs and Broadway standards, about a young New York guy on his morning run in Central Park. $10, plus a two-drink minimum. 8/26 at 9:30, 8/27 at 7, 8/28 and 8/29 at 6, 9/1 ast 9, 9/3 at 7, 9/5 at 6. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Smash the Treadmill—$10. Mon. and Tues. at 8. Through 8/27. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (721-7903).*

Vampire Lesbians of Sodom—From Sodom to Las Vegas with Charles Busch: What *else* do you need to know? $10, plus a two-drink minimum. Fri. at 10. Through 9/27. *The Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Photograph by Blanche Mackey.

in concert

Fiesta Mexicana...O Canada...*Ghost Dance*

Performance

Domestic Goddesses

Women Centerstage, a celebration of women in the arts, wraps up at the Salon (432 East 91st Street) with 'Canned Cherries,' a multimedia dance choreographed by Yanira Castro, with new music by Tony Silva. Also appearing: whipped cream, an oversize chair, and fifteen alarm clocks.

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 27

Juilliard in Concert—Soprano Shelly Watson, baritone James Martin, and keyboardist Blair McMillen. They perform the same program 8/28 at Stuyvesant Park, E. 15th St. bet. First and Second Aves., and 8/29 at Dante Park, W. 64th St. bet. Columbus Ave. and Broadway. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden La., at 12:30; free.*

Peter Donovan Jazz Quartet—Students from Juilliard perform works by Donovan, Alexiev, Brenin, and Coltrane with soprano Karla Simmons. *Battery Park (566-6700), at 12:30; free.*

Jania—Jann Parker with the Spirit of Life Ensemble. *Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (416-5354), at 6; free.*

Wednesday, August 28

Monsters of Midtown—An eleven-piece supergroup performs jazz, Cajun, and rock favorites. *Pershing Square, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (922-9393), at 12:30; free.*

Thursday, August 29

Young Performers—Soprano Arianna Zukerman, baritone Neil Michaels, and keyboardist Ken Schwartz perform. *Battery Park (566-6700), at 12:30; free.*

Monsters of Midtown—See 8/28. *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway (922-9393), at 12:30; free.*

Bargemusic—Pianist Randall Hodgkinson, violinist Lynn Chang, and cellist Bion Tsang perform works by Tcherepnin, Brahms, and Beethoven. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Friday, August 30

Look, Listen, Lunch—Elaine Akins & the Rebel Rose Band perform for lunchtime country line dancing. Lessons will be provided. *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway (922-9393), at 12:30; free.*

Bucky Pizzarelli Trio—Jazz classics. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 6:30; free.*

Bargemusic—The Tempest Trio—piano, violin, and cello—performs works by Mozart, Shostakovich, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Sri Chinmoy—The composer and meditation master performs spiritual miracles. *High School of Fashion Industry, 225 W. 24th St. (718-740-5194), at 8; free.*

Summergarden—Music for solo piano by Chausson, Debussy, Dukas, and Messiaen. Last concert of the summer. *Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491); garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, August 31

Canada! Atlantic and Beyond—A daylong festival of eastern Canada's musical traditions. Starts at 3 with Barachois, an Acadian quartet who play the saw and spoons. At 5, the Punters play Celtic rock from Newfoundland. At 8, Natalie MacMaster and David MacIsaac fiddle, and Mary Jane Lamond performs Celtic traditional songs. *Damrosch Park and Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), from 3 to 9; free.*

Summergarden—See 8/30.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, September 1

Bargemusic—See 8/29, at 4.

Jazz Genius of Watts—The Mingus Big Band, Chico Hamilton, and Buddy Collette perform, celebrating artists from Los Angeles's Watts district. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 7:30; free.*

Monday, September 2

Anton Miller, Violinist—Performs works by Bach and Beethoven with pianist Ilan Rechtman. *Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. (944-6050), at 8; free.*

New Juilliard Ensemble—Joel Sachs, conductor. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (799-5000), at 8; free.*

Dance

Ghost Dance—U.S. premiere of a new collaboration by Paula Josa-Jones, Pauline Oliveros, and artists from Monterrey, Mexico. 8/27 and 8/28 at 7. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

In-Young Sohn Dance Company of Korea—Over 50 dancers perform the women's Korean folk favorite *Kanggangsullae*. 8/30 at 5:30. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Martha Graham Dance Ensemble—Performs works by modern-dance pioneer Graham and Twyla Tharp. 8/30 at 8:15. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Lula Washington's Dance Theatre Company—Part of a daylong celebration of artists who have come out of Los Angeles's Watts section. 9/1 at 5:30. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Fiesta Mexicana—Performances by Estampa y Tradiciones, Bustamenta Azteca, and Danza Contemporanea en Concierto de Monterrey. 9/2 from 2 to 6. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Canned Cherries—8/30 and 8/31 at 9. *The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. (426-5800); $12.*

Photograph by Esther M. Moux.

nightlife

k.d.lang...Tracy Bonham...CMJ

Concerts

CMJ Music Marathon—From 9/4 to 9/7, *College Music Journal's* three-day, citywide trade show descends on New York, bringing with it a smørgasbord of alt-rock enthusiasts, laminate-bearing industry wonks, and budding acts vying for a spot on the bill. Related events are hereafter denoted with an asterisk (*).

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival—Focusing on the arts of North America and the Caribbean, the twenty-sixth annual installment provides free performances by some three dozen acts in the midsummer splendor of Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza, North Plaza, and Damrosch Park Band Shell. Related performances are hereafter denoted with a dagger (†).

Beck—No "Loser" he, the schleppy pop genius Beck has returned from hiding after his self-abasing hit of 1993 and the one-hit-wonder rep it generated. His new *Odelay* is something of a masterpiece, a funky Dumpster dive through sixties psychedelia, old-school rap, and country-and-western, with revelatory gems like the roadhouse jammie "Where It's At," and the unstoppable "Devil's Haircut," the latter summoning apocalyptic dread like a Muppet Dylan. On 8/27, he plays with the wonderful New York combo Cibo Matto, comrades in pop conquest by the odd and tuneful, and on 8/28, with Beastie Boys organist Keyboard Money Mark. Both shows at 8 p.m. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. Sold out.*

The Buzzcocks—While the Sex Pistols had better soundbites, these high-punk contemporaries just may have the better tunes. With a winning cross between Clash angst, Rotten sneer, and Monkees tunefulness, the Buzzcocks wrote the playbook for Green Day and countless others and made the neurotic British accent a pop guise worth fetishizing. 9/4 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

"Canada! Atlantic and Beyond"†—A daylong celebration of the music of Canada, with Nova Scotia fiddle impresarios Natalie McMaster, David MacIsaac, and Mary Jane Lamond, Newfoundland Celtic rockers the Punters, and others. 8/31 at 3 P.M. *Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Free.*

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—A summerlong series of concerts showcasing talent from around the globe. Dancing is encouraged. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Free.*

Melissa Etheridge—8/29 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, NJ. (307-7171). $37.*

Gin Blossoms—The soundtrack darlings play "Till I Hear it From You," and other radio-ready alterna-pop faves on 8/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (307-7171). $21.50.*

House of Blues "Barnburner Tour"—With Joe Cocker, Buddy Guy, the Radiators, Fabulous Thunderbirds, and the Gales Brothers. 8/31 at 6:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh. (307-7171). $32.*

"Jazz Genius of Watts"†—As teenagers, Chico Hamilton, Charles Mingus, and Buddy Collette played together in the Los Angeles High School jazz band. Since then, Hamilton became one of the premier voices in jazz drumming, playing with everyone from Gerry Mulligan to Dexter Gordon and going on to a long career as a bandleader. Collette started a career as a formidable reedsman, backing Nat "King" Cole and Frank Sinatra. And Mingus, well, became Mingus. Some 60 years later, Hamilton's quartet, featuring Collette, and the formidable Mingus Big Band converge to pay homage to their hometown of Watts, Calif. 9/1 at 7:30 P.M. *Damrosch Park Band Shell at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Free.*

Jethro Tull—8/30 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh. Sold out.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

k.d. lang—A somewhat unlikely pop icon, lang has long been country music's ambassador of gender issues after a ballyhooed yet unshocking coming-out, a controversial *Vanity Fair* cover with Cindy Crawford, and the distinction of being dubbed "country music's Elvis" by fellow gender gymnast Madonna. She embraces the role with aplomb on the sensual *All You Can Eat,* a marked departure from the more straightforward, subdued country pop of 1988's *Ingenue.* If the success of the album's racy singles, "I Want it All" and "Get Some," is any indicator, lang is sure to be dodging a plethora of bras and underwear when she takes the stage on 8/29 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh. (307-7171). $35.*

Look, Listen, Lunch—A series of midday concerts sponsored by the 34th Street Partnership. 8/28: Monsters of Midtown, an eleven-piece ensemble featuring Roy Campbell, Sadiq Abdushahid, Sean Grissom, and others. Every Friday in August at 12:30 P.M. *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway. Free.*

Deidra Murray and Unstrung†—8/28 at 6 P.M. *North Plaza at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Free.*

Bucky Pizzarelli†—The standard-bearing, Django Reinhart–channeling guitarist plays with Trio Three-O. 8/30 at 6:30 P.M. *North Plaza at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Free.*

Sepultura—Something happens to speed-metal outfits when they've been around for about a decade. Metallica started singing, Slayer did a cover record of punk tunes, and now Sepultura, Latin America's most evil export, is examining its roots. Retreating into the rain forest of its native Brazil with a portable studio to jam with some forest-dwelling

One Shot
A New Wave Supergroup

In the Smithereens, Pat DiNizio survived pre-record-deal life by playing covers and backing oldies acts. This week he finds true rock symmetry: leading members of Blondie, the Psychedelic Furs, the Go-Go's, the Fleshtones, and other recovering New Wavers in an all-star jam at Tramps, August 30.

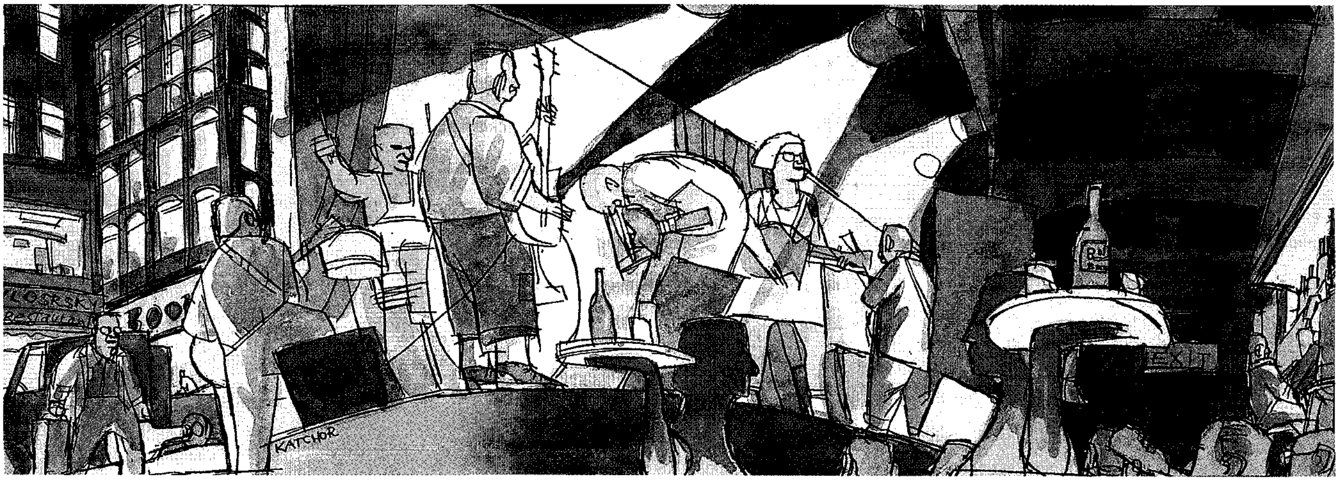

Illustration by Ben Katchor.

Xavantes Indians, the band emerged two days later with a complete album in hand, replete with guest appearances by Latin percussion maestro Carlinos Brown. However, those looking for an identifiable samba may be disappointed. *Roots* is still loud, fast, and short enough to satisfy the staunchest grind-core enthusiasts. 9/1 at 9 P.M. *Limelight, 47 W. 20th St. (307-7171). $17.*

Splendor of Mexico†—A daylong celebration of roots music from Northern Mexico, led by serenading Mexican chanteuse Veronica Roble, Mariachis Grupo Mono Blanco, and the Tambuco Percussion Ensemble. 9/2 at 5 P.M. *Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Free.*

"Theremin Invasion"†—Long before Robert Moog chirped his first analogue sound wave, the Russian inventor Theremin was summoning space-age sounds unlike any the world had ever seen. However, the oddity was ahead of its time, and, except for the occasional star turn—Brian Wilson employed one for the Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations"—the theremin languished in obscurity for some 60 years. Now, with an acclaimed documentary about its inventor wowing Cannes, a dozen Websites paying homage to it, and untold numbers of alt-rock retro-fetishists (Matthew Sweet, Combustible Edison) scrambling to work one into the mix, the electromagnetic, noncontact wonder is experiencing something of a renaissance. Enter Neely Bruce, avant-classical composer and longtime Theremaniac, who hauls the old boy out for an evening of music composed exclusively for theremin. Leon would be proud. 9/4 at 6:30 P.M. *North Plaza at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Free.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/30: John Mayall. 8/31: Required Listening: A Risk Free Evening of Discovery. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 9/1: Juicy. 9/2: Meices. 9/4: Frogs★. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Every Sunday, it's the Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle D.J. salon, "Konkrete Jungle." 9/4: Sleater-Kinney; Chrome Cranks★. *15 St. Marks Place. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 8/30: Congo Norvell; Sister Boy; Little Annie. 8/31: Pucho and his Latin Soul Brothers. 9/4: Ida; Magnetic Fields★. Every Tuesday, it's the electro-funk rotating D.J. showcase party, Analog. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/27: Todd Rundgren. 8/31: Toots and the Maytals. 9/4: Archers of Loaf★. *17 Irving Place (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/27: William Hooker Quartet. 8/29: Lars Vegas. 8/31: Ric Ocasek. 9/2: The David Murray Big Band is reborn as the New Legacy Orchestra. 9/4: Versus; Low; Lois; Elliot Smith★. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies' Night. 8/29: Sugar Blue, bluesman and erstwhile harmonica sessioneer with the Rolling Stones. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 8/30: Vitapup; Halcion. 9/1: After two sold-out nights at the Supper Club, Beck gets unplugged. 9/3: Manic Street Preachers. 9/4: Pansy Division★. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. Through 8/27: Primitive Radio Gods. 9/3: Tracy Bonham. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 8/27: Soul Room. 8/28: –Ize; 32 Tribes; Jah Works. 8/29: Byron Lee and the Dragonaires. 8/30: Tabou Combo. 8/31: Mighty Sparrow. 9/2: Bobby Sanabria y Ascension. 9/4: Hip-Bop Records showcase with Tom Browne; Bop City; Urbanator★. Shows nightly *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. 8/31: After a ten-year hiatus, juju progenitor King Sunny Ade takes the stage on 8/31, in support of the recently released *E Dide Get Up*. 9/3: Grant Lee Buffalo. 9/4: Face to Face★. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-price rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 9/3: Sonic Boom; D.J. Spooky. 9/4: Semi-Beings; Latimer; Perfume Tree; Trouble Charger; Moonshake; Loop Guru★. Show at 8:30 p.m. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 9/4: The Roots; Bahamadia; Jeru the Damaja; Artifacts.★ *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Talent

Prime Time

Thanks to Tracy Bonham (Mercury Lounge, September 3), the year's funniest, edgiest family sitcom is three minutes long and airs exclusively on MTV. In her video for the song "Mother Mother," Bonham sings a phone call to Mom from the living-room TV screen, as Mom—played by the actual Mrs. Bonham—putters about, placidly dusting as the song builds to an infernal scream of filial frustration: "I'm hungry/I'm dirty/I'm losing my mind / *Everything's fine!*" *My So-Called Life* should have such dialogue. Luckily, Bonham's debut, *The Burdens of Being Upright,* actually backs up the first single with a collection of equally provocative and catchy rock songs. (Given the success of "Mother Mother," a tuneful psychodrama called "Navy Bean" should have its own mini-series.) At 29, the classically trained violinist and singer clearly has talent and poise enough to survive the post-Alanis pigeonholing a woman must endure after screaming her way into the Top 40. The only problem is, Bonham may find she has a permanent silent partner. "My mom is really into it," Bonham says. "Now she knows every single video on MTV. She's like, 'Oh, that's the Smashing Pumpkins; oh, yeah, that's Alice in Chains.' And she's kind of hinting around that she wants to be in *every* video of mine. Now I'm thinking, Oh my God, what have I created?"

CHRIS NORRIS

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking lights. 8/28: Bern Nix Trio. 8/29: Andrew

Photograph by Danny Clinch.

Lamb Quartet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 8/27–9/1: Caribbean Jazz Project with Paquito D'Rivera, Dave Samuels, and Andy Narell. 9/2: Turk Mauro Quintet featuring Eric Allison. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 8/31: Russell Malone Trio. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 8/27–9/1: Randy Weston's African Rhythms Trio. 9/3–9/8: Toots Theilmans Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 8/28–8/31: Pianist Pete Malinveri and bassist Calvin Hill. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 8/27–9/1: Andrew Hill Quartet with Bennie Maupin, Rufus Reid, and Pheeroan Alkaff. 9/3–9/8: Mulgrew Miller/Wingspan featuring Steve Wilson, Steve Nelson, Richie Goods, and Ron Savage with Gary Bartz on Fri. and Sat. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's The Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. 8/27–9/1: Jo Thompson. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. 9/3–9/8: Clark Terry plays with a quintet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 8/27: New York Comedy Nights. 8/29–9/1: Joey Kola; Paul Mooney. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set of a NYC apartment where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 p.m. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 9/1: Ray Romano; Greer Barnes; Vic Henley; Dave Attell; Tony Woods; Rick Crom. Shows Fri. 9 p.m. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M. 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 9/1: Bernie McGrenahan; Ben Creed; Quentin Higgs; Nancy Redman; John Rizzo; Billy Jaye. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the flat-iron district. 8/30–8/31: Paul Mecurio; Mark Marin; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 p.m.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 p.m. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 8/28–8/30: John Lampert; Gregg Rogelle; D.C. Benny; André Fernandez. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Talent

Mr. Mumbles

Clark Terry is a multilingual kinda cat: fluent in trumpet and flügelhorn, swing and hard-bop, and—with his hilariously distinctive "mumble" scatting—a language spoken only by himself. He serenades the Village Vanguard September 3–8.

Bemelmans Bar—Through 10/12: pianist Peter Mintun. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediteranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen has tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Hotel Parker Meridien, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $25 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Hotel Parker Meridien, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Following the gratifying success of his show "20th Century Pop" with rock goddesses Marianne Faithfull, Merry Clayton, and Darlene Love this past January, impresario Steve Paul continues his ongoing project of imbuing this customarily *soigné* nightspot with a slightly funkier note. This time, Maxine Brown, Vivian Reed, and Bunny Siegler are featured in "20th Century R&B: A Musical Celebration." Through 8/31. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the **Rainbow Room**'s "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band in alternating sets. (On Wednesdays, guest vocalist Lynn Roberts sits in.) Tues.–Sat. from 7:30 PM to 1 AM. $20 music charge; an à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.–Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sullivan's—Broadway's newest fifties-retro snuggery is being kicked off with sounds appropriate to the pose. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Mark Thompson plays piano; on Wednesdays, he's joined by the other two members of the Mark Thompson Trio. Thurs.: The Danny Mixon Trio. Fri.: "Stuff," featuring Gordon Edwards and friends. And Fridays are given over to a revolving assortment of R& B talent. The whole scene is under the supervision of the Letterman *Late Show* musical director (and restaurant co-owner) Paul Shaffer; conveniently enough, he only has to run down a flight or two of stairs in the Ed Sullivan Theater to be in it. No cover; there's a two-drink minimum on Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, at 53rd St., in the Ed Sullivan Theater. (541-1697).*

Windows on the World—At the recently opened (and somewhat immodestly named, frankly—but, hey, this is New York) Greatest Bar in the World, pianists Xavier Davis and Greg McKenzie can be found on hand seven days a week; a small combo is added to the mix Thursday through Saturday. This week, Militant Bongo offers a casual mix of rock, reggae, ska, and soul. No music charge Sun–Wed.; Thurs.–Sat., $10 per person after 9. *1 World Trade Center, 107th Floor (524-7000).*

restaurants

Legal Steakhouse...Water World...Public Art

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KODAK TX 6043
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VESELKA
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On View
Local Characters

When an expanded Veselka reopens next month, it will have a sidewalk café and—for borscht on the run—a takeout counter that's streamlined and, they hope, more efficient. East Village artist Arnie Charnick, whose art has graced Veselka for some twenty years, painted a temporary mural on the construction site (it's just around the bend on 9th Street), and will design a permanent interior one to christen the revamped Ukrainian greasy spoon. (144 Second Avenue.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Michael Ackerman.

Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, third floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, third floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

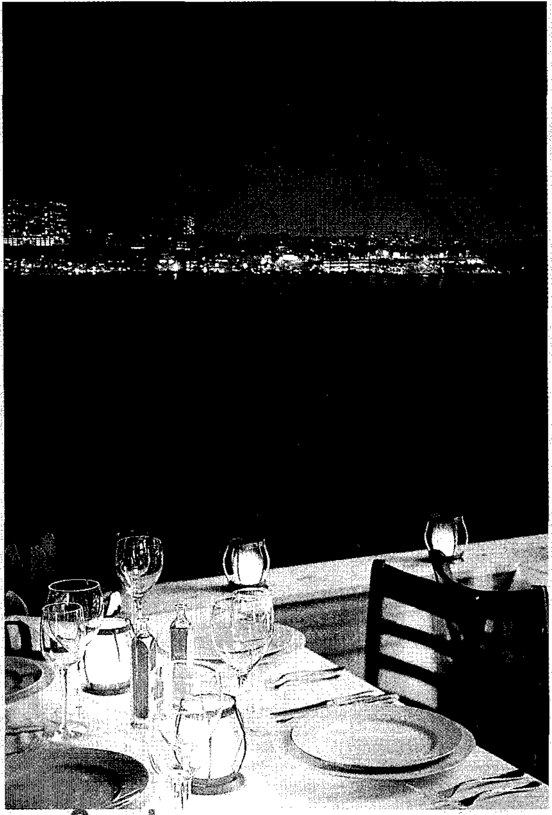
Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening
Marine World

Literally perched above the Hudson, Aquamarine, with its cedar boardwalk, cantilevered deck, sculpture garden, and emerald grass, is the best thing to hit the waterfront since Chelsea Piers. The American menu has up-to-the-minute Asian and Italian accents and—of course—plenty of seafood. (Hudson River and 26th Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Peewee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

C.T./Claude Troisgros—Scion of the fabled Troisgros chef dynasty, Claude spins updated French with Latin and Asian touches he picked up during his travels. Big, bright, stylish room and original presentations make a meal here a unique dining experience. Jacket required. *111 E. 22nd St. (995-8500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating

The *real* specialty is the menu of 36 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Notaro Ristorante—This new Kips Bay Italian restaurant has already attracted a loyal following form NYU Hospital across the street with dishes like New Zealand rack of lamb with Cabernet-wine sauce, spicy Tuscan seafood, and cacciucco alla Toscana. *635 Second Ave., nr. 34th St. (686-3400). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquamarine—A trailblazer on the Hudson waterfront, this new restaurant plays up its exceptional location with a sculpture garden, a river walk, sunset views, and patio dining. The American menu features curry-dusted Chilean bass with mashed potatoes, and black-pepper-glazed pork chop with a potato crisp. *Hudson River and 26th St. (243-9500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. On Sundays, there's live reggae and a raw bar. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

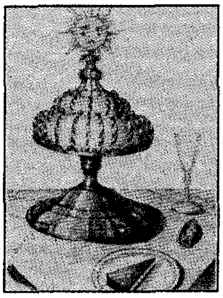
Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop



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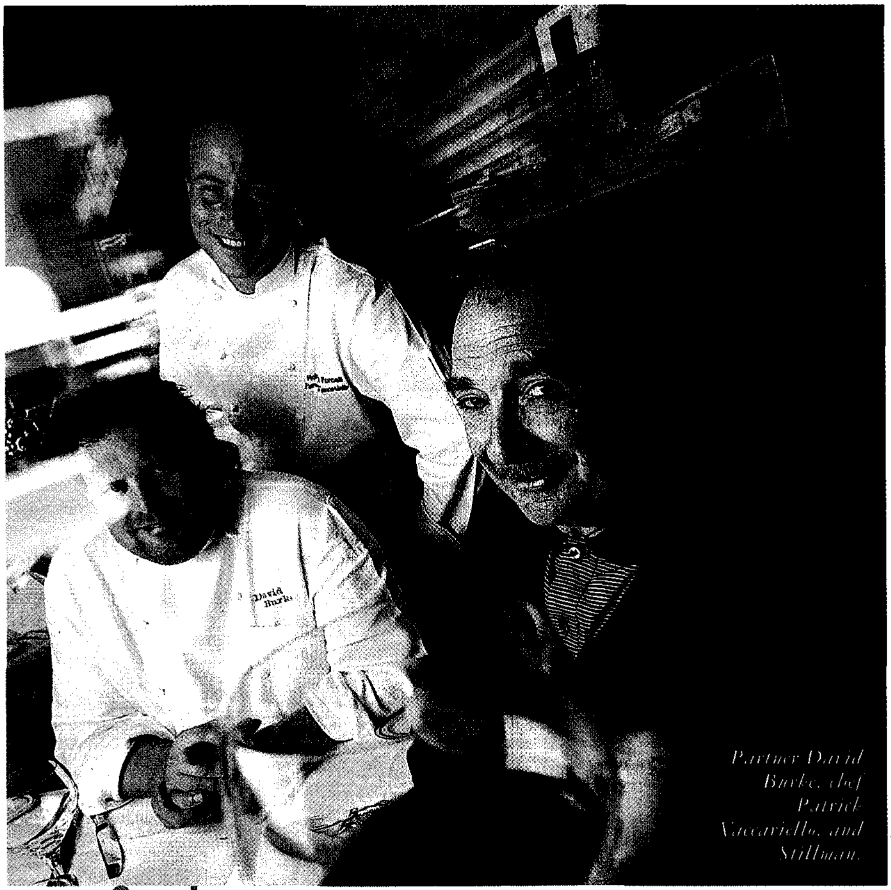
with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Partner David Burke, chef Patrick Vaccariello, and Stillman.

Opening

Cravath, Swain & Sirloin?

Perhaps sensing that his own name lacked the meat-and-potatoes resonance of Smith and Wollensky, restaurateur Alan Stillman co-opted the heartier, more ethnic-sounding names of his (sometime) legal counsel for his newest steakhouse, Maloney & Porcelli (37 East 50th Street). Park Avenue Cafe's David Burke helped craft the beef-riddled menu, which includes such anomalies as lobster steak and swordfish London broil.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Wylie's Rib & Steak Joint—And a true "joint" it is, with messy finger food like baby back ribs, plus steak and barbecued chicken. *891 First Ave., at 50th St. (751-0700). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100) (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldes speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the

Photograph by Warren Salowe

theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix-fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. *777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. *58 W. 56th St. (585-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed the formerly subdued Symphony Cafe space into a lively (for midtown) canteen, with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave.,*

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at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Arlo's—There aren't many restaurants of this caliber on this somewhat barren strip of York Avenue; chef Christian Caiazzo's New American menu, informed by his stint under Wolfgang Puck at Postrio, shows creativity and verve. Try the grilled salmon with lemon couscous, wild-mushroom risotto, or grilled lamb chops with tapioca-curried rice and cucumber-yogurt sauce. *1394 York Ave., at 74th St. (327-0870). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monte's Italian Steakhouse—This two-in-one restaurant lets you OD on beef, with aged prime steaks prepared on a woodburning grill, or order Italian specialties like family-style chicken scarpariello or angel's-hair pasta with grilled eggplant and basil ricotta. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pomodori—An uptown Italian bistro "with Mom in the kitchen" and an outdoor café. Grilled meats, fish, and pastas like cavatelli al cartoccio. *1425 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (472-5225). (I–M) ($).*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

kids

Mighty Tugs...Meow Mix

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Tug of War—A Labor Day–weekend celebration of New York's working tugs: Tour last year's race winner, the *Hackensack*—a vintage Navy tugboat—free of charge, 8/31, 10–5. The Fourth Annual Intrepid Tugboat Challenge begins when boats parade past Pier 86, on the Hudson River at 46th St., 9/1 from 12:25. Viewers can watch free of charge from the spectator barge at the end of the pier or pay **Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum** admission to cheer from the *Fantail,* the destroyer *Edson,* or the flight deck of the *Intrepid;* $10 adults, $7.50 students ages 12 to 17, $5 children 6 to 11; for kids under 6, admission is free to the first and a dollar for each additional child. The race begins from the 79th St. Boat Basin at 12:45, followed by the nose-to-nose pushing contest at 1 and a line-heaving contest at 1:30. Children's activities take place throughout the day; awards are presented at 2:30. 46th St. at 12th Ave.; 245-2533. (See photo and essay.)●●

Past Lives—A rotating display of exquisitely costumed marionettes, sections of toy theaters, and other ephemera from the New York–based King-Coit Children's Theatre, where children staged *A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Wizard of Oz,* and other classics, in the twenties through the fifties. "Performance in Miniature" will be on permanent display at **The Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Hours are Wed. through Sat. 10 to 5, Sun. 1 to 5. Suggested donation $5 adults; $4 seniors, students, and children; $10 families.

West Indian Beat—Get in the mood for the Labor Day West Indian Parade by dancing to New Generation Pan Vibes, a steel band whose members range in age from 9 to 18. Costumes are optional; admission is free. 8/30 at 6:30. **Brooklyn Children's Museum,** 145 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn (718-735-4402). ●

Meow—"Big Cats Weekend" gives little kids a song-and-dance context to appreciate what Siberian tigers, snow leopards, and cheetahs have in common besides claws. Dancers, storytellers, and musicians perform feline-inspired enertainment; kids can join in games and get their faces painted. 8/31 and 9/1, 11:30–4:30. **The Bronx Zoo,** 185th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-367-1010); admission $6.75, $3 children 2 to 12 and seniors, free on Wed.; parking $5. ●

Photograph by Frank V. De Sisto.

Happening

Towing the Line

Looking back over 49 years on New York Harbor, Fred Kosnac isn't sure exactly why it is that children in particular are so fascinated with the way he makes a living—docking-in ocean liners, hauling barges, and occasionally pulling a helicopter out of the drink. He's hardly objective—it's the work he watched his father do and now labors at alongside his grown-up son. "It's like seeing the mighty ant, I guess, the little guy moving big stuff around—you gotta wonder how he does it." Identifying, perhaps, with bigness in spunk despite smallness of stature, kids crowd the spectator barge and ships at Pier 86 on the Hudson River for a good view of the finish line in the annual tugboat race. The race is now in its fourth year since the fifties tradition was revived. More kid-pleasing events have been added to the Intrepid Tugboat Challenge this year—among them a spinach-consuming competition, a temporary-tattoo station, and a toy-boat dock—along with the perennial crowd-pleaser of a contest, with judging by applause, of the best tattoo on a tugboat crew member. (See "Children's Events" for a complete schedule.) Kosnac's yellow-and-black tug, the *Gotham,* has garnered several trophies in previous years in both the main events—the dramatic race down the Hudson and the engine-revving, nose-to-nose, tug-pushing face-off. Despite friendly rivalry over "bragging rights of the harbor," in events like these, Kosnac says, camaraderie always comes first among tugboat sailors. "We're in the habit of waving to each other out there," he says. "You never know when you're gonna wind up in trouble and need help."

Barbara Ensor

Weisberg *continued from page 18*

isn't. "Time is running out," he says.

This year's so-far civilized campaign may undermine the notion that our electoral discourse is so benighted as to be in need of a Canadian fix. But if both the Taylor and the convention ideas were adopted, they would improve the tenor of presidential politics. The general election would open with the convention presentations, continue with debates, and culminate in a half-hour or so of free TV for each candidate. Some version of this occurs in most European nations. In England, the BBC and ITV must carry "party political broadcasts." Each major party is granted an equal number of ten-minute segments to present its case, with less time for minor parties. These broadcasts are the butt of many jokes, but do contribute to a broad understanding of the issues and support the high-road tone of British campaigns.

The big obstacle here is the networks. McCain, who says he likes the idea of assured airtime for the conventions, is not optimistic about getting Disney (ABC), General Electric (NBC), and Westinghouse (CBS) to do anything that loses them money. "They are the cleverest and most powerful lobby in Washington," he says, pointing to the media-over-taxpayer victory on the issue of spectrum auctions in this year's telecommunications bill. "But they've got to recognize that even though they win all the time and politicians are afraid of them, sooner or later they're going to find themselves in even lower esteem than politicians if they don't act in the public interest." McCain thinks networks should be required to provide free airtime during campaigns as a condition of retaining a federal broadcast license.

It's just possible, though, that the networks might accede without coercion. "I think there is a public service to be done," says Andrew Heyward, the president of CBS News. "It is absolutely valuable to see what candidates have to say and how they say it." Heyward says he is open to finding a fresh way to keep covering the conventions extensively. This sentiment is echoed by Tom Bettag, the executive producer of ABC's *Nightline.* Under the present system, "everyone is uncomfortable," he says. Bettag thinks a mutually agreed-upon free-airtime model could help solve the confusion. There's a sweetener for the networks, too. They could cover the conventions for a lot less than the $3 million to $5 million each massive troop deployment now costs them. It's pretty simple. All they have to do is show up, shut up, and point the camera. ■

the mix

"American Pins"...Word.com

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—8/27: Coates's *London Suite* and Brahms's Symphony No. 3 in F, Opus 90. 8/28: Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in g, K. 550. 8/29: Beethoven's *King Stephen,* Opus 117: Overture and Prokofiev's Symphony #5 in B flat, Opus 100. 8/30: Stamitz's Symphony in G, Opus 13/16, No.4, and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D, Opus 35. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Breakfast at Random House—9/1 at 12:30 P.M.: "War Correspondents: The Literature and Reporting of Conflict." With Peter Arnett, Jerry Nachman, Alfred Kazin, William Prochnau, and Liz Trotta. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—8/31 at 1: Borodin's *Prince Igor.* With Mikhail Kit, Galina Gorchakova, Gegam Grigorian, and Vladimir Ognovienko and the Kirov Chorus. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—8/27: Roger Morris on *Partners in Power;* Lynne Sharon Schwartz talks about *Ruined by Reading;* James Houston on *Confessions of an Igloo Dweller.* 8/27: David Kaplan talks about the story of the Aum Doomsday cult in *The Cult at the End of the World;* James Ridgeway and Sylvia Plachy look inside the sex industry in *Red Light;* novelist Rebecca Stowe on *The Shadow of Desire.* 8/28: David Mixner on *Stranger Among Friends;* Brad Gooch talks about his novel about sex in the seventies, *The Golden Age of Promiscuity;* Marion Wink talks about her memoir *First Comes Love;* Molly Peacock and Neil Neches, who together edited *Poetry in Motion.* 8/29: Nancy Griffin and Kim Masters on how Jon Peters and Peter Guber took Sony for a ride, in *Hit and Run;* Michelle Khan talks about starring across from Jackie Chan in *Supercop;* Lawrence Block advises fiction writers in *Spider, Spin Me a Web.* 8/30: Winifred Gallagher on how heredity and experience make you who you are, in *I.D.;* Jan Wong discusses her long march from Mao to now in *Red China Blues;* Hawaiian novelist Lois-Ann Yamanaka on *Wild Meat and the Bully Burgers;* bandleader Peter Duchin on his memoir *Ghost of a Chance.* 9/1: Stanley Cloud and Lynne Olson talk about pioneers on the front lines of broadcast journalism in *The Morrow Boys;* David Quammen on *The Song of the Dodo;* Richard Ford on his novel *Independence Day.* 9/2: Geoffrey Ward discusses the companion to the PBS television series *The West;* Chris Cooper on his role in the Civil War drama *Pharaoh's Army;* jazz great Clark Terry. 9/4: Art Buchwald on his memoir *I'll Always Have Paris!* Patricia Hearst on the mystery *Murder at San Simeon;* Elmore Leonard tells why he's *Out of Sight.* Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

Casper Citron—8/31 at 10 P.M.: Liz Holtzman discusses her new political memoir *Who Said It Would Be Easy,* about her 21 years in public service; Roger Tory Peterson, naturalist, conservationist, and photographer, talks about *Penguins* in an encore interview; Tom Noonan and Karen Young talk about the film *The Wife,* which is the psychological story of a marriage; Kenneth Mendenez talks of the steps involved in choosing and managing a lawyer in *Taming the Lawyers.* WOR, 710 AM.

Cue

Kate O'Hara
Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

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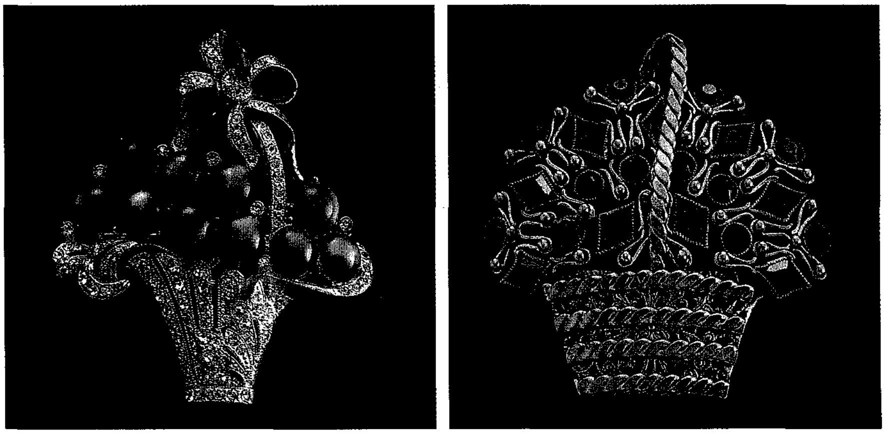
Cabaret



In Print In Italy, it's called "American pins"; in the United States, costume jewelry passes under the euphemisms "jewels of Hollywood" or "Depression-era." Thanks in part to Jackie's stash of the stuff, collectors are now starting to pay serious attention to pieces that previously languished in oblivion. Gabriella Mariotti has been interested all along; her assortment of brooches are handsomely presented in ***All My Baskets*** (Franco Maria Ricci).

Photographs by Giovanni Ricci.

The Written Word

Nick Hornby—9/5 at 7: Reads from *High Fidelity.* Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave., bet. 68th and 69th Sts. (9570-0201); free.

Readings at A Different Light—8/27: Julian Fleisher reads from *The Drag Queens of New York: An Illustrated Field Guide.* 8/31: *Vogue* editor and New York *Observer* columnist William Norwich reads from *Learning to Drive.* 8/4: Contributing writers Robert Jones, Scott Helm, Dick Scalan, Ernestro Mestre, Christopher Bram, Joe Westmoreland, and Michael Lowenthal read from the new anthology *Best American Gay Fiction.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Tours

Immigrant New York—8/28 and 9/4 at 1: A multiethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa to see the contributions made by immigrants of yesterday and today. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

New York Old and New—8/31 at 1: A guided tour of Lower Manhattan emphasizing the history and architecture of New York's oldest neighborhood. Stops include: the Woolworth Building, Trinity Church, the founding sites of the New York Stock Exchange, and sites associated with Alexander Hamilton, Theodossia Burr, and Pierre Toussaint. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Moviemania Walking Tour—8/31, 9/1, and 9/2 (East Side tour at 12:30 and West Side tour at 2:30): Two separate back-to-back walking tours of famous movie locations from the East and West Sides. Promised stops include: the townhouse from *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* a James Bond getaway scene, Lois Lane's *Superman* apartment, the site of Marilyn Monroe's subway skirt pose from *The Seven Year Itch,* the closing scenes from *Ghostbusters, The Way We Were,* and many others. Reservations required. For meeting site and further information, please call 465-3331; $12 (both tours $20).

Greenwich Village—8/30 at 1: A walking tour of New York's legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, with a special emphasis on the history and architecture of the area. Stops will include: the Jefferson Market Courthouse, Washington Square Park's "Hanging Elm," and St. Luke-in-the-Fields Chapel. Meet at the Washington Square Arch, located in Washington Square Park. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Ellis Island—9/1 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds, including a talk on the history of American immigration. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $15, $13 students and seniors (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money. But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but also their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work as well. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. The tour is $12; call 642-9166 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

mmigrant Labor, Immigrant Triumph—9/2 at 1: A special Labor Day tour featuring the role that immigrants and the labor movement have played in the growth of New York City. Stops include: the Labor Lyceum, the first Labor Day Parade, the founding sites of the ILGWU, the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory, and sites associated with Emma Goldman, Louis Kossuth, and Peter Cooper. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Online

ewel Shepard—The actress and author of *If I'm So Famous, How Come Nobody's Ever Heard of Me?* discusses life in the spotlight. On CompuServe: 8/26 at 10 P.M.

risha Yearwood—Country Music's sweetheart will talk to her fans on America Online: 8/26 at 10 P.M.

Vomen's Rights Celebration—Historian Barbara Blaisdell portrays Susan B. Anthony in an online celebration about the fight for women's rights. On CompuServe in the Women's Wire Forum: 8/26 at 9 P.M.

Vill Durst—Political comedian Will Durst, who has appeared on *Late Night with David Letterman*, chats live from the Democratic National Convention in Chicago—Durst and countless cable comedy shows. On Prodigy: 8/26 at 9 P.M.

livia Goldsmith—Her first book, *The First Wives' Club* has been made into a film that is coming out this fall starring Goldie Hawn, Bette Midler, and Diane Keaton. Her new book, *The Bestseller,* is billed as a scathing insider's look at the publishing world. Win a copy of the new book just by attending this conference. On CompuServe and on the Web in the Pathfinder site: 8/26 at 9 P.M. [*http://pathfinder.com/people/interactive/chat.html*]

ollectible Guitars—Dan Courtenay is a guitarist, collector, and aficionado who owns Chelsea 2nd Hand Guitars, a vintage guitar shop located in the historic Chelsea Hotel. Dan will be hosting this show on a biweekly basis beginning August 27, a date that will also mark the launch of a Website dedicated to vintage guitars. Also chatting will be experts John Teagle, Lisa Sharkin, and Jay Scott. On Prodigy in the Music area: 8/27 at 9 P.M.

hirley Jones—After having made so many classic films like *Oklahoma, Carousel,* and *Elmer Gantry,* Shirley Jones is still best known as the all-American mom from TV's *The Partridge Family*. Currently she's hosting a behind-the-scenes tour of classic movie musicals in the Emmy-nominated *Rodgers & Hammerstein: The Sound of Movies*. On CompuServe and on the Web in the Pathfinder site: 8/27 at 9 p.m. [*http://pathfinder.com/people/interactive/chat.html*]

Hootie & The Blowfish—Stadium rockers chat on America Online: 8/28 at 5:30 P.M..

Picking a Relationship Chat—Prodigy's resident astrology columnist Jacqueline Bigar will discuss the astrological aspects in our selection of the right person. She will select audience members for case study and to give her personal touch. On Prodigy in the Astrology & New Age area: 8/28 at 9 P.M..

Linda Buzzell—Learn everything you need to know about agents, managers, lawyers, chutzpah, the casting couch, and how to keep those dreams intact when real life intervenes. On CompuServe and on the Web in the Pathfinder site: 8/28 at P.M. [*http://pathfinder.com/people/interactive/chat.html*]

Ricky Martin—Meet the Latin superstar of Menudo and *General Hospital* fame and talk about his current role in the production of *Les Miserables*. On America Online: 8/29 at 6 P.M.

John Landis—The 1977 blockbuster *National Lampoon's Animal House* was Landis's breakthrough film. Since then he has directed some of the most popular films of the last two decades, including *The Blues Brothers* and *Trading Places*. Landis's latest comedy, *The Stupids,* with Tom Arnold and Jenny McCarthy (based on the whimsical series of children's books), opens this week. On CompuServe and on the Web in the Pathfinder site: 8/29 at P.M. [*http://pathfinder.com/people/interactive/chat.html*]

George Takei—The original Star Trek cast member, aka Captain Hikaru Sulu from the original Star Trek series, discusses the 30th anniversary of the Star Trek franchise, his September 11 appearance on the TV series *Star Trek: Voyager* and his book *To the Stars*. On the Microsoft Network: 8/29 at 9 P.M.

Martial Arts Expert cum Movie Star—Mark Dacascos stars in the new film *Island of Dr. Moreau* opposite Marlon Brando and Val Kilmer; he portrays Lo-Mei, half-human, half-leopard. Dacascos also appeared in the feature *Dim Sum* opposite Joan Chen. On Prodigy: 8/29 at 9 P.M.

Help with your Mortgage—Visit with mortgage experts and talk about refinancing on the Microsoft Network, *go* Homebuyer: 8/30 at 1:30 P.M.

Advice for the Gay Traveler—John F. Rozzo of the International Gay Travel Association discusses travel opportunities in Mexico. On CompuServe in the Travel Forum: 8/30 at 10 P.M.

Rock in the UK—Bring the UK's Reading Festival into your home. CompuServe will take you backstage to meet the stars of the UK's longest-running rock festival. This year the concert lineup includes: Prodigy, The Stone Roses, Garbage, Julian Cope, and many more. Just access the Virgin Reading 96 area August 23 through 25. The virtual backstage area will be available daily from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Conferences last about an hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

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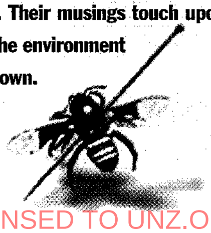
Online

Pictures From an Expedition

The primal beat of bongo drums greets readers as they enter "Guyana," a feature in the highly regarded Webzine *Word.* But relax, the multimedia Cecil Rhodes shtick is more than a little ironic, and believe it or not, the article's three white bohemian types came back from the jungle with genuine insight. A hypertext slide show (click on the highlighted text and a corresponding picture appears) illustrates diary entries penned by artists Alexis Rockman, Bob Braine, and Mark Dion as they whined and dined their way through the less-than-hospitable hinterlands of this South American heart of darkness. Their musings touch upon everything from politics to the environment to finding a KFC in Georgetown.

[*http://www.word.com*]

CHARLES RUNNETTE



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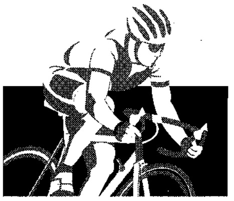

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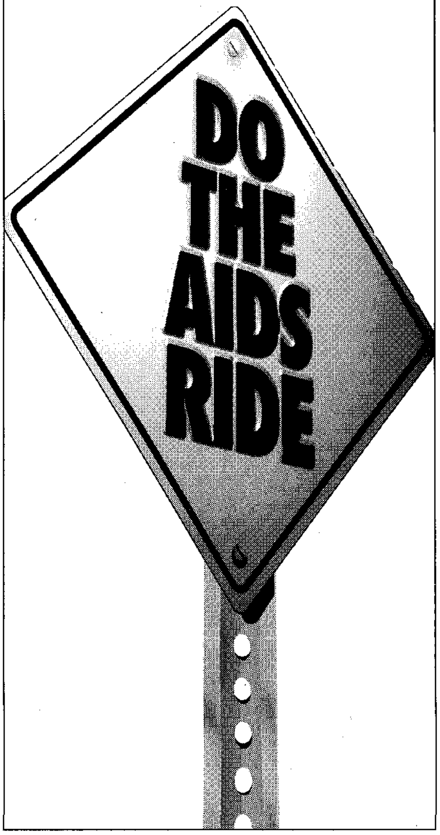

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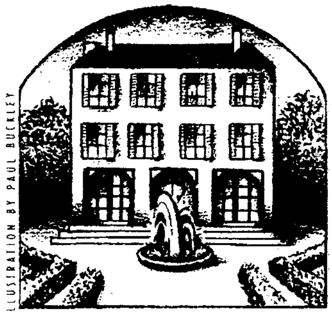
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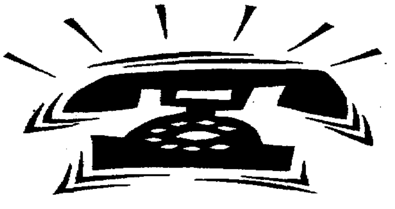

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Beautiful, Bright—Successful, blue-eyed blond, 37, seeks professional, handsome, caring, commitment-minded man, 30s-40s, with great sense of humor and heart of gold. Note/photo/phone. 2193 ✉

Sleepless In Seattle—30s, Jewish, very successful attorney. We are both kind, thoughtful, accomplished, generous, intelligent and affectionate. 2155 ✉ ☎

Come Dance Through Married Life—With fun, loving, stable, professional Jewish male, seeks caring, kind female, 34-40, to be my lifetime partner. Photo. 2101 ✉

Dreams Can Come True—LI single mother dreams of successful, intelligent, sensitive, trustworthy, attractive man, 38-45, with traditional values, for best friend and more. 2098 ✉

Handsome, 6'3"—190 lb, 34-year, never-married Jewish male physician is interested in meeting very pretty, thin, 23-31-year female. If you are very bright, ambitious, hard-working and have a very good sense of humor, even if it is a bit offbeat, please respond. 2110 ✉ ☎

Mutual Spoiling—If you are a classy, intelligent, witty, caring Jewish man, 55 plus, looking to share warm winters Florida, fun summer LI, come fly with me! I'm a 5'7", size 8, successful businesswoman, very attractive, sensuous, sensitive, sports-loving, waiting to meet you. 2108 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Financially Secure—Male of color seeks attractive female of color - pretty, slender, buxom, 27-35, down-to-earth, for serious relationship. 2145 ✉ ☎

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Cool Divorcee Looking For Number Two—And looking to get it right this time. Wonderful woman, 47, active, musical, no encumbrances, very attractive inside and out - wishes man in her life, for now and for keeps. Note/photo. 2214 ✉

Very Attractive Professional Woman—Tall, slim, 32, loves animals and children. Seeks warm, educated, financially secure, 30-40, tall, handsome mensch. Note and photo. 2146 ✉

Great Curves—Striking, sophisticated, fun-loving woman in 40s, down-to-earth, enjoys arts, travel, music, beach, movies, warm fires and romantic dining. Seeks physically fit, white professional or business gentleman, 40s-60s, with good sense of humor, for romance and possible commitment. Recent photo/note. 2126 ✉

Attractive, Special Lady—5'3", 123 lbs, auburn hair (long) and brown eyes. I'm warm and charming, pleasant, generous and sweet yet intelligent, with good values, sophisticated, down-to-earth and witty. I am a former business owner, seeking an entrepreneur/CEO-type gentleman (40 plus/American/European/Middle Eastern/under 5'11") for lasting relationship. Enjoy: theater, restaurants, sports, travel, etc. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 2085 ✉

Very Pretty Professional Female—37, slim, great legs, intelligent, seeks single, white American male, MD or DMD, 33-48, with boyish clean-cut looks, good-natured and kind - for monogamous relationship. NJ. Recent photo. 2175 ✉

A Normal—Warm, sane Jewish male, 50, many interests, sense of humor, secure with self, seeks bright, positive female who wants romance/commitment, 38-49, cute/pretty/slender. Photo optional. 2201 ✉

Blue-Eyed NJ Attorney—With a great smile, 36, Jewish, seeks Rubenesque lady who enjoys a walk in park, visiting Soho and savoring Thai food. Photo. 2174 ✉

Looking For You—Professional Jewish male, 41, 5'6", likes working out, dining, walks on the beach. Seeking fun, attractive soul mate to laugh and love with. 2168 ✉

Happily Ever After—Sought by attractive, 40s, 6' male attorney looking for my lost great love. We both want commitment, marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 2184 ✉

Graphic Artist—Professional, 43, enjoys music (jazz, blues, etc.), dining out, films, conversation. Seeks petite, caring woman, 30-40, with sense of humor and desire for possible relationship. Photo. 2100 ✉

Too Good To Be True—But I am! Superlative, Southern, spontaneous, sports-minded, dynamic, single Jewish real estate executive, 34, at "home on he range" or into "city action" - seeking equally sexy, scintillating, entertaining, very attractive, bright, single/divorced ewish female, 24-34. 2206 ✉

A Simple Request—Male desires female for long-term relationship leading to marriage. Me: 41, divorced, Jewish (not religious), good-looking, emotionally and financially secure. You: ??? Us: Happily ever after! Photo/note/phone a must. 2088 ✉

Call Of The Wild—Could you be wild about me? Beautiful, brainy, cosmopolitan professional, LI Jewish widow, early 60s, slim, sexy, successful, seeks exciting male counterpart. Note/photo. 2053 ✉

Sleepless In Saigon?—Life is much more complex than I thought. Guy, 40, NYC, Jewish, handsome, very athletic with physique to match, over-educated (two grad degrees), successful TV journalist, cat owner, needs wonderful woman: under 39, slim, attractive, athletic, accomplished, writer - therapist - lawyer - creative - smartie type, for white picket fence. Write. No photo! Thanks. 2117 ✉

Catch 22—I am a very attractive, elegant, intelligent, sophisticated, successful Upper West exec (37), truly a woman of substance. My partner enjoys my kindness, loyalty, warmth, tenderness, passion, generosity, sensuality and humor. I am looking for a charming, attractive, successful, grounded gentleman (40-50) who only wants "something" leading to "whatever". The catch? Part-time mom. Responses only if you've come to some terms with her kids. Thanks. 2095 ✉ ☎

Single, White NJ Female—48, bright, attractive, looking for great guy. 2167 ✉ ☎

Shall We Dance?—Very attractive female, professional dancer and neophyte golfer, with great legs and mind, Jewish, 43, seeks professional gentleman, 40-55, who enjoys a good book, a good meal and a good laugh. Let's create a pas-de-deux that will last a lifetime. Please send note with phone. 2170 ✉

Just Relocated—Educated, handsome, single white male, warmhearted, successful businessman, regular guy, fit, upbeat. Seeking slim, pretty, single white female, 20s-35. Photo. 2158 ✉

Tall, Lean Male—Adventurous, well-traveled, seeks woman, 35-45. 2133 ✉ ☎

Genuine, Outgoing, Educated—Blond, slim mom of one, 38, 5'8", seeks love, marriage, happy home with easygoing, traditional, hard-working male, 36-43, likes kids. Note/photo. 2149 ✉

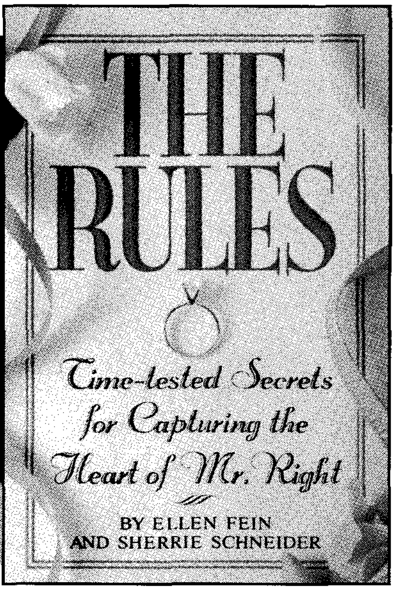
Attractive And Elegant—English-Jewish widow with American connections would like to meet gentleman in 60s. Interests include travel, bridge and entertaining. Sense of humor a requisite. 2112 ✉

Handsome, Sensitive 50s Attorney—Caring, honest, positive, energetic, athletic - enjoys the arts, spiritual growth, intimacy and nature. Seeks a bright, slim, successful, huggable good friend filled with love, for committed, joyous romance. Photo. NY/NJ. 2203 ✉

Pretty, Vivacious, Successful—Jewish businesswoman seeks Conservadox gentleman - honest, well-groomed, 45-50, to share meaningful relationship. Phone/photo. 2199 ✉

Travel Companion Wanted—By good-looking middle-aged male, for secure long-term relationship. A fairy-tale life style is available to an intelligent and pretty young female. Photo/phone. 2153 ✉

Single White Male—Professional, 40s, seeks female for relationship. 2105 ✉



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Attractive Professional Woman—40s, born in Moscow, looking for a man, 40s-50s. I smile/laugh often. Photo. 2144 ✉

Retired, Black Professional Lady—Enjoys music, theater, arts, museums and travel. If you are a mature, fun-loving gentleman, 55-70, with similar interests, a note please. Race not important. 2082 ✉

Indian Beauty, Parent—55, seeks good-looking, cultural gentleman. 2131 ✉

Romantic, Single White Male—6', very handsome and very ready to fall in love. Professional athlete with intelligence and sensitivity, seeks sensitive, introspective, intelligent woman who has spent time getting to know herself and is now ready to get to know me. If you're 24-34, very pretty and fit, and ready for healthy relationship, please send letter/photo. 2107 ✉

European-Born Lady—Charming, attractive, 60, seeks accomplished man. 2176✉

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Gay White Male—41, 6', 170 lbs, in-shape, handsome, successful professional. Fun, attentive, responsible. Not materialistic. Eclectic interests include arts (especially dance), socializing with friends, reading, the outdoors. Enjoys dating. Looking for same. Photo please. 2173 ✉

Remember Last Year's Snow?—How about shoveling sunshine in AZ?! Successful, sleepless and Jewish entrepreneur in Scottsdale, would like to cross paths with petite/thin cute woman, 40s, for a long-term relationship. If you're interested in a fine life style (including world travel), please respond with a photo to board my ship. 2139 ✉

Let's Have It All—Handsome CEO, very successful, humorous Renaissance man, seeking pretty, unpretentious, accomplished woman, 32-47, perhaps well-analyzed. Phone/thoughtful note/recent full-length photo a must, please. 2102 ✉ ☎

Fireplace Needs Company—Handsome, fit male, 40 (looks 32), enjoys adventure and the outdoors...but loves cozy nights in front of my fireplace. Be 24-34, pretty and down-to-earth. Photo a must. 2140 ✉ ☎

NYC MD—Single white Jewish male, 33, 5'7", athletic and attractive, lover of music (especially rock and jazz) and the arts, seeks pretty, spirited, single white Jewish female with a great sense of humor, for lasting relationship. Photo/note. 2115 ✉

Beautiful Brunette—Elegant, fine, cultured, playful, loving Jewish Esquire, 35. Has sparkle, wit, kind heart, gentle soul. Seeks Jewish Renaissance man, marriage-minded, 31-45. I'm tall, slender, shapely, leggy, blue eyes, warm smile. Into classical music, skiing, horse/bike ride, country, travel. You're funny, a gentleman with integrity, heart of gold, good-natured, refined, chutzpah, lovable, romantic, mature, successful, sexy, handsome. 2181 ✉

Handsome, Successful Entrepreneur—30, 6'0", seeks attractive, successful female, 21-35. Must be sincere, honest and ready for commitment. Note/photo. 2111 ✉

Asian Lady Wanted—For serious-minded gentleman, handsome, successful, educated, who seeks lovable, sweet partner for life experiences, to age 36. 2163 ✉ ☎

Single Jewish Male—43, tall, good-looking lawyer in search of single Jewish female, 32-36, for serious relationship. I live in LA but seek cute, educated NY girl. I travel to NY very frequently. 2099 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful Professional—6'1", 180 lbs, 50, interested in music, travel, running and the movies. Seeking very attractive, slim, bright, warm and successful woman, 38-48, who is also happy and secure. Note/photo/phone. 2207 ✉

Sincere, Soft-Spoken—Attractive, trim brunette, 5'5", hazel eyes, health-care professional and graduate student. Enjoy skiing, biking, skating, movies, theater, opera and museums. Frustrated beginner golfer. Seeks compatible male, 40-48, for initial friendship and possible long-term commitment. Photo/note. 2204 ✉ ☎

Full-Figured, 55 And Fun—Divorced white female, EdD nurse, near Giants Stadium, enjoys her motorboat, bassoon, choir singing, bike riding and nature. Seeks divorced or widowed white male, 50-60, valuing spiritual and personal growth - for romance and long-term relationship. 2129 ✉ ☎

Harvard Medical School—Faculty member desires an exquisite, single white female for skiing, museums, concerts, fine dining and international traveling. I'm 41 (look 33), attractive, kind, humorous, Taiwanese, from a distinguished family. Please be tender, kind, educated, under 34 and over 5'4". Photo appreciated. 2092 ✉

Pretty, Slender Writer—Working in science and medicine. 39, Jewish. Likes long talks, strong coffee, glasses of wine in comfortable places. Good traveler, good partner, can be coaxed into adventure. Seeks man for all seasons. Be 45 or less. Send me a letter - or write to: 76360.3336@compuserve.com. 2113 ✉

Hiker, Chic Attorney—32, seeks strong, open-minded (liberal) man to share adventures in the woods. I'm beautiful, with a great bod (5'7", 125 lbs, with lots of muscle). So, if you're in shape to keep up with me, send photo/note. 2154 ✉

My Time, My Love—Handsome professional, Jewish, 31, male, seeks woman - marriage-minded. POB 197, NYC 10156

"Top Five" Survival List—Honesty, respect, warm heart, love, commitment. I'm a 40-year-old male professional, seeking a 28-40-year-old, emotionally mature and educated lady. Must love music and the arts. Photo. 2132 ✉ ☎

Latin Beauty Sought—Who is gentle, sincere, with loving heart, for love, romance. Photo. POB 3048, NYC 10008

Pretty Brunette—5'4", 35, Ivy educated, Jewish, seeks 5'9" plus, educated professional male, 31-49. Note/photo. 2188 ✉

A Man In His 40s—Is searching for a beautiful and sensual mate. I'm professional, nice-looking and of the Roman-Catholic faith. I'm gentle and passionate of heart, and want to share the joy of love and warmth with a woman who seeks the stability and love of a mature man. A professional woman, beautiful and sophisticated, American or Asian Catholic, 25-35, possessed of a loving heart and desirous of having children is the woman of my dreams. A new season is upon us. This is our time to meet. Note/photo/phone. Serious replies from Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, SI only. 2169 ✉

Blond Bombshell—Very pretty, very fit, thin, 5'2", blue eyes, passionate, athletic, energetic, well-educated and successful Jewish woman, 32, seeks handsome, very intelligent, athletic, self-assured, down-to-earth guy, age 32-40, who loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone, please. 2182 ✉

Very Handsome Greek-American—Accomplished Renaissance man, seeks reluctant, fine woman, professional (28-37), for the journey. Beautiful smile a plus. 2103 ✉

Kant Stand Still—Late 30s, restless, Art Garfunkelesque (with hair) businessman seeks life of wonder and adventurous obscurity with lissome gazelle - Candace B.-as-brunette-with-galactibrain type. Note/photo, please. 2091 ✉

Gentleman—Early 70s, financially secure, physically sound, 5'7", active, tennis player, seeks a slim, pretty, cultured lady who enjoys theater, concerts, film, museums and travel. Send photo. 2165 ✉

American-Born Asian—25, 5'10", well-educated, seeks single white female, 18-20, Ivy/equivalent, for friendship. 2089 ✉

Athletic/Successful Businessman—Who enjoys life and the finer things it has to offer. I am 32, 6' tall, with blue eyes. I love sports, travel, dining and exploring new things. I am interested in an intelligent, attractive, independent, upbeat, 25-35 female who is looking to have some fun and laughs and doesn't take everything so seriously. Note/photo. 2198 ✉

Miss Right Sought—Late-30s male seeks 25-35 female with need to ski, love of sun, likes to bike, and that all-important cold beer. I'm a successful bank exec. Opinions of my features/characteristics in eye of the beholder. Note/photo/phone. 2114 ✉

Aspiring Millionaire—32, fit and handsome professional, seeks pretty, outgoing, family-oriented Christian female for long-term relationship. Photo. 2116 ✉

Charismatic MD/Surgeon—36, 5'11", Jewish, dynamic, in private practice, athletic (tennis, golf), film and arts enthusiast, sensational smile, warmest heart...seeks upbeat, energetic, positive, thin, attractive woman in 20s-early 30s, to share life. Bio/phone/photo. 2151 ✉

Vibrant, Classy, Attractive—Single white female of Italian descent, petite and trim, warm brown eyes, auburn hair, great sense of humor. Enjoys theater, fine food, good conversation and a healthy life style. Seeking a well-groomed, attractive, trim, single white male, 30-45, with depth, who is reliable, ethical and financially secure. Please send note and recent photo. 2123 ✉

New York's Most Eligible Bachelor!—Professional man, late 30s, super-successful, tall, sincere, warmhearted, financially secure - enjoys theater, working out, skiing, golfing, family and friends. Seeks attractive professional woman, mid 20s-mid 30s, who is affectionate, caring, loves children, physically fit, with a good sense of humor, for lasting relationship. Please respond with recent photo and personal note. 2109 ✉

Frankly Fabulous Female—Looks, brains, class, NY and Hamptons life style. Seeks home for her heart with qualified white male, 58-65. 2159 ✉ ☎

HURRY UP AND CALL!!

FALL PREVIEW ISSUE

CALL 212-779-7500 DEADLINE: 8/27

MARY ANN MADDEN #861

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

THE CAROL ALT SHOW—With guests Chad Lowe, Angel Cordero, Carl Sagan, and Beverly Sassoon. Topic: Sloth (part 1 of 7).

MIRANDA!—Home videos of actual arrests.

711 WEST END AVENUE—Roommates Tiffany and Siobhan discover that three bachelors live in the apartment next door. Pops: McLean Stevenson.

Above, spin and fallout from the fall-preview edition of a television guide. One invented clonish program, please, briefly described.

Results of Competition 858, in which you were asked for remarks unlikely to be heard from the, uh, unreluctantly prominent.

Report: Apologies for an error in our example, and please accept our admiration at your boldness managing this one. Thanks, Your Boldness. You chose (correctly) incongruous people rather than merely incongruous remarks. Among the former: Dole and Dole. Pope Madonna and President Lamm. Imus and Amy Vanderbilt. Carrey and Kevorkian. Schott and Limbaugh. Hunt and Peck. Brad and Gwyneth, the Pitts. The Brando Diet. Schneerson, Rodman and Robertson, attorneys at law. Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton Burton Warner Fortensky Buttafuoco. Disney announces the animated musical *Leaving Las Vegas.* Speaking of which, where, how, and when are the Monleys of Birmingham, Mich.? Just asking. No need to bite our head off.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"I accept the nomination," said G. Gordon Liddy, who prefers to be called Elizabeth.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

To this reporter's query about his new book, George Will replied, "I want to marry a cat; we love each other, live together, and are ready to make a commitment."
similarly: Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sam Haworth, Los Angeles, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

Asked about her favorite tips for feeding guests, entertaining guru Martha Stewart declared, "Oh, I just stop at the gourmet market on my way home. Once you take everything out of the containers, who can tell?"
Linda Hall, Evanston, Ill.

"The 'Gotcha Gang' continuously finds errors in my columns," replied Safire. ". . . Or is that continually?"
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

"Due to overwhelming fan response," continued Torre, "we announce that henceforth the Yankee organization will only hire athletes with rap sheets or chemical dependencies."
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Never given to self-effacement, Stern proclaimed, "By this time next year, I'll be bigger than Elvis."
Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

Told of Art Buchwald's recent confession that he was the author of *Moby-Dick,* Herman Melville today said, via cyberspace, "That clown couldn't tell a harpoon from a hatpin!"
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

Buoyed by the success of his new album, Pat Boone will tour: "I'll be biting the heads off doves," the singer pledges . . .
Skip Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

"Yes, yes, okay, I admit it," said Klein, when asked about *Autobiography of a Flea, The Story of O,* and *School Life in Paris.*
Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.
sp. ment.: Barbara Mitchell, Long Beach, Calif.

"Last season's surprise ending went over so big," said one *Seinfeld* producer, "that next season, we're thinking of killing off Elaine."
Richard Fried, Brooklyn, N.Y.

An R. J. Reynolds spokesman denies that the new *Joe Camel Show* induces minors to smoke. "Sure it's on Saturday morning, but we strongly urge that adults *only* watch . . ."
Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

"And then it hit me one day—*ka-boom!*—what am I doing with him?" Schiffer has since been dating Fabio.
Ellen Steinberg, Minneapolis, Minn.

"*Green Acres: The Movie* is such a hit—grossing $210 million to date—that not one but two sequels are in the works," announced Ovitz. "Dice Clay and Trump will return as the Douglases," he added.
Kevin McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.

When questioned about the instant reunification of the USSR, the new Communist premier replied, "Gotcha!"
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

The bubbly congresswoman from Staten Island declared, "I don't rule out the possibility of a cabinet post."
Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.

Asked if he wears briefs or boxers, Dole replied, "Depends."
Helen Gebhart, Muncie, Ind.
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

"I will proceed with the inquisi . . . uh, investigation," said Senator D'Amato.
Sam Bobrick, Encino, Calif.
similarly: David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.;
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

The president-elect pounded the lectern emphatically, declaring, "First thing I do when I move into the White House is clean out the barn. End of story!"
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.
sp. ment. Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

After a brief retirement, he's back and tackling the big one. "Either it's Hamlet or I'll join Keanu's band," said Culkin.
Rachael Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

"I can't tell you how we're gonna market the new Bob Dole," the candidate admitted, "but it's gonna be bitchin'."
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Schwarzenegger leaped over the national-press-contingent table to yell, "And they said Calcutta was too square for a Planet Hollywood."
similarly: Lawrence Eisenberg, N.Y.C.
John Manieri, N.Y.C.

"The title?" Franken's reply was lost in a crowd of eager reporters. "It will be called *Ralph Reed Is a Little Skinny . . .*"
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

"Advanced computer technology will permit us to show the surviving Beatles performing with a hologram of Lennon," said an Apple spokesperson.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

"With the acquisition of *My Weekly Reader,*" Murdoch said, "I will control all the media in the world."
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"Competition No. 1000 will introduce a new grace period for the online crowd," she added. "No longer will there be a three day grace period, but a three-*hour* one."
James Becker, Oakmont, Pa.
sp. ment.: Sue Klein, Freeport, N.Y.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 861, ***NEW YORK* MAGAZINE, 444 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10022-6999,** or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by September 6. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the October 21 issue.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

B	E	F	O	G	■	I	N	C	A	M	E	R	A	■
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Denby *continued from page 44*

grew up in Kansas City, and his memories of race relations in that city are tinged with regret. The whites, congratulating themselves on their manners, treat the blacks with casual paternal condescension, and the blacks take their revenge in silence or in furtive protest. The Hey-Hey Club is run by a gangster named Seldom Seen (Harry Belafonte), and Seldom is a major creation. With his pencil-line mustache, gravel voice, and perfect teeth, Harry Belafonte, for the first time that I'm aware of, uses his physical gifts and suavity as a style of menace; Belafonte is given long, ruminative monologues on the subject of black-white relations, and he etches the mood as clearly as acid cuts into copper. Blondie's husband, Johnny, gets in such dire trouble with Seldom because the fool puts on blackface and robs one of Seldom's richest customers. The most famous radio show of the day was "Amos 'n' Andy," with its white comics playing blacks, and Johnny's act, as Seldom points out, is in the same tradition. It's typical of the movie's self-destructive strategies that we never find out what Johnny thought he was doing, or how he thought he could get away with it. For not only does Johnny take black money; he takes black experience as well.

MOVIES

Jazz is one thing that can't be taken away. As long as we are watching the men playing or listening to Belafonte tell his bitter, nasty stories, the movie is fine, but most of the time we are watching Jennifer Jason Leigh and Miranda Richardson haul themselves around from one Kansas City house or public place to another. Trembling and starting like a frightened animal, Richardson, as the nervous rich lady, has some sly moments—she overacts wildly and then shoots Jason Leigh a glance, as if suggesting that this spoiled, useless, dotty woman were putting on an act and knew quite well how to take care of herself. If Jason Leigh had picked up on this and had begun to play with her role a bit, the movie might have been fun, but Jennifer Jason Leigh, as I've said about eighteen times before, confuses humorlessness with truth, and she grinds our pleasure in the dust. Her performance here is a disaster. Jean Harlow, Blondie's heroine, was funny and likable—her gloriously tinny voice was as much a part of the dirty charm of the early thirties as Mae West's insinuations. But Jason Leigh, pursing her lips and throwing away lines over her shoulder, is merely angry, crude, and bullying. Altman made a terrible mistake in keeping her on camera for so long. Like a half-dozen directors before him, he seems to have been mesmerized by her gritty intensity. The folly continues, and movie after movie dies in the wake of her ill temper. ■

Kirn *continued from page 46*

crazy may be the single most honest response.

And Hendrickson does go crazy. He overexerts himself rhetorically in almost every sentence, swerving between an exaggerated high style and a willfully crude plainspokenness. In a passage about James C. Farley's combat stress, he sounds at first like a certified nerd who has patiently taught himself to curse, then finishes up like a Roman tragedian: "This is about walking eye-deep in hell. This is about not holding it in. About revealing your softer, other, un-Marine side. . . . About believing in old men's lies, and then unbelieving, and then coming home, home to a lie. . . . Call it dying some, Danang. And dying some after stateside, *non dulce*, not *et decor*."

Awful stuff, and Hendrickson forks up loads of it. He's full of Hemingwayish macho guff and Tom Wolfean forced animation. In the worst tradition of New Journalism, he calls the war "this great goddamn roiling inevitability." He feeds us cut-rate psychology at every turn, and he seems especially taken with the notion that inside McNamara's steely male animus lay nestled a squishy female anima.

Hendrickson personalizes the book with sideward glances at the act of writing it—a kind of private redemption, it's hinted, for hiding safely away while others fought. Throughout, he keeps us emotionally posted on his changing feelings for his characters: *I liked McNamara, I hated him, I pitied him.* He picks little fights over unreturned phone calls and even tsk-tsks McNamara's son—who, for the most part, cooperated with him—fo sending a curt note.

BOOKS

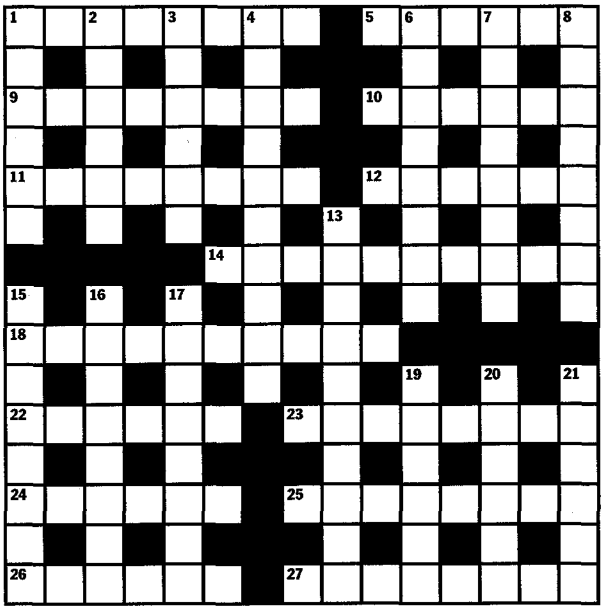
Still, for all his hot air and overreaching and promiscuous self-interjection, Hendrickson gets things stingingly right a times. McNamara and McGeorge Bundy his lethal sidekick, are "a study in the meritocracy unleashed." Of Farley, the battered old Marine puttering around an Oakland bungalow: "I watched him ge down on the floor to try and fuse the pieces of a blue plastic train track. . . . watched him sustain himself on all four with his knuckles."

Hendrickson is a momentum write who likes to get all swept up and just le fly with stuff. It's a scattershot approach His present-tense vignettes hit home more often than his retrospective puzzlings. His minor characters cut crispe figures than the major monster who stands stage center. And yet his pretentious shambles of a book has a grea virtue that tidier volumes don't, and virtue that Robert McNamara lacked when he overruled his conscience and sent more bombers. It has the courage o its own confusion. ■

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Sailor embracing non-U buddy to the last shows sentimentality. (8)
5 Part of the body—the foot? (6)
9 It's O.K. for car that's bursting? (4-4)
10,12 Magic line to north-east side of London. (6,6)
11 Rebellious Christian left out church with little hesitation. (8)
12 See 10.
14 Exact severity? (10)
18 Grape—one crushed by the Spanish (it's peripheral in Seville). (6,4)
22 Car crashes a habit where there's lots of ice. (6)
23 Mongrel duck is otter and another beast. (8)
24 Girl is murder victim. (6)
25 Russian fighter drops to earth initially causing headache. (8)
26 Woman who should have stayed pure has son delivered, nevertheless. (4,2)
27 Meat and dessert give us brawn. (8)



DOWN

1 One rarely washes the back of the neck. (6)
2 It smells like marksman has been decapitated. (6)
3 See 19.
4 A welcome cardiograph? (6-4)
6 Set too high a value upon the pace of cricket. (8)
7 Man being injected with anaesthetic must be restrained. (8)
8 Coin is English post-impressionist. (8)
13 Often in dances I have short routine. (4,2,4)
15 French and Cuban revolutionaries to different extents genuine. (4,4)
16 American films always seem to have one corpse lying around the hospital. (3 5)
17 University singles out what's unfair. (8)
19,3 Of fair carats it could be? Of fair carats it is! (4,2,6)
20 Major highway requires reconstruction of main turning points. (6)
21 Highly respect Paul, hero of the American Revolution. (6)

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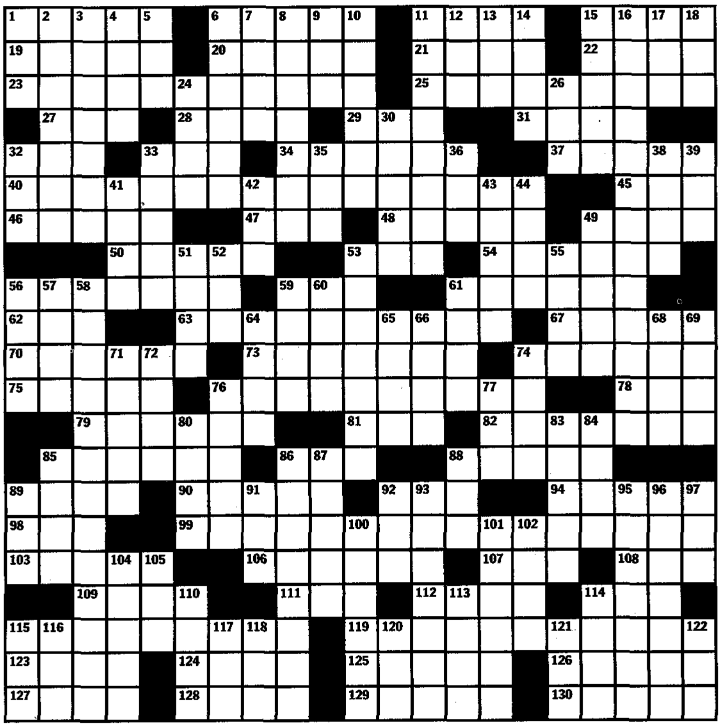
'Workers' Getaways': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Bookkeeper's entry
6 Odometer reading
11 Rubs the wrong way
15 Secondhand
19 George Hamilton's ex
20 Martini tidbit
21 Between A.M. and P.M.
22 College sports org.
23 Where orthopedists go
25 Where lawyers go
27 Channel 13 in N.Y.
28 Shipshape
29 Egg: prefix
31 List of changes
32 Lamprey
33 Impresario Hurok
34 Likeness burned in a protest
37 African grassland
40 Where ceramicists go
45 "—— hoo!"
46 A Davis
47 Mind-reader's claim
48 Yielding face value
49 Serving of ale
50 Arrange in loose folds
53 H.M.O. personnel
54 Fight back
56 Barbara Taylor Bradford's genre
59 Louvre-annex architect
61 Tequila source
62 Gold, in Granada
63 Where soda jerks go
67 "A deed without ——": Macbeth
70 Shaped like a needle
73 Point of view
74 Took care of pressing business
75 Stove
76 Where seismologists go
78 Hammarskjöld of the U.N.
79 Saint Paul's birthplace
81 Toady's response
82 Skilled femme
85 Where policeman go
86 In medias —— (in the middle of things)
88 Halloween option
89 Goatlike human of myth
90 Ruhr metropolis
92 Like Willie Winkie
94 Wearies, with "out"
98 Hypotheticals
99 Where clowns go
103 Indira's father
106 Tribute to heroes
107 Corn unit
108 Third Italian numero
109 Does a floor chore
111 Fictional sleeper
112 Hair-styling aids
114 Conk
115 Where lumberjacks go
119 Where jewelers go
123 No picnic
124 Bassoon's kin
125 Hall-of-Famer Banks
126 Gaggle members
127 ——-dokey
128 Sailboat power
129 Had status
130 Goofed

DOWN

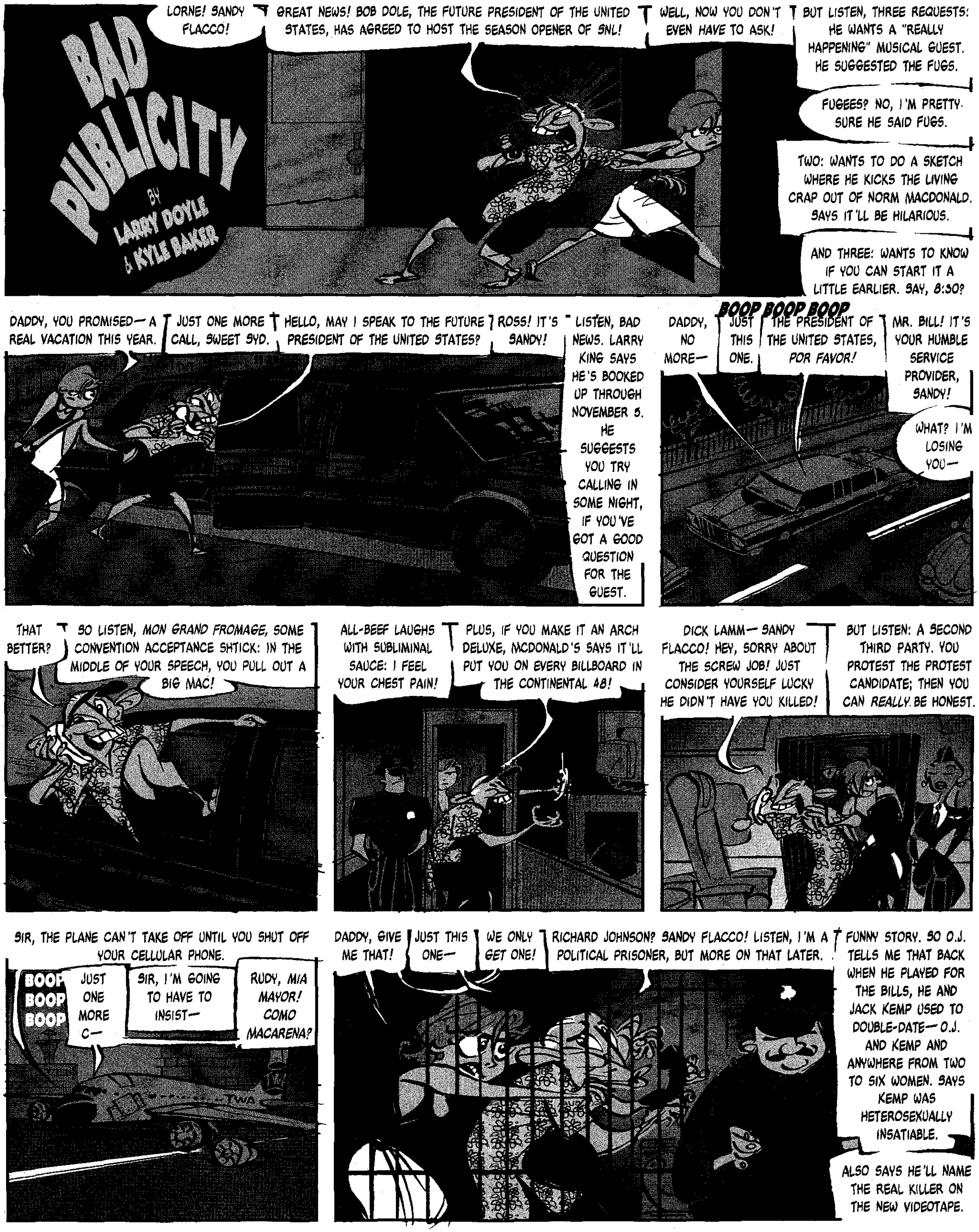
1 Nursery-rhyme Margery
2 Amorous runaways
3 Gewgaws
4 Taverns
5 Future frog, for short
6 Ford car of 1928
7 One of the Chases
8 Doorway crosspieces
9 Anne Baxter role
10 Bid bon voyage
11 Astute perceptions
12 Louis Quatorze, e.g.
13 Wellington ——, Chinese statesman
14 High-hat
15 Parent's sibling
16 Where comedians go
17 Please the cook
18 D or Labor
24 Sufficient, old style
26 VII, doubled
30 Wakefield clergyman
32 Sense of self
33 Shock-jock Howard
35 Dandy
36 Lyricist Harburg
38 "Thou shalt not," updated
39 Kindergartner
41 Verdi heroine
42 Jackie's sister
43 River of Poland
44 Greek god of war
49 Brubeck's instrument
51 Back woe
52 Kind of jacket
53 Walt's family
55 Capone blemish
56 Bellow
57 Whale of a film
58 Where jockeys go
59 Salt-N—— (rap group)
60 Satie or Estrada
61 Famed racehorse, with 77-Down
64 "Parlez—— français?"
65 Michelin, for one
66 Decomposes
68 Carnivore's fare
69 Move sidewise
71 Encore!
72 Time served
74 Apropos of
76 Notre Dame bellringer, in a 1996 movie
77 See 61-Down
80 Ooze
83 Hoglike mammal
84 "Like —— not"
85 Smokey Joe's place
86 Plugged the wine bottle again
87 As a friend: Fr.
88 Cellular item: abbr.
89 Fiver
91 Ed. edifice
92 Harpo's headwear
93 Tastefully opulent
95 Libra-Scorpio month
96 Objective
97 Compass letters
100 Natty
101 Hollered
102 Credit's alternative
104 Actor McDowall
105 Delivery co.
110 Pack away
113 Canal of song
114 Remus's rabbit
115 Start of a sentry's query
116 State tree of Iowa
117 Geisha's accessory
118 Not pro
120 Pitcher's stat.
121 Biographical datum
122 Roulette bet

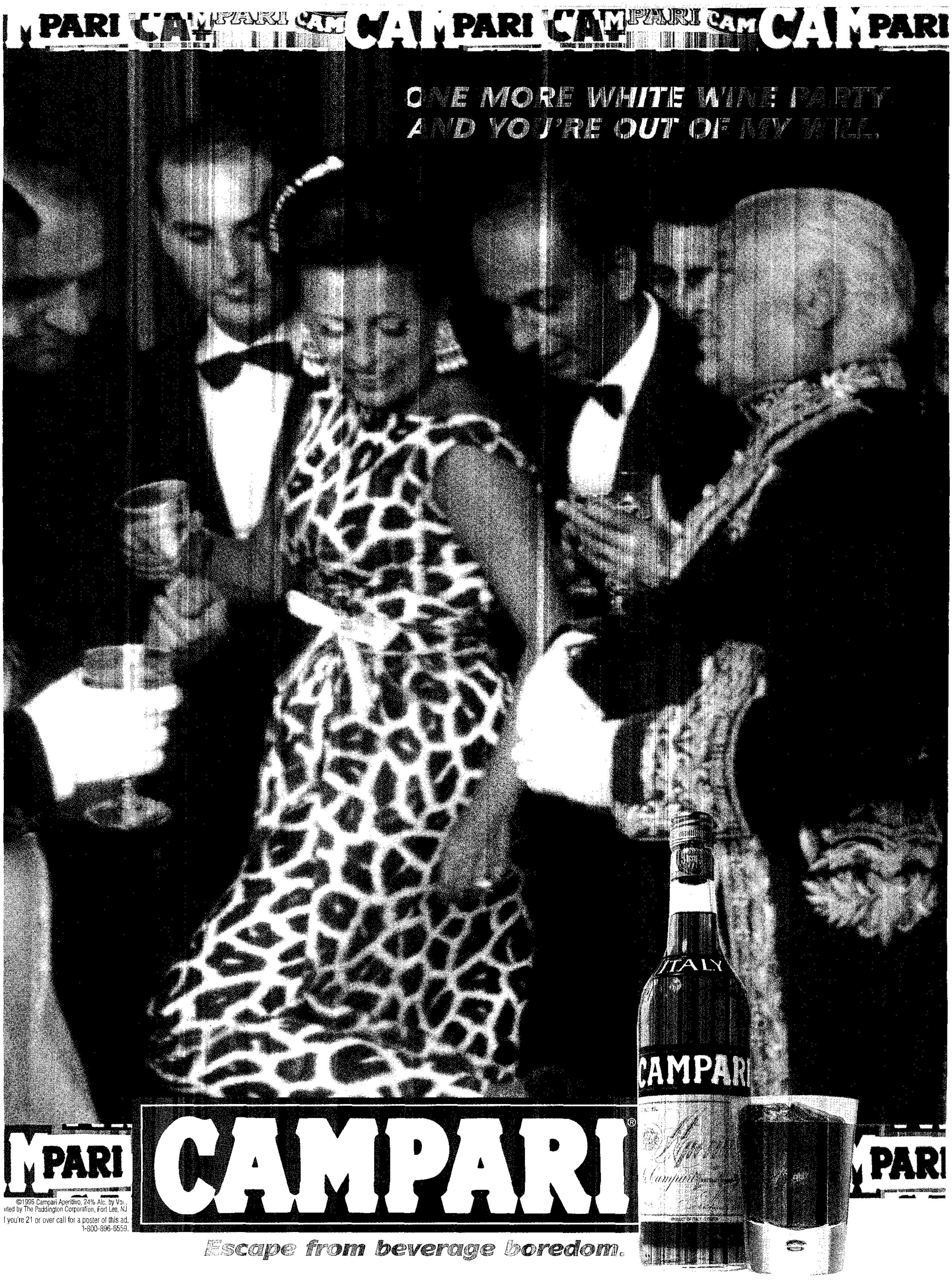


Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.

Cell Blocked

Sydney has been promised a real vacation, but Pops just can't stop coming up with great new ideas.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
LORNE! SANDY FLACCO!
GREAT NEWS! BOB DOLE, THE FUTURE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, HAS AGREED TO HOST THE SEASON OPENER OF SNL!
WELL, NOW YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK!
BUT LISTEN, THREE REQUESTS: HE WANTS A "REALLY HAPPENING" MUSICAL GUEST. HE SUGGESTED THE FUGS.
FUGEES? NO, I'M PRETTY SURE HE SAID FUGS.
TWO: WANTS TO DO A SKETCH WHERE HE KICKS THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF NORM MACDONALD. SAYS IT'LL BE HILARIOUS.
AND THREE: WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU CAN START IT A LITTLE EARLIER. SAY, 8:30?
DADDY, YOU PROMISED—A REAL VACATION THIS YEAR.
JUST ONE MORE CALL, SWEET SYD.
HELLO, MAY I SPEAK TO THE FUTURE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?
ROSS! IT'S SANDY!
LISTEN, BAD NEWS. LARRY KING SAYS HE'S BOOKED UP THROUGH NOVEMBER 5. HE SUGGESTS YOU TRY CALLING IN SOME NIGHT, IF YOU'VE GOT A GOOD QUESTION FOR THE GUEST.
BOOP BOOP BOOP
DADDY, NO MORE—
JUST THIS ONE.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, POR FAVOR!
MR. BILL! IT'S YOUR HUMBLE SERVICE PROVIDER, SANDY!
WHAT? I'M LOSING YOU—
THAT BETTER?
SO LISTEN, MON GRAND FROMAGE, SOME CONVENTION ACCEPTANCE SHTICK: IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR SPEECH, YOU PULL OUT A BIG MAC!
ALL-BEEF LAUGHS WITH SUBLIMINAL SAUCE: I FEEL YOUR CHEST PAIN!
PLUS, IF YOU MAKE IT AN ARCH DELUXE, MCDONALD'S SAYS IT'LL PUT YOU ON EVERY BILLBOARD IN THE CONTINENTAL 48!
DICK LAMM—SANDY FLACCO! HEY, SORRY ABOUT THE SCREW JOB! JUST CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY HE DIDN'T HAVE YOU KILLED!
BUT LISTEN: A SECOND THIRD PARTY. YOU PROTEST THE PROTEST CANDIDATE; THEN YOU CAN REALLY BE HONEST.
SIR, THE PLANE CAN'T TAKE OFF UNTIL YOU SHUT OFF YOUR CELLULAR PHONE.
BOOP BOOP BOOP
JUST ONE MORE C—
SIR, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO INSIST—
RUDY, MIA MAYOR! COMO MACARENA?
TWA
DADDY, GIVE ME THAT!
JUST THIS ONE—
WE ONLY GET ONE!
RICHARD JOHNSON? SANDY FLACCO! LISTEN, I'M A POLITICAL PRISONER, BUT MORE ON THAT LATER.
FUNNY STORY. SO O.J. TELLS ME THAT BACK WHEN HE PLAYED FOR THE BILLS, HE AND JACK KEMP USED TO DOUBLE-DATE—O.J. AND KEMP AND ANYWHERE FROM TWO TO SIX WOMEN. SAYS KEMP WAS HETEROSEXUALLY INSATIABLE.
ALSO SAYS HE'LL NAME THE REAL KILLER ON THE NEW VIDEOTAPE.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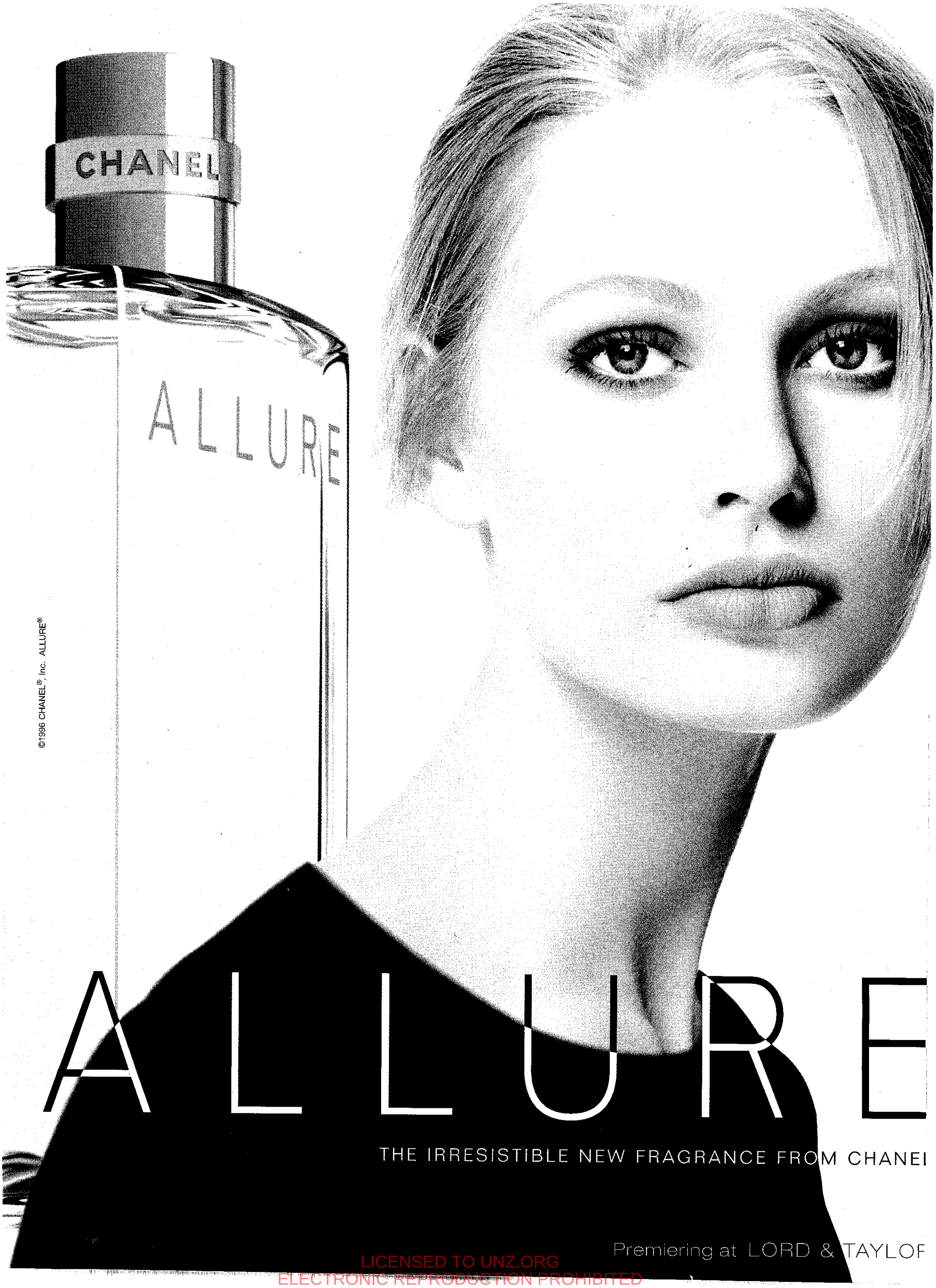
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